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CHRISTMAS MORNING.



# THE YOUNG SPEAKERS' LIBRARY

.... FOR ....

Home, School, Church, and Clubs,

CONTAINING

STORIES, RECITATIONS, DRAMAS, AND GAMES.

---

EDITED BY

Neffie Palmer Lindsey.

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*BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.*

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W. W. HOUSTON & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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## INTRODUCTION

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**I**T IS with much pleasure that we place "THE YOUNG SPEAKERS' LIBRARY" before the public, feeling certain it is the most charming and useful book of its kind ever placed before boys and girls for home and school use.

Good words have come from parents and teachers throughout the land, thus convincing us that all our books have been fully appreciated, and that the pleasures and benefits derived therefrom can not be estimated; so it is with a feeling of mingled pleasure and satisfaction that we place before you our latest Speaker, believing your best expectations will be realized in the number of choice selections which the book contains, its elocutionary advantages, its moral tone, its original stories, and its charming novelty.

The compiler has had years of experience in the school-room, and it goes without saying that he is by this time familiar with the hearts of the youth, knows their longings and desires, their likes and dislikes. He realizes that something good, useful, and appropriate is their constant demand, hence in "THE SPEAKERS' LIBRARY," he has endeavored to combine the grave and gay, the real and ideal, so as to relieve the tedium of every-day school life, and yet stimulate the thoughts to press onward and upward in their course of action.

Trusting the volume will prove a friend indeed, both at home and at school, we submit it to your generous patronage.

THE PUBLISHERS.



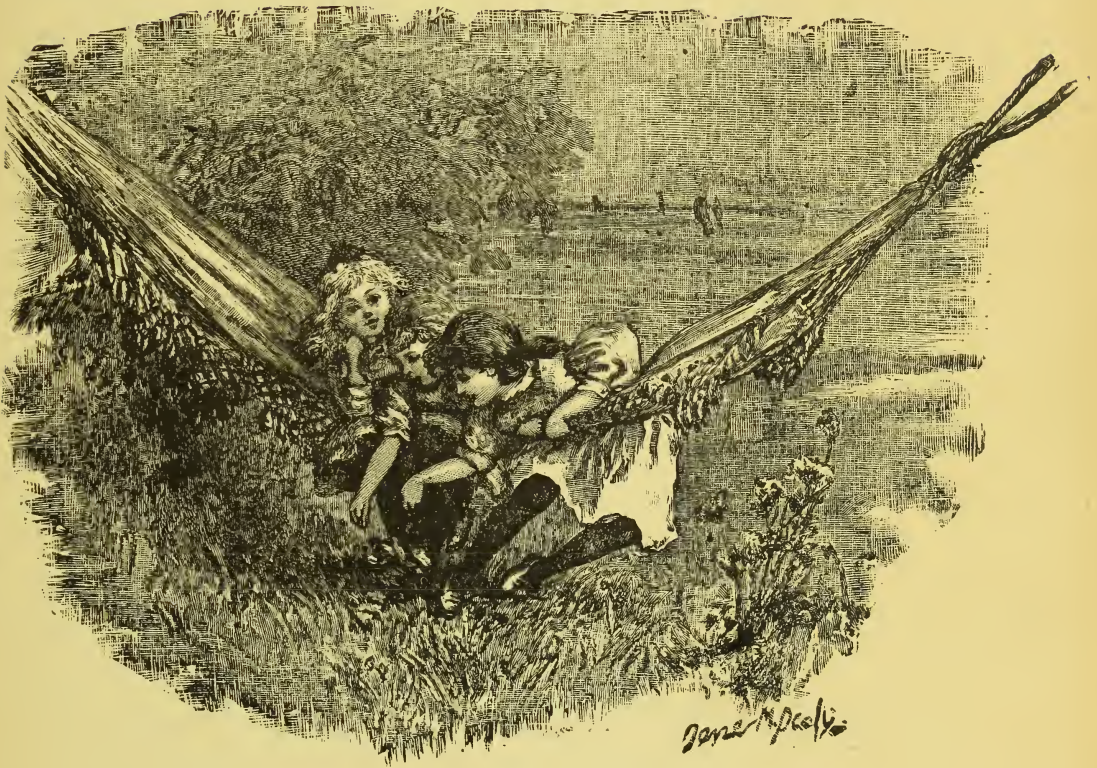
MOTTO:

Punctuality is the foundation of confidence,  
and confidence the "soul of credit."

...IT IS A GOOD OLD SAYING...

... THAT ...

“LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.”



We're happy, happy all day long,  
Each busy as a bee  
With study, exercise, and song,  
As anyone can see.

## GOOD BUSINESS HABITS.

1. Be strict in keeping engagements.
2. Do nothing carelessly, or in a hurry.
3. Employ nobody to do what you can easily do yourself.
4. Leave nothing undone that ought to be done, and which circumstances permit.
5. Keep your designs and business from others, yet be candid with all.
6. Be prompt and decisive with customers, and do not over-trade.
7. Prefer short credit to long, cash to credit, either in buying or selling, and small profits with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazards.
8. Be clear and explicit in bargains.
9. Leave nothing of consequence to memory which can be committed to writing.
10. Keep copies of all important letters, etc.
11. Never suffer your desk to be confused by papers lying upon it.
12. Keep everything in its proper place.
13. In business hours, attend only to business matters.
14. Confine social calls to the social circle.
15. State your business in few words, without loss of time.
16. A mean act soon recoils, and a man of honor will be esteemed.
17. Treat all with respect, confide in few, wrong no man.
18. Never be afraid to say No, and always be prompt to acknowledge and rectify a wrong.
19. Leave nothing for to-morrow that should be done to-day.
20. Because a friend is polite, do not think his time is valueless.
21. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.
22. To preserve long friendship, keep a short credit.
23. The way to get credit is to be punctual.
24. Settle often; have short accounts.
25. Trust no man's appearance; it is often deceptive.
26. Rogues generally dress well.

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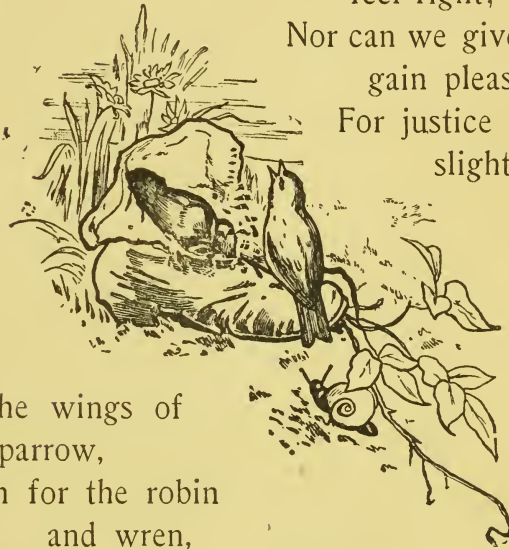
RIGHT AND NOT MIGHT RULES THE WORLD.

We get back our mete as we  
measure—

We cannot do wrong and  
feel right;

Nor can we give pain and  
gain pleasure,

For justice avenges each  
slight.



The air for the wings of  
the sparrow,

The bush for the robin  
and wren,

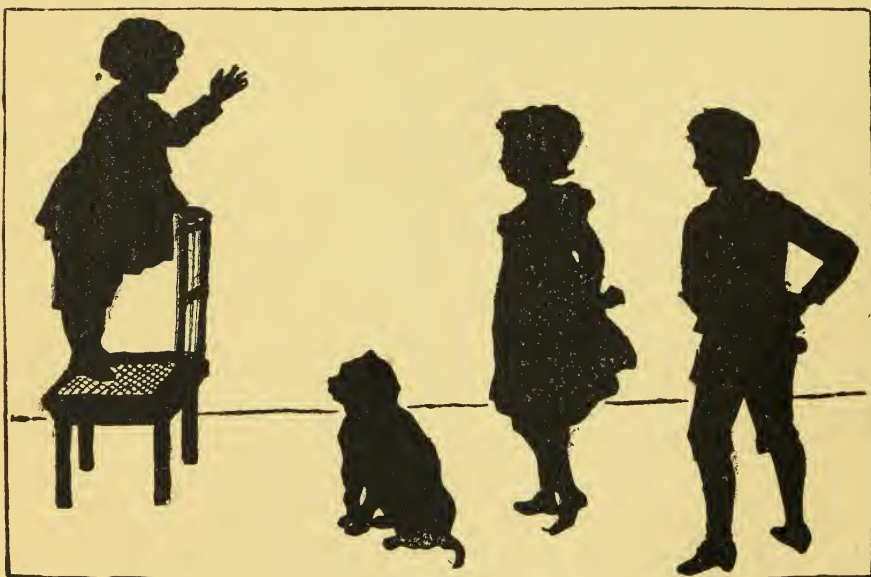
But always the path that  
is narrow

And straight for the children  
of men.

## WHAT WILLIE SAID.

Hear what a little child would say,  
Who comes to school each pleasant day,  
And tries to learn his lessons well,  
A good report at home to tell.

I love the school, and teacher dear,  
And all the scholars gathered here ;



To each I say in simple rhyme,  
Be careful, do not waste your time.

For moments spent in life's young day,  
In useless or in thoughtless play,  
Will cast a shade o'er future years,  
And cause you many sighs and tears.

## TROTTY AND DOTTY.

A STORY IN SIMPLE WORDS.

Trotty and Dotty were two little boys. They were very fond of singing, and nothing gave them more pleasure than getting some of their mamma's music-books, and singing as they stood on the great soft hearth-rug.

To be sure they did not sing the words that were in the book, for Trotty and Dotty could not read, but they sang words that they knew, and made up the tune as they went along. So that it was not much of



a tune; but that did not matter to Trotty and Dotty, as long as they shouted and made as much noise as they could. This is one of the songs they used to sing over and over again:

There was once a robin,  
And he sat upon a tree;  
He sang song after song  
As merry as could be:  
And he said, "Have not I  
A fine scarlet vest?  
That's why people call me  
A robin redbreast."

A cat came so softly  
When she heard him sing;  
And when she got up near him  
She made a sudden spring;  
But the robin he saw her,  
And quickly flew away,  
Or else he'd have sung there  
The whole of the day.

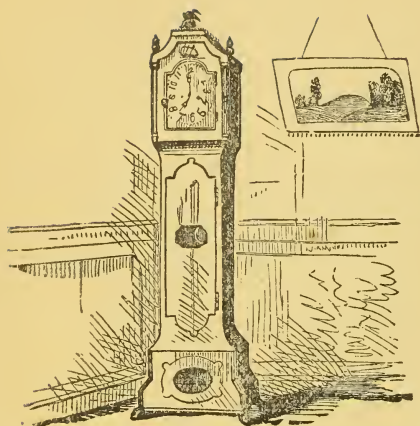
"Hurrah, is not that fine singing?"

They had sung the song five times, and were going to sing it again, for they liked it so much. But if they liked it, their little dog Nip did not, and when the brothers began the song for the sixth time, he lifted up his head and gave a dismal howl.

"Be quiet, Nip," said Trotty; but Nip took no notice of what was said.



## A NEW TIME-TABLE.



Sixty seconds make a minute:  
 How much good can I do in it?  
 Sixty minutes make an hour,—  
 All the good that's in my power.  
 Twenty hours and four, a day,—  
 Time for work, and sleep, and play.  
 Days, three hundred sixty-five  
 Make a year for me to strive  
 Right good things for me to do,  
 That I wise may grow, and true.

## CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The child that is born on the Sabbath day  
 Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay;  
 Monday's child is fair of face;  
 Tuesday's child is full of grace;  
 Wednesday's child is merry and glad;  
 Thursday's child is sour and sad;  
 Friday's child is loving and giving;  
 And Saturday's child must work for its living.

## THE MONTHS.

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June and November;  
 February hath twenty-eight alone.  
 All the rest have thirty-one,  
 Excepting Leap year, that's the time  
 When February's days are twenty-nine.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Seven bright jewels our Father above  
Hath given His children, in mercy and love:  
Beautiful jewels set in gold  
For the rich and the poor, the young and the old.  
But one He asks may to Him be given,  
That each may have some treasure in Heaven.  
These jewels are days, and we are blest  
With hours for labor, and hours for rest.  
Let us work with all zeal, be fervent in spirit,  
That we may the kingdom of Heaven inherit.

---

FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Tea is prepared from the leaf of a tree;  
Honey is gathered and made by the bee.  
Butter is made from the milk of the cow;  
Pork is the flesh of the pig or the sow.  
Oil is obtained from fish and from flax;  
Candles are made of tallow and wax.  
Worsted is made from wool, soft and warm;  
Silk is prepared and spun by a worm.

---

SCHOOL TIME.

Now Jenny, and Mollie, and Robert, and John,  
Attend to your letters, I pray ;  
For if with your reading you do not get on,  
You'll never be ready for play.  
Attention to lessons brings laughter at play,  
Glad faces, with merriment bright,

Good temper, and hearts full of sunshine by day,  
And sweet, peaceful slumbers at night.

Then on with your letters, a, e, i, o, u—  
The dullest can honestly try ;  
And who would not work with the prospect in view  
Of reading bright books by-and-by ?

M. H. F. DONNE.

---

### A GENTLE MAN.

“Be very gentle with her, my son,” said Mrs. B—, as she tied on her little girl’s bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out long before a cry was heard, and presently Julius came, and threw down his hat, saying:

“I hate playing with girls ! There’s no fun with them; they cry in a minute.”

“What have you been doing to your sister ? I see her lying there on the gravel walk ; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle.”

“Gentle ! Boys can’t be gentle, mother; it’s their nature to be rough and strong. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It’s very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous !”

“And yet, Julius, a few years hence, you would be angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle man.”

“A gentle man ! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle seems to me like being weak and soft.”

“This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, is a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say, you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy.”

“Yes, indeed, mother.”

"Well, then, my son, it is my greatest wish that you should endeavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril ; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you ; be manly when you are in sickness or pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with women or men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not dislike."

"I see what you mean, mother, and I will try to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."

---

## THE DUNCE'S BENCH.

Again we see the dunce's row,  
The boys who never try to know ;  
Who application always shirk,  
And never set their wits at work.  
Yet George looks grave, his earnest face  
Seems fitted for a better place.



Oh, boys ! be wise ; the precious hours  
Are going fast, like fading flowers ;  
Oh, seek to learn in early days,  
Walk carefully in wisdom's ways ;  
Fill up the moments as they fly,  
For soon will come eternity.



## TWENTY LITTLE SCHOOL-MATES.

The roses had fallen, and the weather was cool,  
Twenty little lassies, returning from school,  
I thought were so pretty, and tidy, and neat,  
To my house I would ask them, just over the street.  
They played, and they danced, and they skipped, and they sang,  
And the porches and parlors with laughter they rang,



And sweet as a picture the beautiful sight  
Of twenty little ladies so happy and bright.  
I called them my lambs, and the garden my fold;  
And precious as silver, as good as the gold,  
Were twenty little maidens, so tidy and neat,  
Whom I asked to my house just over the street;  
Though autumn be sad, and winter be wild,  
'Tis summer for all in the heart of the child.

---

“All is not gold that glitters;”  
Yet think not, children mine,  
That all that glitters is not gold;  
The true must ring and shine.

HOW COLUMBUS FOND AMERICA.

Columbus stood upon the deck;  
"Go home!" the sailors cried;  
'Not if I perish on the wreck,"  
Great Christopher replied.

Next day the crew got out their knives  
And went for Captain C.  
"Go home!" they yelled, "and save our lives,"  
"Wait one more day," said he.

"Then if I cannot tell how far  
We're from the nearest land  
I'll take you home." "Agreed, we are!"  
Answered the sea-sick band.

That night when all were fast asleep  
Columbus heaved the lead,  
And measuring the water deep,  
Took notes and went to bed.

To-morrow dawned. Naught could be seen  
But water, wet and cold;  
Columbus, smiling and serene,  
Looked confident and bold.

"Now, Cap! How far from land are we?"  
The mutineers out cried.  
"Just ninety fathoms," Captain C.  
Most truthfully replied.

"If you doubt it, heave the lead  
And measure, same as I."  
"You're right," the sailors laughed, "Great head!  
We'll stick to you or die."

*TRUST YOUR MOTHER.*

And thus, in fourteen ninety-two,  
America was found,  
Because the great Columbus knew  
How far off was the ground.

H. C. DODGE.

---

*TRUST YOUR MOTHER.*

Trust your mother, little one!  
In life's morning just begun,  
You will find some grief, some fears,  
Which perhaps may cause you tears;  
But a mother's kiss can heal  
Many griefs that children feel.

Trust your mother, noble youth,  
Turn not from the path of truth;  
In temptation's evil hour,  
Seek her, ere it gains new power.  
She will never guide you wrong;  
Faith in her will make you strong.

Trust your mother, maiden fair!  
Love will guide your steps with care,  
Let no cloud e'er come between—  
Let no shadow e'er be seen  
Hiding from your mother's heart  
What may prove a poisoned dart.

Trust your mother to the end,  
She will prove your constant friend;  
If 'tis gladness wings the hour,  
Share with her the joyful shower;  
Or if sorrow should oppress,  
She will smile and she will bless.

WHICH IS THE BEST ?

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE LITTLE GIRLS.

1st Girl—I'm a little country lassie,  
I can iron, churn and bake,  
Wash the dishes, feed the poultry,  
Mix a famous johnny-cake ;  
Ride the horses down to water,  
Drive the cows to pastures green—  
I would not exchange my station  
For the throne of England's queen.

2d Girl—Mother calls me little student ;  
I can cipher, read and spell,  
Draw a map or bound a country,  
And in " mental " I excel.  
I shall climb the hill of knowledge,  
To its very top will go ;  
Then success will crown my efforts,  
Teacher says—and ain't it so ?

3d Girl—I am nothing but a noodle,  
Mother told me so to-day.  
But I really cannot study,  
When the very fields are gay.  
Birds are calling from the tree-tops—  
Spring is waking lake and rill ;  
You may mope o'er prosy lessons,  
I will be a noodle still.

4th Girl—I'm a little city maiden,  
You would know this by my style,  
Quite unlike those country rustics,  
With their broad, uncourteous smile.



*THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.*

I'll not soil my hands with labor,  
Mine were made for higher things ;  
Papa calls me "little angel,"  
All I lack, he says, is wings.

5th Girl—I'm my mother's little helper,  
And am happy all day long ;  
I can bring dear papa's slippers,  
Sing the baby's cradle song.  
Rock him till the angels' whispers  
Make him smile from dreamland shore ;  
Run a thousand ways for mother,  
Can a little girl do more ?

---

*THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.*

Oh, please can you tell us the way  
To the Clerk of the Weather? They say  
He can stop all this rain, if he will,  
And drive off the mists from the hill,  
And make the sky sunny and blue,  
And let out the butterflies too.  
We're so tired of staying indoors,  
While all day long it pours and pours.

Alas, but the journey was long,  
And folks kept directing us wrong;  
Our naughty shoes somehow would stray  
Wherever the worst puddles lay;  
So here we are back once again,  
All weary and cross, in the rain;  
For what little boys or girls, pray,  
Could be good on such a wet day?



ALL WEARY AND CROSS, IN THE RAIN.

We'll peep in the schoolhouse—oh dear!  
Why, the Clerk of the Weather's been here,  
And breathed on the glass, I declare,  
And made it go up toward "fair."  
Come on—there's the sun smiling out,  
And a butterfly sailing about;  
Good Clerk of the Weather—he knew,  
All the time, without us, what to do!



"COME ON! THERE'S THE SUN SMILING OUT."

## VACATION SONG.

Come to the fields, little laddies, and lassies;  
Leave for awhile all the lessons and books,  
Dance on the grass with the frolicsome breezes,  
Swing on the tree boughs, and play by the brooks.

Drive home the cows from the hillsides and hollows,  
Where they are pasturing all the day thro',  
Gather wild berries that redden and ripen,  
Feed on the sunshine, the rain and the dew.



MEADOW FLOWERS.

Watch the brisk bees, roving hither and thither,  
Working and storing their harvest of sweets,  
Follow the steps of the fleet-footed squirrels,  
Hieing away to their woodland retreats.

Pluck the gold buttercups, pluck the white daisies,  
Thick in the meadows as stars in the sky,  
Listen and hear the gay bobolinks carol,  
Hear the soft notes of the thrush in reply!

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

BY RUTH KINGDON.

A crowded church—a sheltered seat,  
A shield from the winter's cold,  
Two pair of tired, noiseless feet,  
Two homeless children bold :  
The music soft, the heads devout,  
The psalms and solemn prayer,  
Made chill and homelessness die out,  
For love divine was there.

His text the pastor slowly read,  
And valiantly he preached ;  
But just one thought of all he said,  
The hearts of the newsboys reached ;  
“Of all the gems in all the earth  
This pearl is far the best ;  
'Twill feed, and clothe, and fill with mirth,  
'Twill furnish perfect rest.”

The service closed—the boys stole out  
Awestruck and wonder wrapt ;  
This priceless gem they'd heard about  
All business handicapped.  
“Let's start and go the world around,  
And see what we can do ;  
We'll seek this gem until 'tis found,  
By either me or or you.”

They traveled many a country through  
'Mid hardships keen and toil ;  
Sometimes the quest their hearts did rue,—  
Slight seemed the coveted spoil,



*A SONG OF THE SEASON.*

But on they'd toil with hopes renewed  
For many, many days ;  
And oft their fateful pathway stood  
In the gospel's holy ways.

And when the way seemed rough and long,  
God's cheer gleamed through the gloom ;  
It changed their sadness into song,  
And set the way a-bloom.  
At last they found the treasure—  
'Twas nearer than they thought ;  
For with surprise and wonder,  
Each found it in his heart !

---

*A SONG OF THE SEASON.*

Bring out the rusty garden rake,  
Hunt up the hoe and spade,  
For spring is here, and it is time  
To have the garden made.

Your wife will lean upon the fence,  
And watch you while you work,  
She's always prompt to give advice,  
She'll never let you shirk.

Don't waste your time in trying to tell  
The bulbs from worthless weeds ;  
Dig them all up ; that's easiest, and  
You'll need the room for seeds.

Work hard, man, you won't break your back,  
Though you may fear you may.  
Don't stop to lean upon your spade—  
Think what your wife will say.





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Then when you've got the garden dug,  
The seeds all out of sight,  
You'd better hire a gardener  
To do it over right.

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL

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A BOY'S BELIEF.

It isn't much fun a livin',  
If grandpa says what's true—  
That this is the jolliest time o' life  
That I'm a-passing through.  
I'm 'fraid he can't remember—  
It's been so awful long ;  
I'm sure if he could recollect  
He'd know that he was wrong.

Did he ever have, I wonder,  
A sister just like mine,  
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,  
Or tangle up his twine ?  
Did he ever chop the kindling,  
Or fetch in coal and wood,  
Or offer to turn the wringer ?  
If he did, he was awful good !

How can grandpa remember  
A fellow's grief or joy ?  
'Twixt you and me, I don't believe  
He ever was a boy.  
Is this the jolliest time o' life ?  
Believe it I never can;  
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy  
As really a grown-up man.



**A NATION'S STRENGTH.**

BY WILLIAM RALPH EMERSON.

What builds a nation's pillars high,  
And its foundations strong ?  
What makes it mighty to defy  
The foes that round it throng ?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand  
Go down in battle's shock ;  
Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,  
Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword ? Ask the red dust  
Of empires passed away ;  
The blood has turned their stones to rust,  
Their glory to decay.

And is it pride ? Ah ! that bright crown  
Has seemed to nations sweet ;  
But God has struck its luster down  
In ashes at His feet.

Not gold, but only man, can make  
A people great and strong ;  
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,  
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,  
Who dare while others fly,—  
They build a nation's pillars deep,  
And lift them to the sky.

## THE ORPHAN TURKEYS.

Twenty-two little turkeys  
 Were hatched by two hens,  
 And, one by one, some of them  
 Came to bad ends;  
 'Till only six turkeys  
 Were shivering with cold.  
 The old hens had weaned them  
 When scarce a month old.  
 It was time for a venture,  
 So the poor little things  
 Crept up for a shelter  
 'Neath the old rooster's wings.  
 And not only then  
 But the next rainy day,

He sheltered them all  
 In the same friendly way.  
 The farmer's wife saw it,  
 And said, "I declare,  
 Kind-hearted old fellow,  
 Your life I will spare.  
 "I fully intended  
 To take off your head;  
 But those two old hens  
 Shall lose theirs instead."  
 My dear little children,  
 You always will find,  
 With folks or with fowls,  
 It pays to be kind.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



We're little lads and lassies gay,  
 Pray to our song give ear;  
 We've come a long and snowy way  
 To sing of Christmas cheer.  
 There's no day half so dear and glad,  
 Alike to young and old;  
 We pray that no one may be sad,  
 Or want for lack of gold.  
 That each may have a merry heart,  
 To greet this cheery day,  
 And pass a happy greeting on  
 To all who come their way.  
 For Christmas is no time for woe,  
 'Tis a day for joy and cheer;  
 It comes with wreathing greens and snow  
 To round the happy year.

## THE WIND.

"What is the wind, mamma?"

"'Tis air in motion, child;"

"Why can I never see the wind  
That blows so fierce and wild?"

"Because the gases, dear,  
Of which the air is made,  
Are quite transparent, that is, we  
See through, but see no shade.

"And what are gases, ma?"

"Fluids, which, if we squeeze  
In space too small, will burst with force;"—  
"And what are fluids, please?"

"Fluids are what will flow,  
And gases are so light  
That when we give them room enough,  
They rush with eager flight."

"What gases, dear mamma,  
Make up the air or wind?"

"'Tis oxygen and nitrogen  
That chiefly there we find ;

"And, when the air is full  
Of oxygen, we're gay ;  
But when there is not quite enough  
We're dull, or faint away."

"What makes the rain, mamma?"

"The mists and vapors rise  
From land, and stream, and rolling sea,  
Up toward the distant skies ;

“And there they form the clouds  
Which, when they’re watery, dear,  
Pour all the water down to earth,  
And rain afar or near.”

“What makes the snow, mamma ?”  
When very cold above,  
The mists are frozen high in air,  
And fall as snow, my love.”

“And hail ?” “’Tis formed the same ;  
Cold streams of air have come  
And frozen all the water-drops,  
And thus the hail stones form.”

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### THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE.

The schoolhouse stood beside the way,  
A shabby building, old and gray,  
With rattling sash, and loose-hung door,  
And rough, uneven walls and floor;  
And why the little homespun crew  
It gathered were some ways more blest  
Than others, you would scarce have guessed,  
It is a secret known to few.

I’ll tell it you. The high road lay  
Stretched all along the township hill,  
Whence the broad lands sloped either way,  
And smiling up did strive to fill  
At every window, every door,  
The schoolhouse, with that gracious lore  
That God’s fair world would fain instil.



So softly, quietly it came,  
The children never knew its name,  
Its various, unobtrusive looks  
They counted not as study-books;  
And yet they could not lift an eye  
From play or labor, dreamily,  
And not find writ in sweetest speech,  
The tender lessons it would teach:  
"Be gentle, children, brave and true,  
And know the great God loveth you."

Only the teacher, wise of heart,  
Divined the landscape's blessed art;  
And when she felt the lag and stir  
Of her young idlers fretting her,  
Out-glancing o'er the meadows wide,  
The ruffling woods, the far hillside,  
She drew fresh breath of God's free grace,  
A gentler look came in her face,  
Her kindly voice caught in its own  
An echo of that pleasant tone  
In which the great world sang its song—  
"Be cheerful, patient, still and strong."

M. E. BENNETT.

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### THE WATERMILL.

Listen to the watermill, through the livelong day,  
How the clicking of its wheel wears the hours away,  
Languidly the autumn wind stirs the greenwood leaves,  
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;  
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast—  
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,  
And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered ;  
And the rippling stream flows on, tranquil, deep, and still,  
Never gliding back again to the watermill.

Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—  
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart, and true ;  
Golden years are fleeting by ; youth is passing, too ;  
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,  
Time will never bring thee back chances swept away ;  
Leave no tender word unsaid, love, while love shall last—  
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will,  
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill ;  
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon thy way,  
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy to-day ;  
Power, intellect, and health may not always last—  
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh ! the wasted hours of life that have drifted by ;  
Oh ! the good we might have done, lost without a sigh !  
Love that we might once have saved by a single word,  
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing, unheard.  
Take the proverb to thine heart, take and hold it fast—  
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh ! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last ;  
For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past ;  
And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,  
And heaven in all its glory shines, 'midst the pure, the good, the  
true—

Then you'll see more clearly the proverb deep and vast—  
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

## ASTRONOMY MADE EASY.

Hi-diddle-diddle,  
The sun's in the middle  
And planets around him so grand  
Are swinging in space.  
Held forever in place  
In the zodiac girdle or band.

Hi-diddle-diddle,  
The sun's in the middle,  
And Mercury's next to the sun:  
While Venus so bright,  
Seen at morning or night,  
Comes second to join in the fun.

Hi-diddle-diddle,  
The sun's in the middle,  
And third in the group is our earth;  
While Mars with his fire,  
So warlike and dire,  
Swings around to be counted the fourth

Hi-diddle-diddle,  
The sun's in the middle,  
While Jupiter's next to Mars;  
And his four moons at night  
Show the speed of the light;  
Next golden-ringed Saturn appears.

Hi-diddle-diddle,  
The sun's in the middle,  
After Saturn comes Uranus far;  
And his antics so queer,  
Let astronomers near  
To old Neptune, who drives the last car.

## STRAUSS' BOEDRY.

Vagation dime vas coom again,  
  When dher vas no more shgool;  
I goes to boardt, der coundtry oudt,  
  Where id vas nice und cool,  
I dakes Katrina und Loweeze,  
  Und Leedle Yawcob Strauss;  
Bud at der boarding house dhey dakes  
  “No shildren in der house.”

I dells you vot! some grass don'd grow  
  Under old Yawcob's feet  
Undil he gets a gouble a miles  
  Or so vay down der shtreet.  
I foundt oudt all I vanted,—  
  For the rest I don'd vould care,—  
Dot boarding blace vas nix for me  
  When dhere been no shildren dhere.

Vot vas der hammocks und der shvings,  
  Grokay, und dings like dhese,  
Und der hoopleperry bicnics,  
  Midoudt Yawcob und Loweeze?  
It vas von shdrange conondrum,  
  Dot vos too much for Strauss,  
How all dhose beople stand it  
  Mid no shildren in der house.

“Oh, vot vas all dot eardthly bliss,  
  Und vot vas man's soocksess;  
Und vot vas various kindt of dings,  
  Und vot vas habbiness?”



Dot's vot Hans Breittmann ask, von dime—  
 Dhey all vas embty soundt!  
 Dot eardthly bliss vas nodings  
 Vhen dhere vas no shildren roundt.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

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THE AXIS.

Child, you ask, "What is tne Axis?"  
 With an apple I will show;  
 Place your thumb upon the stem-place,  
 And your finger at the blow;  
 Now we'll just suppose the apple  
 Has a stem that passes through,  
 And this stem would be the Axis;  
 Now we'll whirl the apple, true.

Holding fast 'twixt thumb and finger,—  
 That's the way the earth goes round  
 On its Axis, as we call it,  
 Though no real stem is found.  
 And the two ends of the Axis  
 Have been called the Poles, my dear;  
 Yes, the North Pole and the South Pole,  
 Where 'tis very cold and drear.

Now we'll hold a bigger apple  
 At a distance, for the sun;  
 Tip the smaller one a little,  
 And then slowly wheel it round  
 All around the larger apple,  
 And it represents the earth  
 Circling round the Sun that holds it,  
 Ceaseless, in its yearly path.

Wondrous is the strong attraction  
Of the Sun which holds in place  
All the Planets and their turnings,  
All the Stars that see His face;  
But more wondrous far, the power  
That created Sun and us,  
And that gave a form and being  
To this mighty Universe.

“The Universe!” now you exclaim;  
“By the Universe, what do you mean?”  
’Tis the Sun and the Planets, and everything known  
That we call by this Universe name.

Now the “Planets,” you ask,  
“What are Planets?” They’re globes,  
Some larger, some smaller than earth,—  
Which are swinging in space,  
And are held in place,  
By the God-power that first gave them birth.

---

## NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.

Pray, where is my hat? It is taken away,  
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot,  
I can’t find a thing where it should be to-day,  
Though I hunted in every spot.

Do, Rachel, just look for my speller up-stairs—  
My reader is somewhere there, too;  
And sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,  
And mother, just fasten my shoe.

And sister, beg father to write an excuse ;—  
But stop ! he will only say “ No ;”  
And go on with a smile and keep reading the news,  
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to  
fall,

This old pop-gun is breaking  
my map ;

I'll have nothing to do with the  
pop-gun or ball,

There's no playing for such a  
poor chap.

The town-clock will strike in a  
minute, I fear,

Then away to the foot I will  
sink ;

There ! look at my Carpenter tumbled down here,  
And my Worcester covered over with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,  
Though the toast and the butter were fine ;  
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,  
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they wont wait,  
And beat on the door with their sticks ;  
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late ;  
To-morrow I'll be up at six.



THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise ?

What can be the matter ?

Willie's coming up the stairs

With unusual clatter.

Now he bursts into the room,

Noisy as a rocket :

"Auntie ! I am five years old—

And I've got a pocket !"

Eyes as round and bright as stars ;

Cheeks like apples glowing ;

Heart that this new treasure fills

Quite to overflowing.

"Jack may have his squeaking boots ;

Kate may have her locket :

I've got something better yet,—

I have got a pocket !"

All too fresh the joy to make

Emptiness a sorrow :

Little hand is plump enough

To fill it—till to-morrow.

And ere many days were o'er,

Strangest things did stock it :

Nothing ever came amiss

To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,

Licorice-sticks and candy,

Stones, a ball, his pennies too :

It was always handy.



*A LITTLE CHILD'S FANCY.*

And, when Willie's snug in bed,  
 Should you chance to knock it,  
 Sundry treasures rattle out  
 From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife  
 Found a place within it :  
 He forgot that he had said,  
 "I want it just a minute."  
 Once the closet-key was lost ;  
 No one could unlock it :  
 Where do you suppose it was?—  
 Down in Willie's pocket.

ELIZABETH SILL.

---

 NUMBER.

A noun or name that means but one,  
 Is called in the singular number;  
 But when it stands for more than one,  
 'Tis plural, child, remember.

---

 A LITTLE CHILD'S FANCY.

I think that the world was finished at night,  
 Or the stars would not have been made;  
 For they wouldn't have thought of having the light,  
 If they hadn't first seen the shade.

And then, again, I alter my mind,  
 And think perhaps it was day,  
 And the starry night was only designed  
 For a little child tired of play,



And I think that an angel, when  
nobody knew,  
With a window pushed up  
very high,  
Let some of the seeds of the  
flowers fall through  
From the gardens they have  
in the sky.

For they couldn't think here  
of lilies so white,  
And such beautiful roses, I  
know;  
But I wonder when falling  
from such a height,  
The dear little seeds should  
grow!

And then, when the face of the  
angel has turned,  
I think that the birds flew  
by,  
And are singing to us the songs  
they learned  
On the opposite side of the  
sky.

And a rainbow must be the shining below  
Of a place in Heaven's floor that is thin.  
Right close to the door where the children go  
When the dear Lord lets them in.  
And I think that the clouds that float in the skies  
Are the curtains that they drop down,  
For fear when we look we should dazzle our eyes,  
As they each of them put on their crown.

I do not know why the water was sent,  
Unless, perhaps, it might be  
God wanted us all to know what it meant  
When we read of the "Jasper Sea."

Oh! the world where we live is a lovely place,  
But it oftentimes make me sigh,  
For I'm always trying causes to trace,  
And keep thinking "Wherefore?" and "Why?"

Ah! dear little child, the longing you feel  
Is the stir of immortal wings,  
But infinite love will one day reveal  
The most hidden and puzzling things.

You have only your duty to try and do,  
To be happy, and rest content;  
For by being good and by being true  
You will find out all that is meant!

MRS. L. C. WHITON.

---

### LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

Four robin redbreasts on the old apple tree,  
Whose pink and white blossoms are as thick as can be—  
If two of these birds should quick fly away,  
How many redbreasts would be left? tell me, pray.

(ANSWER.)

Only two would be left but they would not stay,  
For they never will—I have watched them to-day.

Tom's six frisky kittens are chasing their tails,  
As the milkmaid passes with o'erflowing pails—  
If two of the kittens remain at their play,  
Then how many have followed the milkmaid; say?



(ANSWER.)

Four dear little kittens have followed the maid,  
And—the others will follow, if they're not afraid.

Eight fleecy white lambkins yonder are seen  
Just over the brook, in the pasture green,



If eight of them leap over the low, stone wall,  
Then, how many lambkins do not jump at all?

(ANSWER.)

Were they Bo-peep's lambkins, mamma? O, I know,  
If one lamb leaped the wall, all the rest would go.



If out of the water and dark mud below,  
 Rise ten water lilies as white as the snow,  
 And five laddies row out to gather the ten,  
 How many apiece have the brave little men?

(ANSWER.)

They would have two apiece, if Tom had his way,  
 But Archie'd have more—he's so mean, Archie Gray.

Suppose I am forty and you are but five,  
 In ten sunny years—if we still keep alive—  
 Winter and summer, in all sorts of weather,—  
 Pray how many years can we count together?

(ANSWER, counting slowly.)

Why, you would be f-f-fifty and I'd be f-fifteen.  
 There'd be ever so many years between.  
 Count them together? Mamma, wait till I grow

### A LITTLE TRAVELER.

I'm but a little girl, you know—  
 I'm only five years old or so—  
 And yet I traveled quite a lot  
 For one so young, I tell you what !

When I get mad, and won't mind ma,  
 When I won't kiss my dear, kind pa,  
 My head is filled with ire, and  
 Of course, I am in Ireland.

When I in the city go,  
 I don't act like those folks, you know ;  
 They say I'm "green," and naturally  
 I think I must in Greenland be.

When I get cross at Sadie Trem,  
Or Billy Bliff, or some of them,  
They say I act so coldly. Why,  
No doubt, in Iceland then am I.

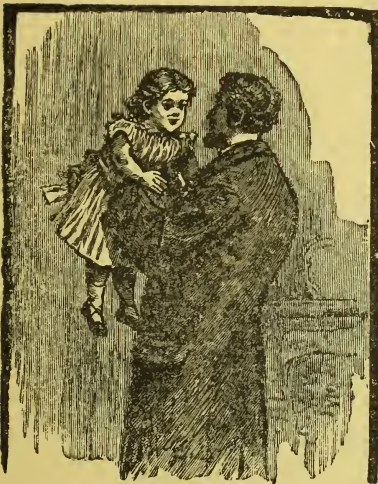
When mamma takes and nestles me  
Against her breast so restfully,  
I think I'm right in telling you  
That I'm in Lapland. Isn't that true?

H. R. MAGINLEY.

### THE CHILDREN'S KING.

There once was a merry old monarch  
Who ruled in a frolicsome way.

He cut high jinks with the children,  
And played with them all through the  
day.



GOOD-MORNING.

"A king always gets into trouble  
When trying to govern," he said,  
"So nothing but marble and leap-frog  
And tennis shall bother my head."

Ah, well! The wise people deposed him.  
"You may govern the children," said  
they;

"Why, that is exactly what suits me,"  
He replied, and went on with his play.

But it wasn't a year till the people  
All wanted the king back again;  
They had learned that a ruler of children  
Makes a pretty good ruler of men.

## THE BOYS WE NEED.

Here's the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work,  
Who never is by toil dismayed,  
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet  
All lions in the way ;  
Who's not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do  
The very best he can ;  
Who always keeps the right in view,  
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be  
The men whose hands will guide  
The future of our land; and we  
Shall speak their names with pride.



All honor to the boy who is  
A man at heart, I say ;  
Whose legend on his shield is this,  
“Right always wins the day.”

## THE PROPER TIME.

“Will you play with me? Will you play with me?”  
A little girl said to the birds on a tree.  
“Oh, we have our nests to build,” said they:  
“There’s a time for work, and a time for play.”







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Then meeting a dog, she cried "Hallo!  
Come play with me, Jip, and do as I do."  
Said he, "I must watch the orchard to-day:  
There's a time for work, and a time for play."



A boy she saw; and to him she cried,  
"Come, play with me, John, by the green-  
wood side.

"Oh, no!" said John, "I've my lesson to say:  
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

Then thoughtful awhile stood the little  
miss,

And said, "It is hard, on a day like this,  
To go to work; but, from what they all  
say,

'Tis a time for work, and not for play."

So homeward she went, and took her book,  
And first at the pictures began to look;  
Then said, "I think I will study to-day:  
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

EMILY CARTER.

## THE FIRST RUBBER BOOTS.

That precious pair of rubber boots,  
So tall, so black, so shining!  
They're just the things, the very things,  
For which our Ned's been pining.

And now he calls them all his own,  
A happy thought comes o'er him,  
And when he kneels to say his prayers  
He sets the boots before him.

Then into bed our darling goes,  
 His treasures near him keeping;  
 For on the pillow one small head  
 Between two boots is sleeping.

Through snow, through slush, and in the rain,  
 O never mind the weather!—  
 The rubber boots, the little Ned,  
 They trudge along together.

His feet go dabbling in the brook,  
 Just like two little fishes,  
 And then he runs to tell mamma  
 The funniest of wishes.

“I wish I was a puss-tat, ma,  
 Just like our old gray Molly,  
 Then I could wear four rubber boots,  
 Oh, wouldn’t that be jolly!”

---

## AN ALPHABET OF RIVERS.

*Streams, the Names of Which Run the Gamut of the Letters.*

A stands for the Amazon, mighty and grand,  
 And the B’s Beresina, on Muscovy’s strand.  
 The placid Charles River will fit for the C,  
 While the beautiful blue Danube is ready for D.  
 The E is the Elbe, in Deutschland far north,  
 And the first F I find, strange to say, is the Forth.  
 The great river Ganges can go for the G,  
 And for H our blue Hudson will certainly be.  
 The quaint Irrawaddy for I has its claims,  
 And the J is the limpid and beautiful James.

The K is for Kama, I know in a jiffy,  
 And the L is the Loire and the prosperous Liffey.  
 For M we have plenty to choose from, and—well,  
 There's the noble Missouri, the gentle Moselle.  
 For N we have Nile, and the Onion is O,  
 While for P you can choose the gray Pruth or the Po.  
 The Q is the Quinebaug, one of our own,  
 But the R comes to front with the Rhine and the Rhone.  
 For the S there's the Shannon, a beautiful stream,  
 And the T is the Tiber, where Rome reigns supreme.  
 The Ural, I think, will with U quite agree,  
 And the turbulent Volga will fit for the V.  
 The W's Weser, and the Xenia is X  
 (You may find it spelled with a J, to perplex).  
 Then for Y Yang-tse-kiang is simple and easy,  
 And to end the long list with a Z take Zambesi.

“THE TRAVELER,” ST. NICHOLAS.

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## HIS PROFESSION.

My boy and I rode in a train  
 One morning bright and clear.  
 “When I'm a grown up man,” said he,  
 “I'll be an engineer.”  
 But soon the dust flew in his eyes,  
 And heavy grew his head.  
 “I wouldn't be an engineer  
 For all the world,” he said.  
 My boy was at a seaport town,  
 And saw the rolling sea.  
 “Mamma,” he said one evening,  
 A sailor I shall be I”



We took him to a yacht race—

He had to go to bed !

“ I wouldn't be a sailor, now,

For all the world,” he said.

We read him stirring stories

Of soldiers and their fame.

“ I'll go and fight,” cried Freddie,

“ And put them all to shame !”

We told him of a soldier's life ;

He shook his little head,

“ I wouldn't be a soldier, now,

For all the world,” he said.

And thus to each profession

He first said “ yes,” then “ no.”

“ To make a choice is hard,” he said,

“ At least, I find it so.”

“ But what, then, will you be ?” I asked,

“ When you are grown-up, Fred ?”

“ I really think I'll only be

A gentleman,” he said.

DR. MALCOLM MCLEOD, ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE CHILD'S CENTENNIAL.

Around the purple clover-flowers,

The butterflies were flitting;

And on a stone beside the road

A little boy was sitting.

The fragrant air his yellow hair

Around his face was blowing,

And down his pretty rosy cheeks,

The great, round tears were flowing.

His breeches were of coarse, brown cloth;  
His frock was made of tow;  
For little Ebenezer lived  
A hundred years ago.

Along the road, upon a horse,  
Two men came, riding double;



BUTTERFLY WEDDING.

And one spoke out, "My pretty lad,  
Pray tell me, what's the trouble?"

But, at his friendly words, the boy  
Began to sob the louder:  
"O, sir," said he, "my father took  
His gun, and horn of powder,

"And rode away this very morn  
To help to fight the foe!"  
For there was war within the land  
A hundred years ago.

The foremost man drew in his rein  
(His horse was somewhat skittish)  
And said, "My dear, I would not fear:  
We hope to beat the British.

"And when the Yankees win the day,  
And send the Red-coats flying,  
And home again your father comes,  
You will not feel like crying:

"You'll be a happy fellow then."

"Oh, that I shall, I know!"

Poor little Ebenezer said  
A hundred years ago.



"But if he should not come at all,  
And we should find, instead, sir,  
A musket-ball had shot him down,  
A sword cut off his head, sir?"

"Oh, even then," the man replied,  
"You'd proudly tell his story,  
And say, 'He died for freedom's sake,  
And for his country's glory.'

"But brave must be the little son  
Whose father fights the foe:  
We need stout hearts." And so they did,  
A hundred years ago.

The man rode on, and home again  
Ran little Ebenezer;

"Now I must share my mother's care,"  
He said, "and try to please her;

And I must work in every way,—  
Rake hay, and feed the cattle,  
And hoe the corn, since father's gone  
To give the British battle."

Oh! looking backward, let us not  
Forget the thanks we owe  
To those good little boys who lived  
A hundred years ago!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

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LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Not long ago I wandered near  
A playground in the wood ;  
And there heard words from a youngster's lips  
That I never quite understood.

"Now let the old cat die," he laughed ;  
I saw him give a push,  
Then gaily scamper away as he spied  
A face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where he went,  
I could not well make out,  
On account of the thicket of bending boughs,  
That bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat,  
Or hung it upon a limb,  
And left it to die alone," I said,  
"But I'll play the mischief with him."



I forced my way between the boughs,  
The poor old cat to seek ;  
And what did I find but a swinging child,  
With her bright hair brushing her cheek.



IN THE SWING.

Her bright hair floated to and fro,  
Her little red dress flashed by,  
But the liveliest thing of all, I thought,  
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth  
With the rose-light in her face,  
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,  
And the wood her native place.

“Steady ! I’ll send you up, my child !”  
But she stopped me with a cry :  
“Go ’way ! go ’way ! Don’t touch me, please ;  
I’m letting the old cat die !”

“You letting him die !” I cried, aghast ;  
“Why, where is the cat, my dear ?”  
And lo ! the laughter that filled the woods  
Was a thing for the birds to hear.

“Why, don’t you know,” said the little maid,  
The flitting, beautiful elf,  
“That we call it ‘letting the old cat die,’  
When the swing stops all by itself ?”

Then floating and swinging, and looking back  
With merriment in her eye,  
She bade me “good-day,” and I left her alone,  
A-letting the old cat die.

MARY MAPES DODGE.



## A STORY FOR BOYS.

If you are fond of cats, if you have a dear little pussy of your own, you will like this story, for it is true.

Phil was a French lad, and his pet and favorite was a white cat, with a bushy tail and long thick fur. She followed him about the fields when he went to plow, and sat on his knee by the fire-side, and slept on his pillow at night.

But a sad day came to pussy and her master. Phil, who was now a strong lad of sixteen, was selected for a soldier. It was at the time when the French and English joined to fight the Russians in the Crimea.



"Farewell" is the hardest of words to us all. Phil's heart ached sorely as he marched away with his regiment for the first time. But a soldier's pride was stirring in his bosom. The roll of the drum called up exultant thoughts of the honor and glory his own dear France was sure to gain.

On, on they marched along the dusty road, between the rows of limes and chestnuts, and Phil could hear the beating of the waves upon the sandy shore of the bay, where the transport ships were waiting.

How many leagues already separated him from his boyhood's home! His heart grew heavy at the thought, and happening to turn his head he saw his snow-white beauty, his cat of cats, drab with dust, and panting with heat, watching the soldiers as they marched by. When she caught sight of her master's face puss sprang up joyously and ran steadily by his side. Phil was touched to think how faithfully and how far she had followed him. But what was he to do with her? He could not send her back; he could not leave her by the way. She would run on by his side until her little feet grew sore and weary, and her legs dragged painfully after her master. Phil glanced at the stern sergeant, but he was looking another way. He lifted up his cat quickly, and

set her on his knapsack. She clung to him, happy and content. Her point was gained: they were not to be parted. Through all the hurry and bustle of embarking, pussy kept her place.

Whoever before heard of a cat going to the wars of her own free will? The soldiers might well laugh, but no one interfered with her. At meals she munched a corner of Phil's ration, and at night she slept in his arms.

When the soldiers left the ships, and were landed on Turkish soil, the weary march began again. Puss coiled herself up on her master's knapsack, and journeyed with him.

How fondly Phil loved his little pussy friend! She grew more precious every day, as she shared and cheered the many toils and dangers of the young soldier's life; sometimes standing quiet by his side, and purring lovingly, when the duties of the day were over, and her master cooked such supper as he could get by the camp fires. For the poor soldiers had often little to eat, and many hardships to endure, before they won the battle.

As first he had to work in the trenches with pickaxe and spade, but when his regiment was ordered into active service, and he must face the cannon's mouth, he left his puss with a sick comrade. The poor sick fellow promised to take good care of her.

The troops were about a mile from camp, when Phil caught sight of his pet running steadily after him. He lifted her up on her customary seat on his knapsack, for the battle was beginning. The Russian cannon began fire, and the thundering noise deadened every other sound; but those little white paws only clung the closer to her soldier's belt. There was fighting all around him, and men were falling. But the soldiers closed their ranks and still pressed onward. Twice poor Phil went down, but pussy never loosed her hold. She clung to his coat, determined not to be parted from the master she loved so dearly.

At last a severe wound in the breast threw him senseless on the ground. No sympathetic friend dared to stop during the battle to raise him up or speak one pitying word. The thick cloud of



smoke from the cannon on both sides turned the daylight into darkness.

But a cat's keen eye, which can see in the dimmest light, enabled the faithful puss to distinguish the dark stream of blood flowing from her master's breast.

With an intelligent comprehension of his danger, the devoted little creature seated herself upon him, and began to wash away the blood.

Think of the dreadful wound in the poor young soldier's breast,



and that little cat, with nothing but her tiny tongue, trying so hard to close it. Remember how the cannon-balls were rattling around her. How scared and terrified she must have been; for we know all animals, except the trained war-horse, fly in terror from the battle-field. But the great love that filled the darling pussy's heart was greater than all

the danger. Her snowy fur was soaked in blood. Her tiny tongue was aching, as hour after hour went by and Phil still lay unconscious.

When the conflict was over, the army surgeon came round with the ambulance, to look for the wounded, and there he found them.

Poor Phil was carried back to the hospital. His wound was bound up and he slowly revived.

"Shall I live?" were the first words that passed his lips, as he looked into the surgeon's face.

"Yes, my good fellow, thanks to your little cat; if she had not used her tongue so intelligently you would have bled to death," was the reply.

A soft, low purr in his ear sounded sweetly to the grateful lad; and many a worn, white face was lifted from the beds around him to look at his pussy.

Through all the faintness occasioned by the loss of blood, through all the burning fever brought on by the wound in his breast, Phil never ceased to ask that his cat might stay with him.

It was contrary to all hospital rules, but the officer said:

"Yes, let her stay."

The little creature's devoted love won all hearts. She was sent with her master to the regular hospital. She was fed with the choicest morsels from his plate. She was petted by all around her; and was pointed out with proud admiration to every new-comer.

---

## VACATION.

Vacation is coming,  
We all will be gay,  
We leave our worn school books  
For sport and for play.

*THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.*

We'll off to the country,  
To visit our friends,  
And spend our time finely,  
Till vacation ends.



And then to our studies  
We'll cheerfully 'tend,  
Performing our duties,  
Thus please our dear friends.

---

*THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.*

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.





A MERRY DANCE.



## FATHER AT PLAY.



Such fun as we had one rainy day,  
When father was home and helped  
us play,  
And made a ship and hoisted sail,  
And crossed the sea in a fearful  
gale!

But we hadn't sailed into London  
town,  
When the captain and crew, and  
vessel went down,

Down, down in a jolly wreck,  
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,  
And we on two legs, he on four,  
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,  
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she would be p'lice-  
man now,  
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know  
how.  
Then the lion laughed, and forgot to  
roar,  
Till we chased him out of the nursery  
door;



And then he turned to a pony gay,  
And carried us all on his back away.  
Whippsty, lickity, kickity, ho!  
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know.

TRUE LOVE.

“How much I love you, mother dear !”

A little prattler said :

“I love you in the morning bright,  
And when I go to bed.

“I love you when I’m near to you,  
And when I’m far away :  
I love you when I am at work,  
And when I am at play.”

And then she slily, sweetly raised  
Her lovely eyes of blue :

“I love you when you love me best,  
And when you scold me, too.”

The mother kissed her darling child,  
And stooped a tear to hide :

“My precious one, I love you most  
When I am forced to chide.

“I could not let my darling child  
In sin and folly go,  
And this is why I sometimes chide,  
Because I love you so.”



THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage work is over,  
The evening meal is done ;  
Hark ! through the starlit stillness  
You hear the river run ;



*THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.*

The cotter's children whisper,  
Then speak out one and all,  
"Come, father, make for Johnny  
A rabbit on the wall."

He smilingly assenting,  
They gather round his chair :  
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny ;  
Don't let the candle flare."  
So speaking, from his fingers  
He throws a shadow tall,  
That seems the moment after  
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,  
The uproar louder grows,  
E'en grandma chuckles faintly,  
And Johnny chirps and crows.  
There ne'er was gilded painting  
Hung up in lordly hall,  
Gave half the simple pleasure,  
As this rabbit on the wall.

Ah ! who does not remember  
When humble sports like these  
Than many a costlier pastime,  
Had greater power to please ?  
When o'er life's autumn pathway,  
The sere leaves thickly fall,  
How oft we sigh, recalling  
The rabbit on the wall.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A little girl, with a happy look,  
Sat slowly reading in a ponderous book  
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,  
And its weight was more than the child could hold;  
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,  
And every day she prized it more;  
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—  
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,

And the lesson home to her heart she  
took;

She walked on her way with a trust-  
ing grace,

And a dove-like look in her meek  
young face,

Which said, just as plain as words  
could say,

"The Holy Bible I must obey;

So, mamma, I'll be kind to my dar-  
ling brother,

For 'Little children must love each  
other.'



"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;  
But I'll love him still, for I think the way  
To make him gentle and kind to me  
Will be better shown if I let him see  
I strive to do what I think is right;  
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night,  
I will clasp my hands around my brother,  
And say, 'Little children love one another.'"



The little girl did as her Bible taught,  
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;  
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,  
To meet the light of her loving eyes:  
His heart was full, he could not speak,  
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;  
And God looked down on that happy mother  
Whose little children loved each other.

---

## NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying,  
That is altogether true ;  
My little boy, my little girl,  
The saying is for you.  
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,  
And gray—so deep and bright—  
No child in all this careless world  
Is ever out of sight.



No matter whether fields or glen,  
Or city's crowded way,  
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,  
Entice your feet to stay,  
Some one is always watching you ;  
And, whether wrong or right,  
No child in all this busy world  
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you ;  
And marking what you do,  
To see if all your childhood's acts  
Are honest, brave, and true ;  
And, watchful more than mortal kind,  
God's angels pure and white,  
In gladness and in sorrowing,  
Are keeping you in sight.

O, bear in mind, my little one,  
And let your mark be high !  
You do whatever thing you do,  
Beneath some seeing eye.  
O, bear in mind, my little ones,  
And keep your good name bright,  
No child upon this round, round earth  
Is ever out of sight.

---

## LITTLE THINGS.

A cup of water timely brought,  
An offered easy chair,  
A turning of the window-blind,  
That all may feel the air ;  
An early flower bestowed unasked,  
A light and cautious tread,  
A voice to softest whispers hushed  
To spare an aching head—  
Oh, things like these, though little things,  
The purest love disclose,  
As fragrant atoms in the air  
Reveal the hidden rose.



## PERSEVERANCE.

The boy who does a stroke, and stops—  
Will ne'er a great man be ;  
'Tis the aggregate of single drops  
That makes the sea the sea.  
Not all at once the morning streams  
Its gold above the gray,  
It takes a thousand little beams  
To make the day the day.  
The farmer needs must sow and till,  
And wait the wheaten head,  
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,  
Before his bread is bread.



Swift heels may get the early shout,  
But, spite of all the din,  
It is the patient holding out  
That makes the winner win.

---

PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,  
"It is time your morning lesson was said."  
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,  
And sat down before her, all in a row.  
"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,  
"And tell me quick where your noses are."  
At this all the kittens sniffed the air  
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"  
The kittens waited a moment to think,  
And then the answer came clear and loud—  
You ought to have heard how those kittens meowed!

"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,  
When you want a fish or bit of bone;  
Now what do you say when children are good?"  
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad—  
When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.  
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;  
You must use your claws when children are rough.

"And where are your claws? no, no my dear  
(As she took up a paw). See! they're hidden here;"  
Then all the kittens crowded about  
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need  
To use such weapons—oh, no, indeed!  
But the wise mamma gave a pussy's "Pshaw!"  
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now, 'Sptiss!' as hard as you can," she said;  
But every kitten hung down its head;  
" 'Sptiss!' I say," cried the mother cat,  
But they said, "Oh, mammy, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;  
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!  
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose,"  
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.



## SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven:  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
Seven times one are seven.



SEVEN TIMES ONE

I am old, so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The lambs play always, they know no better;  
They are only one times one.

O, moon, in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low;  
You were bright—ah bright! but your light is failing;  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold!  
O, brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold.

O, columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
O, cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me the nests with the young ones in it;  
I will not steal them away:  
I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,  
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

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### GOOD-NIGHT.

“Good night!” said the plow to the weary old horse;  
And Dobbin responded, “Good-night!”  
Then, with Tom on his back, to the farm-house he turned,  
With a feeling of quiet delight.  
“Good-night!” said the ox, with a comical bow,  
As he turned from the heavy old cart,  
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel from its side,  
Then creaked out, “Good-night, from my heart!”

“Good-night !” said the hen, when her supper was done,  
 To Fanny, who stood in the door ;  
 “Good-night !” answered Fanny ; “come back in the morn  
 And you and your chicks shall have more.”  
 “Quack, quack !” said the duck, “I wish you all well.  
 Though I cannot tell what is polite.”  
 “The will for the deed,” answered Benny the brave ;  
 “Good-night, Madam Ducky, good-night !”

---

### TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I know a little girl  
 (You ? O, no !)  
 Who, when she’s asked to go to bed,  
 Does just so :  
 She brings a dozen wrinkles out,  
 And takes the dimples in ;  
 She puckers up her pretty lips,  
 And then she does begin :  
 “Oh, dear me ! I don’t see why—  
 All the others sit up late,  
 And why can’t I ?”  
 Another little girl I know,  
 With curly pate,  
 Who says : “When I’m a great big girl,  
 I’ll sit up late ;



But mamma says ’twill make me grow  
 To be an early bird.”  
 So she and dolly trot away  
 Without another word.  
 Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue !  
 And—and—why, yes, now I think of it,  
 She looks like you !

BE ACTIVE.



Be active, be active, find something to do  
In digging a clam-bank or tapping a shoe,  
Don't stop at the corner to drag out the day,  
Be active, be active, and work while you  
may.

---

THE CHILDREN'S BEDTIME.

The clock strikes seven in the hall,  
The curfew of the children's day,  
That calls each little pattering foot  
From dance and song and lively play;  
Their day that in a wider light  
Floats like a silver day-moon white,  
Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,  
But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift  
Of children's kisses through the house,  
And cuckoo notes of sweet "Good night,"  
That thoughts of heaven and home arouse  
And a soft stir to sense and heart,  
As when the bee and blossoms part;  
And little feet that patter slower,  
Like the last droppings of a shower.



And in the children's room aloft,  
What blossom shapes do gaily slip  
Their daily sheaths, and rosy run  
From clasping hand and kissing lip,  
A naked sweetness to the eye—  
Blossoms and babe and butterfly  
In witching one, so dear a sight!  
An ecstasy of life and light.

Then lily-drest, in angel white,  
To mother's knee they trooping come.  
The soft palms fold like kissing shells,  
And they and we go singing home—  
Their bright heads bowed and worshiping,  
As though some glory of the spring,  
Some daffodil that mocks the day,  
Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of paradise swing wide  
A moment's space in soft accord,  
And those dread angels, Life and Death,  
A moment veil the flaming sword,  
As o'er this weary world forlorn  
From Eden's secret heart is borne  
That breath of Paradise most fair,  
Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,  
As fragrant white as clover'd sod,  
And all the upper floors grow hushed  
With children's sleep, and dews of God.  
And as our stars their beams do hide,  
The stars of twilight, opening wide,  
Take up the heavenly tale at even,  
And light us on to God and heaven.





BEDTIME.

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## MOTHER KNOWS.

Nobody knows of the work it makes  
To keep the home together ;  
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
Nobody knows—but mother.



Nobody listens to childish woes  
Which kisses only smother ;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,  
Nobody—only mother.



*BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.*

Nobody knows of the sleepless care  
 Bestowed on baby brother ;  
 Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,  
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
 Of loving one another ;  
 Nobody knows of the patience sought,  
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears  
 Lest darlings may not weather  
 The storm of life in after years ;  
 Nobody knows—but mother.

H. C. DODGE.

*BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.*

In speaking of a person's faults,  
 Pray don't forget your own;  
 Remember those in houses, glass,  
 Should never throw a stone.  
 If we have nothing else to do  
 But talk of those in sin,  
 'Tis better we commence at home,  
 And from that point begin.



We have no right to judge a man,  
 Until he's fairly tried;  
 Should we not like his company,  
 We know the world is wide.  
 Some may have faults—and who has not?  
 The old as well as young;  
 We may, perhaps, for aught we know,  
 Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And find it works full well;  
To try my own defects to cure,  
Before of others tell;  
And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own shortcomings bid me let  
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence  
To slander friend and foe,  
Think of the harm one word may do,  
To those we little know;  
Remember curses, sometimes, like  
Our chickens, "roost at home;"  
Don't speak of other's faults until  
We have none of our own.

---

## THE TWO FRIENDS.

My dog and I are faithful friends;  
We read and play together;  
We tramp across the hills and fields,  
When it is pleasant weather.

And when from school with eager haste  
I come along the street,  
He hurries on with bounding step,  
My glad return to greet.

Then how he frisks along the road,  
And jumps up in my face!  
And if I let him steal a kiss,  
I'm sure it's no disgrace.

Oh, had he but the gift of speech  
But for a single day,  
How dearly should I like to hear  
The funny things he'd say!

Yet, though he cannot say a word  
As human beings can,



He knows and thinks as much as I,  
Or much as any man.

And what he knows, and thinks, and feels,  
Is written in his eye;  
My faithful dog cannot deceive,  
And never told a lie.

Come here, good fellow, while I read  
 What other dogs can do;  
 And if I live when you have gone,  
 I'll write your history too.

SUSAN JEWETT.

## THE LAZY BOY.

The lazy lad ! and what's his name ?  
 I should not like to tell ;  
 But don't you think it is a shame  
 That he can't read nor spell ?

He'd rather swing upon a gate,  
 Or paddle in the brook,  
 Than take his pencil and his slate,  
 Or try to con his book.

There ! see he's lounging down the  
 street,  
 His hat without a rim ;  
 He rather drags than lifts his feet—  
 His face unwashed and grim.



He's lolling now against a post,  
 But if you've seen him once,  
 You'll know the lad amongst a host ;  
 For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's name,—  
 I do not choose to tell ;  
 But this you'll know—it is the same  
 As his who does not blush for shame that he don't  
 read or spell.



## A SHOCKING TEASE.



HE.

"Oh, dear! that aggravating cat,  
She drives me nearly crazy;  
She steals my bones when I'm asleep,  
And laughs and calls me lazy!

"My appetite's not what it was;  
I'm daily growing thinner,  
Because, you see, the worry's such,  
I can't enjoy my dinner!

"If I could only bite her well  
'Twould be a different matter!  
But, oh, she's such a nimble thing  
A fellow can't get at her!"

SHE.

"You poor old Toby, good old dog,  
You don't know how I love you!  
You little thought that tiresome cat  
Was listening just above you."

## THE CASTLE BUILDERS.

Building castles all the day,  
Are you never weary, say?  
Though the sun is sinking fast,  
Still another! This the last?

Build it strong, and build it steep,  
Print the doors and windows deep,  
Border it with stones of white,  
Trees and flowers of seaweed bright.





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When it rises proud and high,  
 From the top a flag shall fly—  
 Stay; what need for all this pains,  
 When to-morrow nought remains?

Hear the wild waves what they sing,  
 "Whether at your work or play,  
 Little people, come what may,  
 Always do your best!"

ELLIS WALTON.

MAKING MUD-PIES.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick,  
 Happy with only a pan and a stick,  
 On the soft grass in the shadow that lies,  
 Our little Fanny is making mud-pies.  
 On her brown apron and bright drooping head  
 Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;  
 Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that,  
 Dances and flutters her little straw hat.  
 Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day,  
 Zealously chases the robins away,  
 Barks at the squirrels, or snaps at the flies,  
 All the while Fanny is making mud pies.  
 Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir,  
 While she is busy, are busy with her;  
 Cheeks rosy glowing and bright sparkling eyes  
 Bring them to Fanny, while making mud-pies.  
 Dollies and playthings are all laid away,  
 Not to come out till the next rainy day;  
 Under the blue of these sweet summer skies  
 Nothing's so pleasant as making mud-pies.



Gravely she stirs, with a serious look  
 "Making believe" she's a true pastry cook;  
 Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes  
 Show that our Fanny is making mud-pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play  
 Soap and clean water will soon wash away;  
 Many a pleasure in daintier guise  
 Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud-pies.

---

NOVEMBER.

Oh! dear old dull November,  
 They don't speak well of you,  
 They say your winds are chilling,  
 Your skies are seldom blue.  
 They tell how you go sighing  
 Along the leafless trees,  
 You have no warmth or brightness—  
 All kinds of things like these.

But dearie me! November,  
 They quite forgot to speak  
 About the wealth of color  
 On each round apple's cheek.  
 How yellow is each pumpkin  
 That in the meadow lies,  
 Almost as good as sunshine,  
 And better still for pies.

Why, yes, dear old November,  
 You've lots of pleasant things;  
 All through the month we're longing  
 To taste your turkey wings!

What if you're dull a trifle  
Or just a little gray,  
If not for you we'd never have  
Dear old Thanksgiving Day.

---

*A FRIEND IN NEED.*

The other sheep have all gone on,  
The sheep boy never looks behind ;  
And here you sit, so tired and wan,  
Poor thing, with none to care or mind.

You don't quite like the dusty road,  
And all the busy fold that pass ;  
You're thinking of some stream that flowed  
So cool and fresh, through meadow grass.

Look here, then— see, I've come to bring  
A draught of water, sweet and clear  
(It really is a handy thing,  
That drinking-fountain just near here).

I'm glad I had my Sunday hat,  
The other one would never do ;  
There is no crown at all to that,  
This only lets a little through !

I know of such a lovely place  
Beyond the town, where meadows lie ;  
And when you're ready for a race,  
We'll go and find it, you and I.

There's no one there that can annoy,  
Or see my shoes so old and worn,

Or call me "little beggar boy,"  
And point to where my coat is torn.

I'll be your shepherd kind and true,  
And never let you go astray ;  
I'll whistle merry tunes to you,  
You'll nibble at the grass all day.



"LOOK HERE, THEN—SEE, I'VE COME TO BRING A DRAUGHT OF WATER, SWWET AND CLEAR."

And when the night comes down in peace,  
And stars are peeping from the sky,  
My head upon your soft, soft fleece—  
We'll rest together, you and I.

ELLIS WALTON.



# THE WONDERFUL BAKER

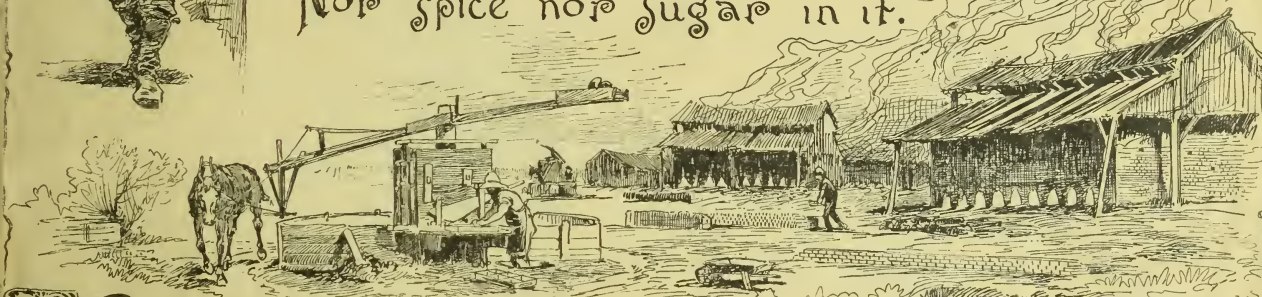
By Eudora S. Bynstead

Illustrated by

Charles Copeland



He made them deftly, hour by hour,  
A dozen pies a minute  
They were not sweet - they were not sour;  
His pastry had no fruit nor flour  
Nor spice nor sugar in it.



Their taste I did not care to try,  
Altho' he seemed no glower.

They set them out awhile to dry,  
Then made a monster pile of pie,  
And 'round it built the oven.

His pies were very trim and neat,  
And useful, too, and good pies;  
They're spread before us on the street,  
But they were never meant to eat,  
Because, you see, they're MUD pies.

And so the baker's crust was clay;  
To fill his moulds he pressed it.  
You've seen his pies 'most every day:  
Square cornered - red - what, "Bricks", you say:  
I wonder how you guessed it!





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## CURE A COLD.

chilled, or takes cold, the  
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her internal organs.

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When one is chilled, the  
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wipe them dry, and get  
two extra blankets.

g into bed, drink a large  
s possible, or a glass of  
suspensful of cream of  
desired.

the chest, side or back,  
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as dry as possible. Fold  
ver a little more surface

Cover this with a piece  
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ple food. Baked apples  
butter, bread and milk,  
or raw oysters may be

directions intelligently  
narily check the progress  
serious, possibly fatal,

OUGH!

objects, such as trees,  
in peaks, is said to have  
man religion.

vision to this privy

the young trees,  
of a wrecked balloon. When evening came, after  
such experiences, I felt as though I had been mob-  
bed and hustled at an election.

At the crossing of any of the large river-beds,  
indeed, John's aid became indispensable. He could  
crack the whip and make a report like an Armstrong  
six-pounder; while his shouts and fiendish yells  
resounded wildly through the rocks in such a manner  
that even the hoarse roar of a fog-horn, or the shrill  
shriek of a steam-whistle would have had no chance  
against him.

AFTER HER YOUNG.

A naturalist contributes to *Nature*, from the  
Island of Crete, a paragraph relating to one of the  
most interesting aspects of bird life. A gardener  
caught a young but fully fledged sparrow, which he  
carried to the house of a friend three miles away.  
He left home early in the morning.

He presented the bird to one of the children, and  
it was put into a cage and hung at the window,  
where it seemed likely to be contented, losing its  
fright after a few hours.

Late in the afternoon an old bird was noticed  
fluttering about the cage, apparently trying to get at  
the little one, and the young bird at once became  
frantic to get out.

The old bird was evidently the mother of the  
young one; the recognition between them was too  
cordial to leave any doubt upon that point; and  
when the girl opened the cage, as she did after a  
little, they both flew off rapidly in the direction of  
the place from which the little one had been brought.

It was believed impossible that the old bird should  
have followed the gardener, as in that case it would  
have been seen earlier in the day.

EXPRESSIVE.

The *Boston Budget* reports an anecdote of a little  
girl who is very fond of walking with her father.  
One day he went further than usual, and she began  
to grow tired.

She did her utmost to conceal the fact, lest it  
should make her father indispensed to take her with  
him on future occasions. At last her lagging steps  
betrayed her to her father's watchful eye.

Even then, however, she parried his questions, and  
could not be brought to admit her weariness, till he  
drew her into a trap.

"Well, Lillie, if you don't feel tired, tell me just  
how you do feel."

"Oh, I'm not much tired, papa," answered the  
diplomatic little girl; "but I feel as if I should like  
to take my legs off and carry 'em awhile."

CURING A HICCOUGH.

Mr. Smithkin had heard that a sure cure for a hic-  
cough was a severe fright. One evening, smoking  
at his fireside after supper, he was taken with a hic-  
cough, which continued in spite of all his efforts to  
check it.

Presently he got up suddenly from his chair, and  
called out in alarm to Mrs. Smithkin:

"I've lost my watch! I've lost my watch!"

Mrs. Smithkin hastened into the room.

"John Smithkin!" said she, "What do you mean?  
Why, you haint done any such thing. Here's your  
watch all right, in your vest pocket."

"Don't you think I know that?" said Mr. Smith-  
kin. "I was jest giving myself a severe fright, you  
know, to stop the hiccoughs!"

HIS VERY OWN.

Little Tommy passes for a very practical youth.  
The other day his Uncle John brought him, as a  
birthday present, a "word-game," which Tommy  
had never played, and which did not seem to be  
particularly attractive to him.

Nevertheless, Tommy thanked his uncle; and by  
and by, edging around his chair, he asked:

"Say, Uncle John?"

"Well?"

"This game truly belongs to me now, don't it?"

"Why, of course."

"To do just what I want to with it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sell it to you  
for ten cents!"



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Whose "ripple  
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This well-know  
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"Some six or se  
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A few months since  
Ayer's Hair Vigor  
after using three  
growth of hair start



The hair is now from two to four inches long, and growing  
The result is a most gratifying proof of the merits of your adu  
—FREDK. P. COGGESHALL, 51 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

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I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully  
of this preparation."—P. H. DAVIDSON, Alexandria, La.

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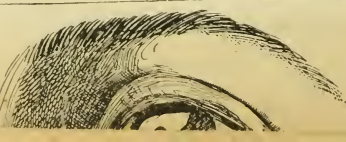
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Bright eye  
sighted; far-si  
cept those  
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the

## CHRISTMAS ON THE "POLLY."

It was the good ship "Polly," and she sailed the wintry sea,  
For ships must sail, tho' fierce the gale, and a precious freight had she;  
'Twas the captain's little daughter that stood beside her father's chair.  
And illumed the dingy cabin with the sunshine of her hair.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!  
For ships must sail  
Tho' fierce the gale  
And loud the tempests blow.

The captain's fingers rested on the pretty, curly head.  
"To-morrow will be Christmas day," the little maiden said;  
"Do you suppose that Santa Claus will find us on the sea,  
And make believe the stove-pipe is a chimney—just for me?"

Loud laughed the jovial captain, and "By my faith," he cried,  
"If he should come we'll let him know he has a friend inside!"  
And many a rugged sailor cast a loving glance that night  
At the stove-pipe where the lonely little stocking fluttered white.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!  
For ships must sail  
Tho' fierce the gale  
And loud the tempests blow.

On the good ship "Polly" the Christmas sun looked down,  
And on a smiling little face beneath a golden crown,  
No happier child he saw that day, on sea or on the land,  
Than the captain's little daughter with her treasures in her hand.

For never was a stocking so filled with curious things!  
There were bracelets made of pretty shells, and rosy coral strings;  
An elephant carved deftly from a bit of ivory tusk,  
A fan, an alligator's tooth, and a little bag of musk,

Not a tar aboard the "Polly" but felt the Christmas cheer,  
 For the captain's little daughter was to every sailor dear.  
 They heard a Christmas carol in the shrieking wintry gust,  
 For a little child had touched them by her simple, loving trust.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!  
 For ships must sail  
 Tho' fierce the gale  
 And loud the tempests blow.

GRACE F. COOLEGE, in "St. Nicholas."

---

"IF I WERE YOU."

How do I look in your collar?  
 How does it suit me, Roy?  
 Suppose I now were a big brave dog,  
 And you were a little boy!

I should go to sleep in your kennel,  
 Outside on the courtyard stones;  
 And you would take me for walks and swims,  
 And give me biscuits and bones.

And you would sleep in my bed, Roy,  
 And eat with my fork and spoon:  
 It isn't easy to hold them right,  
 But I'm sure you would learn it soon.

And you would have to learn reading,  
 And learn how the figures go  
 Up to 12 times 12—I forget what that is—  
 I always forget, you know.

Would you forget, I wonder?  
 When your paws got inky and black,







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I believe you'd cry sometimes, and wish  
For your dog-days to come back.

And I'm sure if I lived in a kennel,  
And wore a collar like this,  
I should never have kisses, or sweets, or toys,  
So perhaps it's best as it is!

E. N.

---

*A RHYME FOR A RAINY DAY.*

With pitter-patter, pitter-patter on my window pane,  
Tapped chipper little visitors, the tiny drops of rain;  
They did not ask to enter, but in liquid tones I heard  
This story, which, as told to me, I tell you word for word:

"Within a cool, deep well we lived, quite happy, side by side,  
Until an empty bucket came, and asked us out to ride;  
Then springing in, away we went, drawn up into the air,  
And a pretty china pitcher stood waiting for us there.

"Beneath that pitcher's brim we thought much happiness to see;  
But soon a lump of ice popped in, with whom we can't agree,  
For though ice claimed relationship before it married frost,  
With such a hard, cold-hearted thing all sympathy is lost.

"Ice tried to steal our heat away, but air was on our side,  
And when it felt how cold we were, it just sat down and cried;  
You might have seen the tears upon the pitcher where they prest,  
Till ice itself was forced to melt, and mingle with the rest.

"But next I have to tell you of a most amazing thing,—  
Above a blazing fire we were made to sit and sing,  
Till bubbles brought the message up, that heat would set us free;  
When, boiling hard, we just steamed off, and gained our liberty!

"We bounded off with motion swift, but met a colder wind,  
Which blew so fast that everything grew cloudy to our mind.  
We cared not to go higher then, we felt a heavy chill,  
And down we came quite suddenly upon your window sill."

Now little people everywhere, there is a saying old  
That "Truth lies at the bottom of the well;" and we make bold  
To say: Within this bucketful of water you may find  
Some grains of truth drawn up to store within each busy mind.

ST. NICHOLAS.

---

### A CHRISTMAS DAY DREAM.

For years I have been haunted by a day-dream of a Christmas morning when in all our great rushing, wonderful cities, there should not be a single hungry, cold, or neglected child; when we could know that it was a merry Christmas morning to all the children; more than this, when not a single human being in our midst would be cold or hungry, or, what is worse, friendless.

I have dreamed of a true holiday week, during which every church, parlor, and kitchen in the city would be warmed, lighted and filled with heart-felt welcoming cheer, where every great organ would be beguiled of its sweetest notes for the benefit of all who would listen.

Think how blessed it would be to know that every pair of little feet would be warmly clothed, and all little childish fingers snugly mittened; yes, and that each little girly heart had a "dolly all her own," and that every boy was the proud possessor of a pair of skates.

Such a work as this is possible. There is enough money, enough time, strength and love to accomplish it. And who can estimate the good results of such a festival of love, or realize the value of such an object lesson?

Let us hope that the time will come when all hearts can be made glad. Let us remember also that this work must be accomplished slowly. Suppose you, my little children, think about this, and save







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your pennies for next Xmas, so as to make happy the little boys and girls around you who have no papas and mammas to provide them with comforts. \* A toy, a pair of shoes, a jacket which you may have used, and which is still warm, will give a sparkling eye and a happier heart than you can imagine; if the recipient is made to feel it is all his own, and given in love.

---

## THE MUSHROOM FAIRIES.

Many, many years ago,  
Shining in the morning dew,  
Where the mushrooms used to grow  
In a field we knew,

Fairies in a circle bright  
Had been dancing round and round,  
Hand-in-hand, with footsteps light,  
Where these rings were found.

When the world was wrapped in sleep,  
They were bold enough, no doubt—  
When the stars began to peep,  
And the moon was out.

Once five fairies, by mischance,  
After all the rest had gone,  
At the dawn in joyful dance  
Still were sporting on.

Two stout boots, immense and black,  
Scattering the drops of dew  
Right and left along their track,  
Near and nearer drew !—

*HANGING THE STOCKINGS.*

There, beneath the mushroom's shade,  
 Huddled close, as you may guess,  
 Till the vision passed they staid,  
 Filled with sore distress.



"THERE, BENEATH THE MUSHROOM'S SHADE, HUDDLED CLOSE, AS YOU MAY GUESS."

When the giant's heavy tread,  
 Fainter growing, died away,  
 Back to Fairyland they sped,  
 With white cheeks that day.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

*HANGING THE STOCKINGS.*

Three little worsted stockings hanging all in a row,  
 And I have patched two scarlet heels, and darned a crimson toe,  
 Over the eyes of azure, over the eyes of brown,  
 Seemed as though the eyelids could never be coaxed down.

I sang for a good long hour before they were shut quite tight;  
 For to-morrow will be Christmas, and St. Nick comes to-night;  
 We laughed as we dropped the candies into heel and toe,  
 For not one little stocking was missing from the row.

And when our work was ended, we stood a little apart,  
Silently praying the Father to soothe that mother's heart  
Who looks on her unworn stockings amid her falling tears,  
Whose darling is keeping Christmas in Christ's eternal years.

---

*A GUESS FOR THE CHILDREN.*

Children, there's somebody coming,  
So try to think sharply and well,  
And when I get through with my story  
Just see if his name you can tell.

His hair is white as the snowdrift,  
But then he is not very old;  
His coat is of fur at this season,  
The weather, you know, is so cold.

He'll bring all the children a present,  
The rich, and I hope, too, the poor;  
Some say he comes down the chimney;  
I think he comes in at the door.

His coat is all stuffed full of candy,  
While all sorts of beautiful toys  
You'll see sticking out of his pockets,  
For girls just as well as for boys.

And presents he brings for the mothers,  
And fathers and aunts with the rest;  
But most he will bring for the children,  
Because he likes little folks best.

I think you will know when you see him,  
He is dressed up so funny and queer,  
And you'll hear every one shouting,  
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!



## CHRISTMAS.

Oh! the dawn of the Christmas morning!  
Oh! the ring of the Christmas bells!  
Oh! the joy and the loving gladness  
Which the song of the steeple tells.  
Oh! the laugh of the happy children!  
Oh! the shine of their sparkling eyes!  
Opening out of the night-time's shadow  
Into the light of the Christmas skies.  
Oh! the rows of the stockings hanging,  
Brimming full of the dainty toys!  
Oh! the hurry, the rush, the scramble,  
Here and there, of the girls and boys!  
Dear old Santa! a thousand welcomes  
Greet thee ever throughout the land;  
Thou who goest with mirth and gladness,  
Songs and merriment hand in hand.  
Oh! ye steeples, be ever ringing  
Your glad song of the Christmas time;  
And the music of children's voices  
Soft and sweet with the bells will chime.  
"Peace on earth and good will!" ay tell it  
Loud and clear from the steeple's height,  
Till all hearts shall have caught the message  
Born with the Christmas dawn so bright.

---

## THE SECRET WITH SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, up in the chimney,  
Won't you please listen to me?  
Nurse put me in bed so early,  
I ain't a bit sleepy, you see.

The big folks are down in the parlor,  
 Laughing and making a noise,  
 And I cannot sleep just for thinking  
 Of Christmas and all the new toys.

So I've got out of bed, just a minute,  
 To tell you—I'll whisper it low—  
 The stockings I've hung by the fire  
 Are for me—not mamma, you know.

For mine are so awfully little,  
 Dear Santa Claus, don't you see ?  
 And I want, oh ! so many playthings,  
 They won't hold enough for me.

So I want you to surely remember,  
 And fill these as full as you can ;  
 'Cause I haven't been very naughty,  
 And you're such a nice kind man !

I like a live doll, if you please, sir,  
 That can talk and call me "mamma ;"  
 Not one that is full of old sawdust,  
 As all my other dolls are.

There ; now I'm through with my secret,  
 I must scramble back into bed ;  
 But first, Mr. Santa Claus, promise  
 You won't tell a word I have said.

And please, don't forget the big stockings  
 Are not for mamma, but for me :  
 And please, sir, you'll try to remember,  
 To fill them as full as can be !



## THE HOT ROASTED CHESTNUT.

A PARODY.

How dear to my heart is the hot-chestnut vender,  
Who comes with cold weather, and goes with the snow!  
What finds he to do in the summer, I wonder?  
To the North or the South, which way does he go?  
He stands on the corner when chill winds are blowing,  
His fingers alternately burning and cold,  
And stirs up the chestnuts to keep them from burning—  
I wish he would pick out the bad and the old!  
The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,  
The hot roasted chestnut I remember of old!  
The scent of the roasting—what rose can surpass it?  
So fragrant and tempting, the nuts sweet and brown!  
About eleven in the morning I never could pass it,  
With change in my pocket, without coming down.  
How eager I seized on the little tin measure,  
And quick in my pockets the contents did pour.  
No language could tell all the sweets of the treasure;  
Just try it yourself, and you'll quickly want more.  
The tempting ripe chestnut, the soft mealy chestnut,  
The hot roasted chestnut we cherished of yore!  
The home-made Italians from whom we receive it,  
Some male and some female, my blessings to all!  
They may be a nuisance, but I'll not believe it,  
They'd rather roast chestnuts than not work at all.  
Although I'm no longer a dear little urchin,  
I cherish the memory of pleasure so sweet;  
And while in the season I still will keep munchin'  
The hot roasted chestnut with the sweetest of meat.  
The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,  
The hot roasted chestnut that's bought on the street!

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's this hurry, what's this flurry,  
All throughout the house to-day ?  
Everywhere a merry scurry,  
Everywhere a sound of play.  
Something too's the matter, matter,  
Out-of-doors as well as in,  
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,  
Every minute—such a din !

Everybody winking, blinking,  
In a queer, mysterious way ;  
What on earth can they be thinking,  
What on earth can be to pay ?  
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,  
Bursts into a little shout ;  
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,  
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling a-ling-ing  
Every minute more and more,  
And swift feet go springing, springing,  
Through the hallway to the door,  
Where a glimpse of box and pocket,  
And a little rustle, rustle,  
Make such sight and sound and racket—  
Such a jolly bustle, bustle—

That the youngsters in their places,  
Hiding slily out of sight,  
All at once show shining faces,  
All at once scream with delight.



*THE FALLING LEAVES.*

Go and ask them what's the matter,  
What the fun outside and in—  
What the meaning of the clatter,  
What the bustle and the din.  
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,  
All together hear them say,  
“Why, what have you been about, then,  
Not to know it's Christmas Day?”

---

*THE FALLING LEAVES.*

A blithe red squirrel sat under a tree,  
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;  
Some were golden and some were red,  
And some were a russet brown.  
“If only these leaves were nuts,” thought he,  
“What a rich little squirrel I should be!”

A sweet little baby sat under a tree,  
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;  
They fell in his lap, they danced on his toes,  
And they tickled his little bald crown.  
He lifted his arms, and crowed with glee:  
“They're birdies, mamma, all flying to me.”

Some poor little flowers lay under a tree,  
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;  
And they thought of the cold, bleak wintry days,  
And the snow-king's angry frown.  
But the leaves called out, “We're coming, you see,  
To tuck you in as snug as can be.”



A RIDE IN STATE.



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A shy little bunny sat under a tree,  
But the snow-flakes were falling adown, adown;  
The wise red squirrel had scampered away,  
And the baby had gone to town.  
So he lifted the cover a trifle to see,  
And the flowers were sleeping as sound as could be.

NOT APPRECIATED.



"I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO STOP."

I'm very fond of drawing; I shouldn't know what to do  
Without my slate and pencil, and my box of colors too;  
I can make the nicest drawings that you almost ever saw;  
Indeed, there's hardly anything I don't know how to draw:  
Men and women, little boys and girls, in cloaks and capes and hats;



Horses and dogs, and sheep and bears, and elephants and cats;  
Wagons and carts, and houses with chimneys on top—  
I'm so very fond of drawing that I don't know where to stop.  
But—I'm sure I don't know why it is: perhaps because I'm small—  
The folks that see my drawings don't know what they are at all!

EMMA A. OPPER.

## TWO LITTLE ARTISTS.

Lucy sat with her pencil against her lips, looking at what she had drawn on her new slate. She nodded her head, and said to Ella—

“Here is the ink-pot, there is the glass of flowers, there is the book. I have drawn them all, and they are so good that I do not know which is best. What are you doing?”



LUCY SAT WITH HER PENCIL AGAINST HER LIPS.

Ella was leaning over her slate, and she did not look up. She did not say anything at first, but Lucy saw that two large tears were rolling down her cheeks.

“What is the matter?” said Lucy.

“I can't do them. I have tried and tried, but I cannot draw them right. So I've rubbed them out, and there is nothing on my slate.”

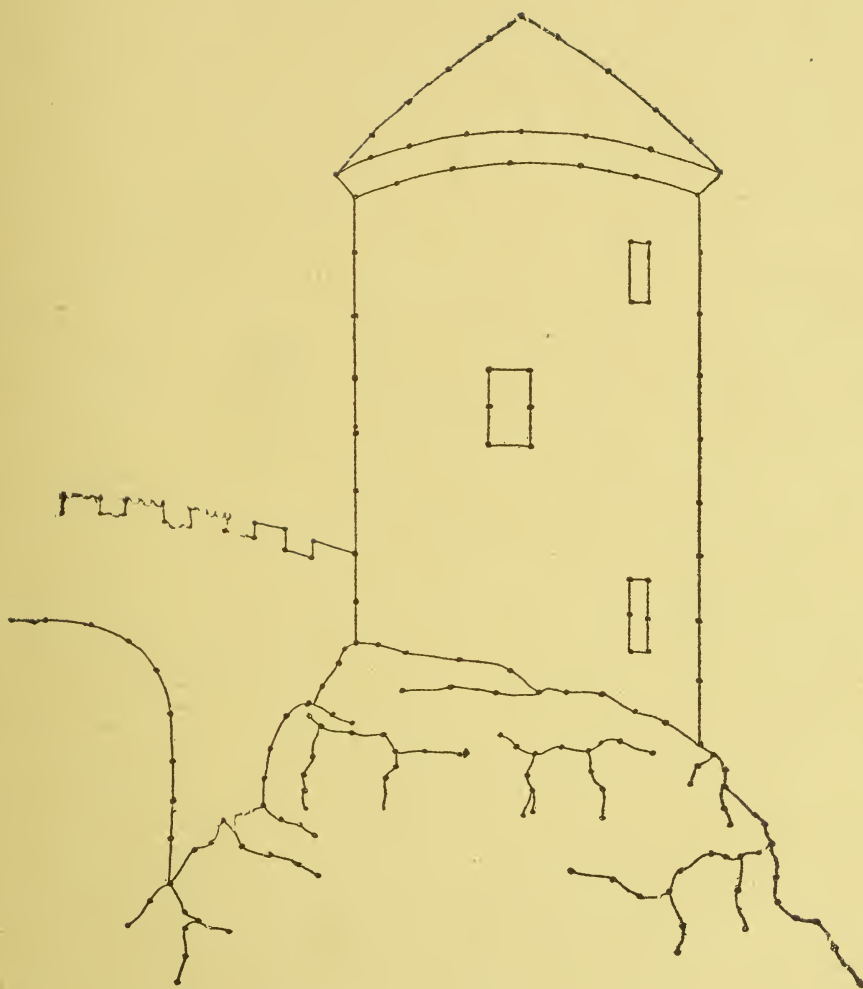
“I shall make pictures when I am a woman,” said Lucy, “and I shall sell them for a great deal of money. So I shall be very rich. Should you not like to draw pictures for people to buy?” And Lucy looked at her slate.

“Yes,” sobbed Ella. Then she said—

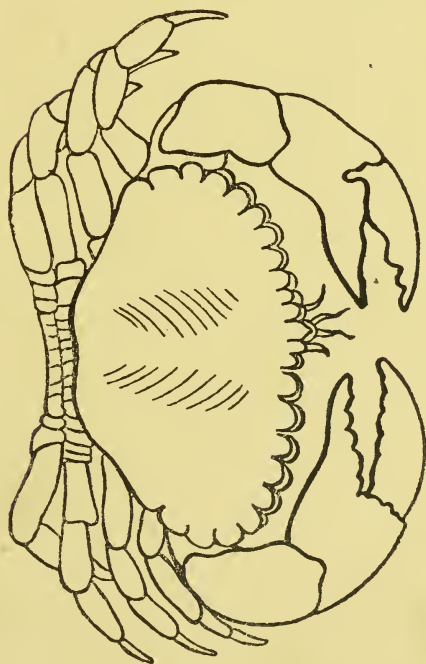
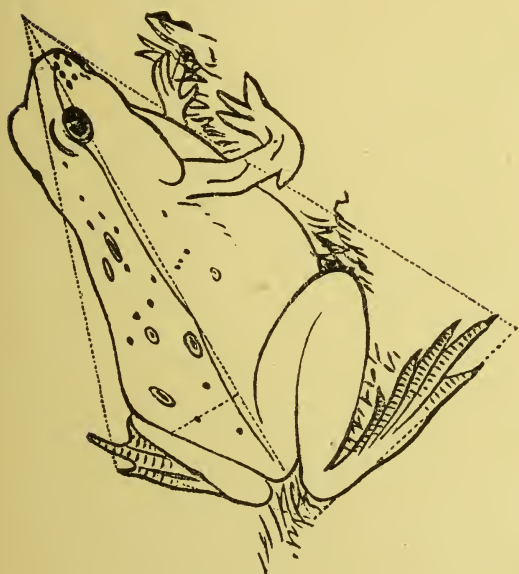
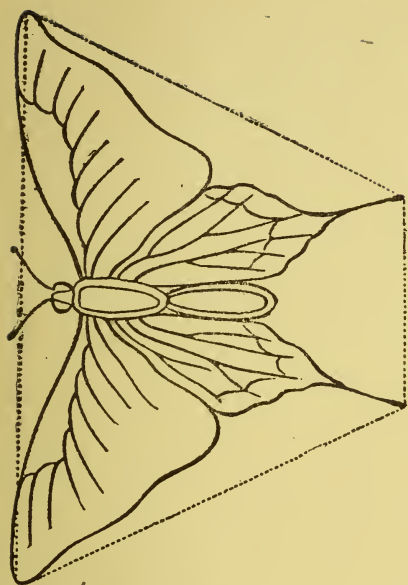
“Let me look at your drawing, Lucy.”

So Lucy gave the slate to Ella, and to her great surprise, Ella left off crying, and burst out laughing.

“I don't call that drawing—they are quite as funny as mine were.”



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# Barbara F. Fitchie.

Up from the mountain <sup>corral</sup>  
to clear in the cool September morn  
The cluster'd spires of Fredrick stand  
Green walled by the hills of Maryland

Round about them orchards sweep  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep  
Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of that famish'd rebel host  
[F. all

On that pleasant morn of the early  
When Lee march'd over the mountain <sup>land</sup>  
Over the mountains winding down  
Horse<sup>2d</sup> & foot into Fredrick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars  
Forty flags with their crimson bars  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old & rose Barbara F. Fitchie the



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# Barbara Fritchie.

Up from the meadows rich with <sup>corn</sup>  
to hear in the cool September morn  
The clustered spires of Fredrick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland

Round about them orchards sweep  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep  
Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of that famish'd rebel host

[F. all  
On that pleasant morn of the early  
When Lee march'd over the mountain <sup>height</sup>  
Over the mountains winding down  
Horse<sup>men</sup> & foot into Fredrick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars  
Forty flags with their crimson bars  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old ~~rose~~ Barbara Fritchie the

Bow'd with her fourscore years<sup>my</sup> too  
Bravest of all in Fredrick town & down  
She took up the flag the men haul'd

In her attic window the staff she set  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel tread  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left <sup>my</sup> right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight  
"Halt!" the dust brown ranks stood fast  
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle blast.

It shiver'd the window pane and sash  
It rent the banner with scar<sup>my</sup> and gash  
Quick as it fell from the broken staff  
Dane Barbara snatch'd the silken scar.

She haul'd far out on the window sill  
And shook it forth with a royal will  
"Shoot if you must this old gray head  
But spare your country's flag" she said

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame  
Over the face of the leader came  
The nobler nature within him stir'd  
To life at that woman's deed <sup>and</sup> word.

"Who touches a hair of you gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag toss'd  
Over the heads of the rebel host.  
Even its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well.  
Light

And through the hill gaps sunset  
Shone over it with a warm good night.  
Barbara Fretchie's work is over now  
And the rebel rides on his raids no



Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewalls hill,  
Over Barbara F. Fitch's grave,  
Flag of Freedom<sup>and</sup> Union, wave!

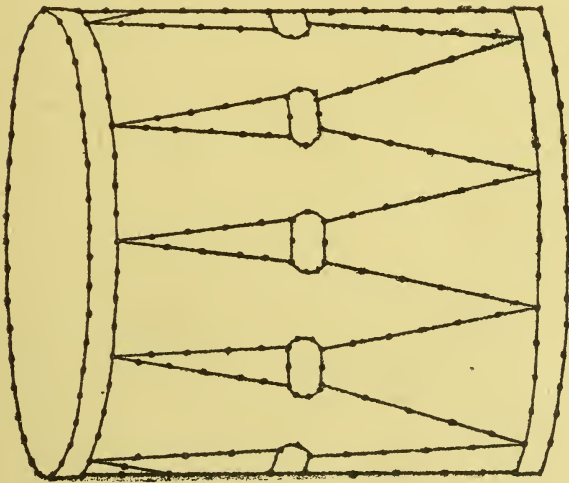
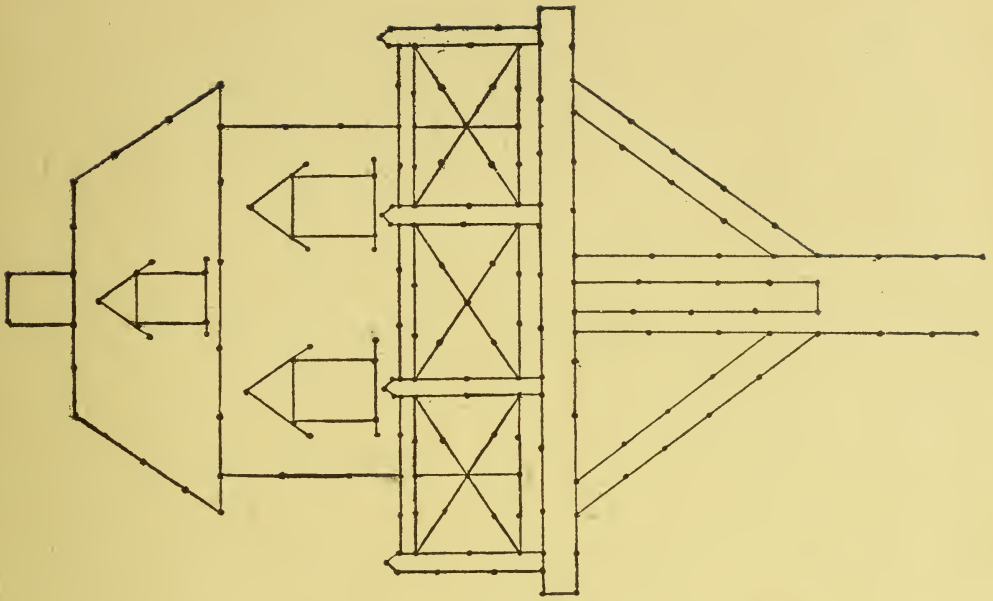
Peace and order<sup>and</sup> beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light<sup>and</sup> law  
And ever the stars above look down  
On the stars below in Frederick town

Walla Taylor.

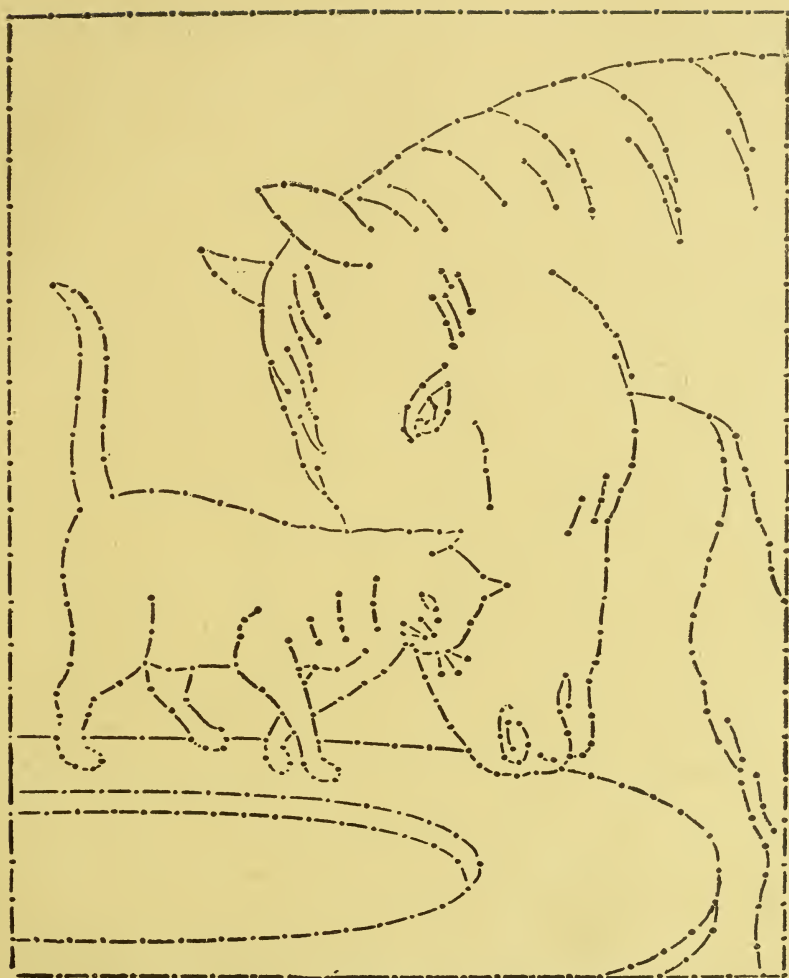
Hayes.

Jan 23 1892

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A DRAWING LESSON.



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When Ellen makes up  
dough for bread  
A roll like this  
you see.



One turnover she  
puts on top,  
Because it pleases  
me.



Now when I saw Miss  
Pussy's back  
As she lay upon  
the mat,  
I thought of Ellen's  
bread and pie



It surely looks  
like that,  
So adding ears and  
tail I had,  
The rear view of  
my cat.



### ELOCUTIONARY SELECTIONS.

- 1st. The highest art in Elocution is to be natural.
- 2d. Pure tone covers the great field of ordinary conversation, simple narrative, and plain description.
- 3d. Correct and natural conversation we find our purest models from which to copy in our reading.

## A HERO.

In the cosy chimney corner, with his rosy cheeks aglow,  
Little Hans was safely sheltered from the driving hail and snow;  
Back and forward went the mother, dropping now and then a word,  
While she paused to rock the cradle, where the year old baby stirred.  
“Yes, my lad,” she softly answered to a question of her son,  
“Duty is the best of heroes, duty well and bravely done.  
Never mind how hard ; a hero faces hardness like a man;  
God rewards the boy who ever does the very best he can.”  
Came the day when slow and stealthy, all unseen by mortal eyes,  
In the cold northwestern heavens, did a little cloud arise,  
Frowning on the fair horizon, gathering with the angry blast,  
Till the snow came hurtling downward, white and blinding, keen  
and fast.

Not beside the chimney corner, but in school a mile away,  
Little Hans with sturdy courage faced the dark and bitter day.  
Gold-haired Mabel stood beside him; “I will take her home,” he said,  
Tying close the scarlet hood about the sunny, curly head.  
Well we know the hapless story, how the children struggled on,  
Whirled like driftwood in a torrent, till the wintry light was gone,  
Stumbling, sobbing, praying, calling, in the darkness and the snow,  
While the rescue party sought them, waving torches to and fro ;  
While the mothers at the windows watched and waited, sick with  
dread,

And the frantic tempest battled, like an army overhead.  
When they found him Hans was sleeping, with a smile upon his face,  
Just as if an angel passing, lowly bent, had kissed the place,  
Holding Mabel’s dimpled fingers very tightly in his own,  
His warm jacket for protection o’er her little shoulders thrown.  
Did the mother-heart remember, grieving for her hero-lad,  
What she said to him of duty ; did she know how well he had



Done the noblest and the simplest work 'twas given him to do,  
Dying in his happy childhood, while his joyous life was new ?  
Through the fierce Dakota blizzard many a valiant soul and brave,  
Found its way to Him who triumphed once for all above the grave !  
None was stronger, none sublimer than the little hero child,  
Who, in doing what he could, faced a bitter death, and smiled.

---

## AN APRIL JOKE.

Master Ned on the doorstep sat,  
Busily thinking away ;  
“Now, what shall I plan for a clever trick,  
For an April-fool to play ?  
There's Tom, he's mean as a boy can be,  
And he never can pass me by  
Without a word that is rude and cross,  
And maybe a punch on the sly.  
“Some trick I'll find that'll pay him off,  
And teach him a lesson, too.”  
So master Ned he pondered awhile,  
Till the dimples grew and grew ;  
And he laughed at last as away he ran,  
“I'll make him sorry,” thought he,  
“For the many times he has done his best  
To tease and to trouble me.”  
On April first with the early dawn,  
Was found at Tommy's door  
A package tied, and “Master Tom”  
The only address it bore.  
“'Tis only a trick of Ned's,” said Tom ;  
“He owes me many a one ;  
But I'll match him yet—he'd better beware—  
Before the day is done.”

Then Tom peeped in at his package,  
Oh, what a shamefaced fellow was he !  
A handsome book, and line which read,  
“Accept this, Tom, from me.”  
And this is the way in which Tom was “fooled ;”  
And afterward, meeting Ned,  
“Your trick has beaten all mine for good :  
Forgive me, old fellow,” he said.

---

WHERE DO THE WRINKLES COME FROM?

“Where do the wrinkles come from?”  
And joyous little Grace  
Looked gravely in the mirror  
At her rose-tinted face.

“Where do the wrinkles come from?  
Why first, dear, I suppose,  
The heart lets in a sorrow,  
And then a wrinkle grows.

“Then anger comes a-tapping,  
And the heart’s door opens wide;  
Then hasten naughty envy  
And discontent and pride.

“And the wrinkles follow slowly;  
For the face has for its part  
To tell just what is doing  
Down in the secret heart.

“And the red lips lose their sweetness,  
And draw down so,” said Grace,  
“And the lovely youthful angel  
Goes slowly from the face.



READY FOR THE PARTY.

“Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,  
For the heart is the dwelling-place  
Of the magical angel of beauty,  
Whose smile is seen in the face.”



A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

A hungry spider made a web  
Of thread so very fine,  
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel  
The little tender line.  
Round about and round about,  
And round about it spun,  
Straight across, and back again,  
Until the web was done.



Oh, what a pretty shining  
web  
It was when it was done!  
The little flies all came to see  
It hanging in the sun.  
Round about and round  
about,  
And round about they  
danced,  
Across the web, and back  
again,  
They darted, and they  
glanced.

The hungry spider sat and watched  
The happy little flies;  
It saw all round about its head,  
It had so many eyes.  
Round about and round about,  
And round about they go,  
Across the web, and back again,  
Now high—now low.



*THE YOUNG HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.*

"I'm hungry, very hungry,"  
Said the spider to a fly.  
"If you were caught within the web  
You very soon should die."  
But round about and round about,  
And round about once more,  
Across the web, and back again,  
They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise  
To venture near the spider;  
They flapped their little wings and flew  
In circles rather wider.  
Round about and round about.  
And round about went they,  
Across the web, and back again,  
And then they flew away.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

---

*THE YOUNG HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.*

What do I want for breakfast, dear?  
My wants are all in my mind quite clear:  
You, with your cheerful morning smile  
And a pretty dress, my thoughts to beguile  
Into thinking of flowers; an earnest word  
That will all through my busy day be heard,  
And make me sure that my morning light  
Beams strongly true e'en while dancing bright.  
Be certain to give me these, all these,  
And anything else that you can or please.

But dinner, what will I have for that?  
Well dear, when I enter, doff my hat,

And turn to the table, I want to see you,  
Standing just as you always do,  
To make me lose all the forenoon's fret  
And cheer for the afternoon work to get.  
Tell me all your news, and I'll tell mine,  
And with love and joy and peace we'll dine.  
Be certain to give me these, all these,  
And anything else that you can or please.

And what for tea? Have I any choice?  
Yes, dear; the sound of your gentle voice,  
And your gentle presence. I always feel  
The cares of the day like shadows steal

Away from your soul, light; and evening rest  
Comes just in the way that I love best,  
So, when you are planning our twilight tea  
With a special thought in your heart for me,  
Be certain to give me these, all these,  
And anything else that you can or please.

---

### THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—  
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending  
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep." "To sleep," she murmured,  
And the curly head bent low ;  
"I pray the Lord," I gently added;  
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,  
Fainter still, "My soul to keep ;"

Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered,  
“Mamma, God knows all the rest.”

---

### ROVER IN CHURCH.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,  
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,  
And all the village, old and young,  
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.  
The windows were open, and breezes sweet  
Fluttered the hymn-books from seat to seat.  
Even the birds, in the pale-leaved birch,  
Sang as softly as in church!

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer  
There came a knock at the door. “Who's there,  
I wonder?” the gray-haired sexton thought,  
As his careful ear the tapping caught.  
Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,  
The boys on the back seats turned around.  
What could it mean? for never before  
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,  
The minister paused (though his head was bowed).  
Rappety-rap! This will never do,  
The girls are peeping, and laughing too!







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So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,  
Lifted the latch, and opened the door.  
In there trotted a big black dog,  
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog

Right up the center aisle he pattered;  
People might stare, it little mattered.  
Straight he went to a little maid,  
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,  
And there sat down, as if to say,  
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day;  
But better late than never, you know,  
Besides, I waited an hour or so,

"And couldn't get them to open the door,  
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor;  
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay  
And hear what the minister has to say."  
The poor little girl hid her face, and cried!  
But the big dog nestled close to her side,  
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,  
Wondering what the matter could be!

He sat through the sermon and heard it all,  
The dog being large, and the sexton small,  
As solemn and wise as any one there,  
With a very dignified, scholarly air!  
And instead of scolding, the minister said,  
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head,  
After the service, "I never knew  
Two better list'ners than Rover and you!"

JAMES BUCKHAM.

## TIME TURNS THE TABLES.

Ten years ago, when she was ten,  
 I used to tease and scold her;  
 I liked her, and she loved me then,  
 A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book,  
 Bring lunch to stream or thicket;  
 Would oil my gun, or bait my hook,  
 And field for hours at cricket.



She'd mend my cap, or find my whip.  
 Ah! but boys' hearts are stony!  
 I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"  
 And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though heaven knows why,  
 Small wonder had she hated,  
 For scores of dolls she's had to cry,  
 Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,  
 Called "red" the sheen upon it;  
 Out fishing I would even dare  
 Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime;  
The Nemesis of fables  
Came after years—to-day Old Time  
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,  
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked and bonny,  
The curls are golden round her brow;  
She smiles, and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,  
But now, through fate or malice,  
When she is by my lips can't frame  
Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who could joke with her and tease,  
Stand silent now before her;  
Dumb, through the very wish to please,  
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,  
I'm dazzled by her graces;  
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,  
I babble commonplaces.

She's kind and cool—ah! heaven knows how  
I wish she blushed and faltered;  
She likes me, and I love her now;  
Dear, dear! how things have altered.

---

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night, dear mamma," a little girl said,  
"I'm going to sleep in my trundle-bed ;  
Good-night, dear papa, little brother and sis !"  
And to each one the innocent gave a sweet kiss.  
"Good-night, little darling," her fond mother said ;  
"But remember, before you lie down in your bed,  
With a heart full of love, and a tone soft and mild,  
To breathe a short prayer to Heaven, dear child."



"Oh yes, dear mother!" said the child with a nod,  
"I love, oh, I love to say good-night to God!"

Kneeling down, "My father in Heaven," she said,  
"I thank thee for giving me this nice little bed ;  
For though mamma told me she bought it for me,  
She says that everything good comes from Thee ;



"I thank Thee for keeping me safe through the day ;  
I thank Thee for teaching me, too, how to pray ;"  
Then bending her sweet little head with a nod,  
"Good-night, my dear father, my Maker, and God ;  
"Should I never again on earth ope mine eyes,  
I pray Thee to give me a home in the skies !"

'Twas an exquisite sight as she meekly knelt there,  
With her eyes raised to heaven, her hands clasped in prayer;  
And I thought of the time when the Saviour, in love,  
Said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven above;"  
And I inwardly prayed that my own heart the while  
Might be cleansed from its bitterness, freed from its guile.  
Then she crept into bed, that beautiful child,  
And was soon lost in slumber, so calm and so mild  
That we listened in vain for the sound of her breath,  
As she lay in the arms of the emblem of death.

---

## WHEN WE WERE GIRLS.

"Do you mind the Widow Martin's quiltin'?  
Her daughter Sue was a flighty thing;  
Always laughin', an' flirtin' an' jiltin',  
An' wearin' this'n an' t'other's ring.  
She's dead this twenty year, poor creeter:  
She had soft blue eyes an' a head o' curls,  
Seems like the maids an' flowers were sweeter  
When we were girls.

"How it snowed that day, though 'twas just November!  
Was the quilt 'Log Cabin,' or 'Irish Chain'?  
I have forgot. But I well remember  
The widow's nephew from down in Maine.  
When he shook the cat, he set her yellin',  
An' bounced her out in about three whirls.  
They had many ways o' fortune-tellin'  
When we were girls.

"Don't you remember the spellin' battle—  
'Twas summer then, and the weather fine—  
When Polly Jenks spelt 'C-a-t-l, cattle,'  
An' Temp'rance Trimble 'v-i-g-n, vine'?

But what did it matter, word or letter ?

They had cheeks like roses, teeth like pearls.

Men were the same—no worse, no better

When we were girls.

“’Twas the master himself that Polly married.

Why, Jane, what ails ye ? What makes ye sigh ?

You could not wed while the grandsire tarried ;

So youth, an’ roses, an’ love went by.

They tell me Polly is fine and haughty

In boughten roses, an’ boughten pearls,

An’ the master, just the same that taught ye

When we were girls.

“Oh, the winter time, full o’ rides an’ dances ;

The summer days when we sang and spun ;

The meetin’-house, an’ the stolen glances

Across the aisle when the prayer was done !

Fifty year since we two were twenty ;

But it all comes back as the smoke upcurls—

The joy, an’ hope, an’ love, an’ plenty

When we were girls.

---

### GOOD AND BETTER.

A father sat by the chimney-post

On a winter’s day, enjoying a roast ;

By his side a maiden young and fair,

A girl with a wealth of golden hair ;

And she teases the father stern and cold,

With a question of duty trite and old,—

“Say, father, what shall a maiden do

When a man of merit comes to woo ?

And, father, what of this pain in my breast ?

Married or single—which is the best ?”







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Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,  
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,  
He answers as ever do fathers cold,  
To the question of duty trite and old,  
"She who weddeth keeps God's letter:  
She who weds not, doeth better."  
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,  
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,  
"I'll keep the sense of the holy letter,  
Content to do well without doing better."

---

## THE HUSKIN'.

Ole "Cross-roads Brown," he give a bee,  
An' 'vited all the neighbors,  
Until a rig'ment fought his corn,  
With huskin'-pegs fur sabers.

The night was clear as Em Steele's eyes,  
The moon as mild as Nancy's,  
The stars was winkin' 's if they knowed  
All 'bout our loves and fancies,

The breeze was sharp, an' braced a chap,  
Like Minnie Silver's laughin';  
The cider in the gallon jug  
Was jes tip-top fur quaffin'.

The gals sung many a ole-time song,  
Us boys a-jinin' chorus—  
We'd no past shames to make us sad,  
Nor dreaded ones afore us.

The shock was tumbled on the ground,  
Each one its own direction,  
An' ears was droppin' all around,  
Like pennies at collection.

On one side o' the shock a boy,  
His sweetheart on the other,  
A kind o' timid like an' coy,  
But not so very, nuther.

The fodder rustles dry and clean,  
The husks like silver glisten,  
The ears o' gold shine in between,  
As if they try to listen.

An' when a red ear comes to light,  
Like some strange boy a-blushin',  
The gal she gives a scream o' fright,  
An' jukes her pardner, rushin'

To git a kiss, the red ear's prize,  
Till, conquered most completely,  
She lifts her lips and brightened eyes,  
And gives him one so sweetly.

They had a shock off from the rest—  
Tom Fell an' Lizzie Beyer,  
An' Tom he wouldn't say a word,  
Got mute in getting nigh her.

But Liz, she knowed jes by his move,  
Tom loved her like tarnation,  
An' every time she said a word,  
She seen him blush carnation.

She seen him husk the red ears out.

The bashful, foolish fellow,  
As if each red one wasn't worth  
A dozen piles o' yellow.

Their shock was jes 'bout finished up,  
An' Liz was busy twistin'  
A great big ear, to get it off,  
An' it was still resistin',

Until she said, "Do break it, Tom,"  
She didn't know she hed one,  
Till lookin' down she blushed an' cried,  
"Oh ! gracious, Tom, 't's a red one !"

An' Tom he gave her such a kiss—  
Stretched out 'twould make me twenty,  
An' all that night, in all their shocks,  
Red ears seemed mighty plenty.

WILL F. MCSPARRAN.

---

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy  
Vot gomes schust to my knee,—  
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue  
As ever you did see.  
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings  
In all barts off der house.  
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,  
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,  
Und eferyding dot's oudt;



He sbills mine glass ob lager bier,  
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;  
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—  
Dot vos der roughest chouse.  
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy  
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,  
Und cuts mine cane in dwo  
To make der schticks to beat it mit—  
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!  
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart .  
He kicks oup such a touse;  
But nefer mind, der poys was few  
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese—  
Who baints mine nose so red?  
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace out  
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?  
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp  
Vene'er der glim I douse?  
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain  
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild  
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,  
Und vish vonce more I Gould have rest  
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.  
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,  
So quiet as a mouse,  
I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,  
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

## A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair  
 Smoking his pipe of clay,  
 While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
 Was clearing the dinner away;  
 A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,  
 On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her  
 head,  
 With a tear on his wrinkled  
 face;  
 He thought how often her mother  
 dead

Had sat in the self-same place.  
 As the tear stole down from his  
 half-shut eye,  
 "Don't smoke," said the child,  
 "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out  
 on the floor,  
 Where the shade after noon  
 used to steal;



LITTLE AGNES' MISTAKE.

The busy old wife, by the open door  
 Was turning the spinning wheel;  
 An' the old brass clock on the mantel-tree  
 Had plodded along to almost three.  
 Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,  
 While close to his heaving breast  
 The moistened brow and the cheek so fair  
 Of his sweet grandchild were prest;  
 His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:  
 Fast asleep were they both that summer day!

## THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said, too late, "He is weary!  
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained chord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas the string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed;  
"Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Dear God!" was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

---

TWO FISHERS.

One morning when Spring was in her teens—  
A morn to a poet's wishing,  
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—  
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,  
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;  
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,  
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,  
And a hamper for lunching recesses ;  
She with the bait of her comely looks,  
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,  
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,  
And I went fishing like quaint old Ike,  
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,  
And dreamily watched and waited,  
But the fish were cunning, and would not rise,  
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,  
My bag hung flat as a flounder ;  
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—  
A hundred-and-fifty pounder.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

---

### FAMILIAR TALK.

The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Perrybingle said; I know better. Mrs. Perrybingle may leave it on record till the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it, but I say the kettle did; I ought to know, I hope.

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh as boyhood can!

O, the spring, the beautiful spring!  
She shineth and smileth on everything.



Ho, ho! ha, ha! the merry fire!

It sputters and it crackles!

Snap, snap! flash, flash!

Old oak and ash

Send out a million sparkles.

'Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

On a bridge I was standing, one morning,

And watching the current roll by,

When suddenly into the water

There fell an unfortunate fly.

“Ho! ho!”

Said the crow;

“So I'm not s'posed to know

Where the rye and the wheat

And the corn-kernels grow—

Oh! no!

Ho! ho!

He! he!

Farmer Lee,

When I fly from my tree,

Just you see where the tops

Of the corn-ears will be;

Watch me!

He! he!”

Switch-swirch,

With a lurch,

Flopped the bird from his perch,

As he spread out his wings

And set forth on his search—

His search—

Switch-swirch.

Click! bang!  
How it rang;  
How the small bullet sang,  
As it sped through the air—  
And the crow, with a pang,  
Went spang,  
Chi-bang!

Now know,  
That to crow  
Often brings one to woe;  
And so,  
Don't crow!

---

*A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.*

Good-bye, old year. You might, perhaps,  
Have treated me a little better.  
You might have softened some hard raps,  
You might have eased up on some better.

And yet if I'd bestowed more thought,  
Had tasted more of self denial,  
More happiness I might have bought,  
And stronger might I be for trial.

If I'd return but half the bliss  
That others gave me for my folly,  
I would not now feel so amiss,  
And steeped in New Year's melancholy.

Had I repaid in golden grains  
Of charity, so much of kindness,  
I might not now have mental pains  
Upbraiding me for all my blindness.

Therefore, resolved, I'll start anew  
    (I'll try how sweet unselfish bliss is)  
To pay my debts (I mean it, too);  
    I'll take right back to Maud her kisses.

TOM MASSON.

---

WHAT HE SAID.

"The wife for me," said he, said he,  
    As he gave his moustache a curl,  
With a look that he meant should be eloquent,  
    "Is the good old-fashioned girl.  
The girl who wakes when the morning breaks  
    As fresh as the dew is sweet,  
Who bread can make, or broil a steak  
    Fit for a man to eat.

"She must be wise to economize—"  
    As he lighted a cigarette—  
Pretty and neat from head to feet,  
    With a horror of waste or debt.  
For economy," said he, said he,  
    "Of virtues the very pearl,  
Was always found to well abound  
    In the good old-fashioned girl.

"Pure must she be," said he, said he,  
    "As the snow, and all the while,  
Must be warm and true as the skies are blue,  
    With a soul that is free from guile.  
And she must give me," said he, said he,  
    As he gave his cane a twirl,  
"The whole, not part, of her loving heart,  
    Like a good old-fashioned girl."

"And yet, and yet, I should much regret,  
If learning she lacked, or wit;  
If she could not unite quick thought and bright  
With speech that was fair and fit.  
For of course you see," said he, said he,  
"It would put me to open scorn,  
If anywhere she should lack the air  
Of one to the manner born.

"Yes, this," said he, "is the wife for me,  
I've quite made up my mind;  
But when shall I see the face," said he,  
"Of the girl that I fain would find?"  
A glance he bent that he vainly meant  
Should set her true heart aw whirl,  
As he asked again, "O tell me when,  
When will I find this girl?"

## WHAT SHE SAID.

"When will you find this girl," said she,  
"This girl whom you call old fashioned,  
This marvel of muscle and heart and head,  
Practical, shy, impassioned?  
I do not know, but I think you can,  
If faithful and fond your trying,  
About the time that I find the man  
For whom my soul is sighing.

"When I find that wonder of manhood  
Who can rise when the day is breaking  
And saw and split and bring in the wood  
For the good wife's daily baking.  
Who can build the fire, the field can plow,  
Can sow the grain and reap it;  
Who having gold in his purse knows how  
Wisely to keep and use it.



"Who can buy and sell and just as well  
Paint pictures or write a sermon;  
And then at night with the season's belle,  
With gay step lead the german.  
Whose speech is brave and pure and sweet,  
Swift confidence compelling,  
Whose true heart is a temple meet  
For love's supreme indwelling.

"I think you will find—so I should judge—  
Your pattern of love and duty,  
Your cook and laundress and household drudge,  
Yet the lady of grace and beauty,  
About the time—or my judgment errs—  
When I find—by his own confessing—  
The man who can match each gift of hers,  
With those of his own possessing."

"Ah," he said, "what a fool I've been!"  
She smiled in a sweet agreeing,  
"There's been a wonderful light let in  
Somehow on my mental being;  
I'll cease my search for the girl," said he,  
"And thanks for your just reminder."  
I think 'tis the thing to do," said she,  
"Until you are fit to find her."

CARLOTTA PERRY.

---

### THAT LINE FENCE.

Old Farmer Smith came home in a miff  
From his field the other day,  
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,  
At her wheel was spinning away.

### LITTLE FINGERS.

sy little fingers,  
Everywhere they go,  
sy little fingers,  
The sweetest that I know.

w into my work-box,  
All the buttons finding,  
ngling up the knitting,  
Every spool unwinding.

w into the basket,  
Where the keys are hidden  
mischievous looking,  
Knowing it forbidden.

en in mother's tresses,  
Now her neck enfolding,  
th such sweet caresses,  
Keeping off the scolding.

rling little fingers,  
Never, never still;  
ke them, Heavenly Father  
One day do Thy will.





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And ever anon a gay little song  
 With the buzz of her wheel kept time ;  
 And his wrathful brow is clearing now,  
 Under her cheerful rhyme.

“Come, come, little Turk, put away your work,  
 And listen to what I say :  
 What can I do, but a quarrel brew  
 With the man across the way ?

“I have built my fence, but he won't commence  
 To lay a single rail ;  
 His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin,—  
 I am tempted to make a sale !”

“Why, John, dear John, how you do go on !  
 I'm afraid it will be as they say.”  
 “No, no, little wife, I have heard that strife  
 In a lawyer's hands don't pay.

“He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,  
 I am told that he said he would,—  
 And you know, long ago, law wronged me so,  
 I vowed that I never should.

“So what can I do, that I will not rue,  
 To the man across the way ?”  
 “If that's what you want, I can help you haunt  
 That man with a spectre gray.

“Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,  
 And then you have gained a neighbor ;  
 It would cost you more to peep in the door  
 Of a court, and as much more labor.



“Just use your good sense—let’s build him a fence,  
And shame bad acts out of the fellow.”  
They built up his part, and sent to his heart  
Love’s dart, where the good thoughts mellow.

That very same night, by the candle light,  
They opened with interest a letter :  
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair,  
Said, the man was growing better.

---

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE POOR WOMAN.

“I’d like to see the President,”  
A timid woman said,  
A poor and tidy gown she wore,  
And on her whitening head  
A bonnet, faded as her hair,  
But comely still, with decent care.

Around, on costly couches, sat  
Statesmen of high degree,  
And, conscious of their greatness, she  
Stood back most patiently,  
Till some coarse menial, with a smile,  
Whispered that she must wait awhile—

Then muttered “green,” with many a wink,  
Till every glance was turned  
On the poor woman, gray and old,  
While hot her thin cheeks burned  
With wounded feelings, griefs and fears,  
And her dim eyes were filled with tears.

And still the hours rolled onward—still  
The mighty came and went—  
But all neglected stood the dame,  
Nor saw the President;  
While those whom fortune favors told  
Their pompous tales of fame and gold.

And so the sun came fainter down  
Upon the brilliant floor;  
The aged woman started at  
The opening of a door,  
And one who caught her haggard eye  
All sudden stopped, through sympathy.

“Oh, sir,” she said, “these many hours  
I’ve waited patiently;  
Perhaps the President cannot  
Be seen by such as I;  
I’m poor, and old, and careworn, too,  
And he has burdens not a few.”

The stranger turned—a sudden light  
Seemed kindled in his eye;  
He spoke with kindly tone and mien,  
With gentle gravity—  
“They should have sent you in to me  
Before they did the rest,” said he.

The old dame flushed with quick surprise,—  
Was this the nation’s chief?  
This grave, tall man, who, pitying, said,  
“Come—tell me all your grief,  
The poor and needy never went,  
Unaided from the President.”

She told her simple tale—he heard  
With royal gentleness;  
Then, as her wrongs his interest woke,  
He promised her redress;  
And, gazing on the silvered head,  
He smiled to see her comforted.  
“Thank God!” and freely fell her tears;  
“Our land is blest,” she said,  
“When one who honors poverty  
Stands nobly at its head.  
If an old woman’s benison be  
Of any weight or worth to thee,  
“I give it, from a grateful heart,  
And Heaven will surely hear.  
God bless thee, Abraham Lincoln—bless  
All that thou holdest dear,  
And make thee glorious in the land  
Now smitten by the oppressor’s hand.  
And make thee strong to dare to do,  
Even though the proud condemn,  
And keep thee honest, brave and true,  
Till thou hast conquered them;  
And ere thou diest thou shalt see  
Through God’s good grace, a nation free.”

---

### THE MAGICAL ISLE.

There’s a magical isle in the river of Time,  
Where softest of echoes are straying;  
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,  
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime  
When June with its roses is swaying.

'Tis where Memory dwells with her pure golden hue,  
And music forever is flowing :  
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling through  
Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,  
As the south wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,  
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming ;  
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny smile,  
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,  
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,  
And we bury our treasures all there :  
There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last ;  
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast ;  
There are tresses and ringlets of hair,

There are fragments of song only memory sings,  
And the words of a dear mother's prayer ;  
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without strings—  
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead,—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,  
With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold :  
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes,  
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,  
They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning us there,  
And, with joy that is almost a pain,  
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,  
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,  
We behold our lost treasures again.



Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,  
Is a vista exceedingly bright :  
And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,  
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,  
When the years were a dream of delight.

---

## WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,  
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow,—  
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,  
With chasms beneath them as black as hell.  
The waters frolic in Titan play,  
They dash the decks with an icy spray,  
The spent sails shiver, the lithe masts reel,  
And the sheeted ropes are as smooth as steel.  
And oh, that the sailors were safe once more,  
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

The little cottage, it shines afar  
O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.  
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death  
Hurls at the storm a defiant breath;  
Shouts to his mates through the rising foam,  
"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"  
Frozen and haggard, and wan and gray,  
But resolute still, 'tis the sailor's way.  
And perhaps—at the fancy the stern eyes dim—  
Somebody is praying to-night for him.

Ah, me, through the drench of the bitter rain,  
How bright the picture that rises plain!  
Sure he can see, with her merry look,  
His little maid crooning her spelling-book;

The baby crows from the cradel fair;  
The grandam nods in her easy chair;  
While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,  
A woman flits, with an earnest face.

The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,  
And a nameless comfort the picture brings.  
Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm  
Forever float o'er that Isle of Calm,  
Oh, friends who read over tea and toast  
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,  
Think, when the vessels are overdue,  
Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,  
Of stout hearts battling for love and home,  
'Mid the cruel blasts and curdling foam,  
And breathe a prayer from your happy lips  
For those who must go "to the sea in ships;"  
Ask that the sailor may stand once more  
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

---

### WHERE ARE WICKED FOLKS BURIED?

"Tell me, gray-headed sexton," I said,  
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?  
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,  
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;  
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone  
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,  
With his chin on his hand, and his hand on a spade;  
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye  
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply:

“Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?  
Who is to judge ’twixt the wrong and the right?  
Which of us mortals shall dare to say  
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day.

“In our journey through life, the farther we speed  
The better we learn that humanity’s need  
Is charity’s spirit, that prompts us to find  
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

“Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;  
The evil men do, let it die with their bones.  
I have labored as sexton this many a year,  
But I never have buried a bad man here.”

---

#### AS JACOB SERVED FOR RACHEL.

’Twas the love that lightened service !  
The old, old story sweet  
That yearning lips and waiting hearts  
In melody repeat.  
As Jacob served for Rachel  
Beneath the Syrian sky,  
Like golden sands that swiftly drop,  
The toiling years went by.

Chill fell the dews upon him,  
Fierce smote the sultry sun ;  
But what were cold or heat to him,  
Till that dear wife was won !  
The angels whispered in his ear,  
“Be patient and be strong !”  
And the thought of her he waited for  
Was ever like a song.





And tied a true lover's  
knot under her  
chin.



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Sweet Rachel, with the secret  
To hold a brave man leal ;  
To keep him through the changeful years,  
Her own in woe and weal ;  
So that in age and exile,  
The death damp on his face,  
Her name to the dark valley lent  
Its own peculiar grace.

And "There I buried Rachel,"  
He said of that lone spot  
In Ephrath, near to Bethlehem,  
Where the wife he loved was not ;  
For God had taken from him  
The brightness and the zest,  
And the heaven above thenceforward kept  
In fee his very best.

Of the love that lightens service,  
Dear God, how much we see,  
When the father toils the lifelong day  
For the children at his knee ;  
When all night long the mother wakes,  
Nor deems the vigil hard,  
The rose of health on the sick one's cheek  
Her happy heart's reward.

Of the love that lightens service  
The fisherman can tell,  
When he wrests the bread his dear ones eat  
Where the bitter surges swell ;  
And the farmer in the furrow,  
The merchant in the mart,  
Count little worth their weary toil  
For the treasures of their heart.

And, reverently we say it,  
Dear Lord, on bended knee,  
For the love that lightened service most  
The pattern is with Thee.  
Oh, the love, the love of Heaven,  
That bowed our load to bear ;  
The love that mounted to the cross,  
And saved the sinner there !

What shall we give ? How offer  
Our small returns, to tell  
That we have seen the Saviour,  
And are fain to serve Him well ?  
Take, Lord, our broken spirits,  
And have them for Thine own ;  
And as the bridegroom with the bride,  
Reign Thou, with us alone.

As Jacob served for Rachel  
Beneath the Syrian sky ;  
And the golden sands of toiling years  
Went sailing swiftly by,  
The thought of her was music  
To cheer his weary feet ;  
'Twas love that lightened service,  
The old, old story sweet.

---

### THE BROWNIES' XMAS.

The Brownie who lives in the forest,  
Oh, the Christmas bells they ring !  
He has done for the farmer's children  
Full many a kindly thing :

When their cows were lost in the gloaming  
He has driven them safely home;  
He has led their bees to the flowers,  
To fill up their golden comb;

At her spinning the little sister  
Had napped till the setting sun—  
She awoke, and the kindly Brownie  
Had gotten it neatly done;

Oh, the Christmas bells they are ringing!  
The mother she was away,  
And the Brownie'd played with the baby  
And tended it all the day;

'Tis true that his face they never  
For all their watching could see;  
Yet who else did the kindly service,  
I pray, if it were not he!

But the poor little friendly Brownie,  
His life was a weary thing;  
For never had he been in holy church  
And heard the children sing;

And never had he had a Christmas;  
Nor had bent in prayer his knee;  
He had lived for a thousand years,  
And all weary-worn was he.

Or that was the story the children  
Had heard at their mother's side;  
And together they talked it over,  
One merry Christmas-tide.



The pitiful little sister  
    With her braids of paly gold,  
And the little elder brother,  
    And the darling five-year-old,

All stood in the western window—  
    'Twas toward the close of day—  
And they talked about the Brownie  
    While resting from their play.

“The Brownie, he has no Christmas,”  
    The dear little sister said,  
And a-shaking as she spoke  
    Her glossy, yellow head;

“The Brownie, he has no Christmas;  
    While so many gifts have we,  
To the floor last night they bended  
    The boughs of the Christmas-tree.”

Then the little elder brother,  
    He spake up in his turn,  
With both of his blue eyes beaming,  
    While his cheeks began to burn:

“Let us do up for the Brownie  
    A Christmas bundle now,  
And leave it in the forest pathway  
    Where the great oak branches bow.

“We'll mark it, 'For the Brownie,'  
    And 'a Merry Christmas Day!'  
And sure will he be to find it,  
    For he goeth home that way.”

Then the tender little sister  
With her braids of paly gold,  
And the little elder brother,  
And the darling five-year old,

Tied up in a little bundle  
Some toys, with a loving care,  
And marked it "For the Brownie,"  
In letters large and fair,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas!"  
And then, in the dusk, the three  
Went to the wood and left it  
Under the great oak tree.

While the farmer's fair little children  
Slept sweet on that Christmas night,  
Two wanderers through the forest  
Came in the clear moonlight,

And neither one was the Brownie,  
But sorry were both as he;  
And their hearts with each fresh footstep,  
Were aching steadily.

A slender man with an organ  
Strapped on by a leathern band,  
And a girl with a tambourine  
A-holding close to his hand.

And the girl with a tambourine,  
Big sorrowful eyes she had,  
In the cold white wood she shivered  
In her ragged raiment clad.

“And what is there here to do?” she said;  
“I’m froze i’ the light o’ the moon!  
Shall we play to these sad old forest trees,  
Some merry and jigging tune?”

“And, father, you know it is Christmas-time,  
And had we stayed i’ the town,  
And I gone to one o’ the Christmas-trees,  
A gift might have fallen down!

“You cannot certainly know it would not!  
I’d ha’ gone right under the tree!  
Are you sure that none o’ the Christmases  
Were meant for you or me?”

“These dry dead leaves,” he answered her, sad,  
“Which the forest casteth down,  
Are more than you’d get from a Christmas-tree  
In the merry and thoughtless town.

“Though to-night be Christ’s own birthday night,  
And all the world hath grace,  
There is not a home in all the world  
Which holdeth for us a place.”

Slow plodding adown the forest path,  
“And now, what is this?” he said;  
And the children’s bundle he lifted up,  
And “For the Brownie,” read.

And “We wish a Merry Christmas Day!”  
“Now if this be done,” said he,  
“Somewhere in the world perhaps there is  
A place for you and me!”

And the bundle he opened softly :

“This is children’s tender thought ;  
Their own little Christmas presents  
They have to Brownie brought.

“If there liveth such tender pity  
Toward a thing so dim and low,  
There is kindness sure remaining  
Of which I did not know.

“Oh children, there’s never a Brownie—  
That sorry uncanny thing ;  
But nearest and next are the homeless  
When the Christmas joy-bells ring.”

Out laughed the little daughter,  
And she gathered the toys with glee,  
“My Christmas present has fallen !  
This oak was my Christmas-tree !”

Then away they went through the forest,  
The wanderers, hand in hand ;  
And the snow, they were both so merry,  
It glinted like golden sand.

Down the forest the elder brother,  
In the morning clear and cold,  
Came leading the little sister,  
And the darling five-year-old.

“Oh,” he cries, “he’s taken the bundle !”  
As carefully round he peers ;  
“And the Brownie has gotten a Christmas  
After a thousand years !”



## AIR CASTLES.

A girl is standing with careless feet  
At the point where the brook and the river meet;  
In her eyes there gleams a lambent fire  
As the castle she's building, towers higher.  
"I will earn," said she to herself, "a name  
That will make the world acknowledge its fame;  
On my head shall be placed the laurel crown  
That the Muses wreathe for their favored own;  
I will visit the lands of story and song;  
In the palace of Genius I'll tarry long.  
There will come to me a lover as bold  
And as strong as the fabled princes of old;  
And in his brave heart the first I'll be,  
For true beauty and grace in me he'll see.  
Thus smooth shall I weave my web of life,  
With love to untangle its cares and strife."

In a vine-wreathed casement stands a bride;  
Her brown eyes shine with loving pride  
As afar she sees the manly form  
Of the one whose heart for her beats warm.  
And she dreams a dream as she waits him there  
Which more than a poem, is even a prayer;  
And the angel Sandalphon wafts it on  
Till it reaches up to the great white throne.  
"I care not for princes of olden story,  
Nor for palaces grand, nor for fame or glory;  
But give me a cot with its vine-clad door  
And the glinting sunshine warm on the floor,  
With the dear ones' voices when day is done,  
And its duties are ended, one by one.





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All these will be dearer by far to me  
Than the castles I dreamed of once could be.  
And many a crown come to me unsought  
That by love's labors shall be wrought;  
This sphere in life is the one I would fill,—  
A faithful wife, through good and ill."

A mother is sitting with busy hand  
At the door where the bride's fair face was fanned  
By the long ago breezes that came through the vine  
Which had clambered there, and doth still entwine  
The door, where now children with busy feet  
Pass in and out: and their voices sweet  
Ring loud and clear on the evening air,  
To greet the mother who toileth there.  
The work drops out of her hands so worn,  
And a far-away look in her eyes is born,  
While her thoughts go back to the time passed by,  
When her girlhood's castles loomed so high.  
With a sigh she says to herself, "For me  
No crown awaits from the laurel tree,  
But in my children my life I live,  
And 'tis sweeter far than fame could give."  
Her eyes grow bright again with joy  
As she dreams of a crown for her darling boy.  
And she murmurs, "Ah, me! 'tis better so,  
That the web of my life such a pattern should grow."

The grandam sits in her easy chair  
With the sunlight soft on her silver hair,  
And thus she speaks to the bonny throng  
Of maidens fair, and youths so strong,  
Who have gathered about her to heed the thought  
Of wisdom that comes to a long life fraught



With happy faith, and with loving deeds  
For each whose path such comfort needs.  
“In the days of our youth our dreams are bright,  
For life is filled with spring-time light,  
And we build gay castles with towers grand,  
With self as the monarch to rule the land.  
But, my children dear, our lives grow on,  
And the castles fade out of them, one by one.  
But if we obey the commandment golden,  
That is told us in language sweet and olden,  
Their places will fill with thoughts like beams  
From the sun, and we'll know our castles were dreams,  
And our lives will grow wider, and still more wide,  
Till we reach our home on the ‘other side.’”

The sweet voice stops and the dim eyes close,  
To the tired mind comes a dream of repose;  
'Tis a dream of heaven so clear and bright  
That the earth life is filled with its glorious light,  
And it brings the sweet call of “Peace, well done,”  
To the life whose web for self was begun,  
But whose pattern changed as the years rolled on,  
And was woven for others at set of sun.

---

### THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

There's come a sing'lar doctrine, Sue,  
Into our church to-day ;  
These cur'us words are what the new  
Young preacher had to say :  
That literal everlastin' fire  
Was mostly in our eye ;  
That sinners dead, if they desire,  
Can get another try ;

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He doubted if a warmer clime  
Than this world could be proved ;  
The little snip—I fear sometime  
He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,  
An' tried to do it well ;  
Part of the time kept heaven in view,  
An' part steered clear o' hell ;  
An' now half of this work is naught,  
If I must list to him,  
An' this 'ere devil I have fought  
Was only just a whim ;  
Vain are the dangers I have braved,  
The sacrifice they cost ;  
For what fun is it to be saved,  
If no one else is lost ?

Just think!—Suppose, when once I view  
The heaven I toiled to win,  
A lot of unsaved sinners, too,  
Come walkin' grandly in !  
An' acts to home, same as if they  
Had read their titles clear,  
An' looks at me, as if to say,  
“We're glad to see you here !”  
As if to say, “While you have b'en  
So fast to toe the mark,  
We waited till it rained, an' then  
Got tickets for the ark !”

Yet there would be some in that crowd  
I'd rather like to see ;  
My boy Jack—it must be allowed,  
There was no worse than he !



I've always felt somewhat to blame,  
In several different ways,  
That he lay down on thorns o' shame  
To end his boyhood's days ;  
An' I'd be willin' to endure,  
If that the Lord thought best,  
A minute's quite hot temperature,  
To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—  
With heterodoxy crammed ;  
used to think he'd be the one  
If any one was damned ;  
Still, when I saw a lot o' poor,  
That he had clothed and fed,  
Cry desolately round his door  
As soon as he was dead,  
There came a thought I couldn't control,  
That in some neutral land,  
I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul,  
An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry  
Of hopeless, sad distress,  
Sank sudden down, one night to die,  
All in her ballroom dress ;  
She had a precious little while  
To pack up and away ;  
She even left her sweet, good smile—  
'Twas on her face next day ;  
Her soul went off unclothed by even  
One stitch of saving grace ;  
How could she hope to go to heaven,  
An' start from such a place ?

But once, when I lay sick and weak,  
She came and begged to stay ;  
She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—  
She soothed my pain away ;  
She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers,  
As fresh as her young heart ;  
Through many long and tedious hours  
She played a Christian part ;  
An' ere I long will stand aroun'  
The singing saints among,  
I'll try to take some water down  
To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But tears can never quench my creed,  
Nor smooth God's righteous frown,  
Though all the preachers learn to read  
Their Bibles upside down.  
I hold mine right side up with care  
To shield mine eyes from sin,  
An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,  
To call poor wanderers in ;  
But if the sinners won't draw nigh,  
An' take salvation's plan,  
I'll have to stand, an' see 'em try  
To dodge hell if they can.

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### THE OLD FARM HOME.

If you've been a happy rover  
Through the fields of fragrant clover,  
Where life is all a simple round of bliss,  
Where at eve the sun is sinking  
And the stars are faintly winking,  
You can call to mind a picture such as this:

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming  
 Through the woodland pasture's gloaming,  
 I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,  
 And from out the bosky dingle  
 Comes the softly tangled jingle,  
 And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

Strange how memory will fling her  
 Arms about the scenes we bring her,  
 And the fleeting years that make them stronger grow;  
 Though I wander far and sadly  
 From that dear old home, how gladly  
 I recall the cherished scenes of long ago.

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming  
 Through the woodland's pasture's gloaming,  
 I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,  
 And from out the bosky dingle  
 Comes the softly tangled jingle  
 And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.

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### THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

The white turkey was dead! the white turkey was dead!  
 How the news through the barnyard went flying!  
 Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,  
 And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail  
 As a suitable symbol of sorrow,  
 And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,  
 Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"

"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms  
In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';  
I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care,"  
Said the hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the goose, "I could be of some use,  
For my heart is with love over-brimming!  
The next morning that's fine they shall go with my nine  
Little yellow-backed goslings out swimming."

"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,  
"And for help they may call on me too,  
Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,  
And a great deal of trouble to see to.

"But those poor little things they are all heads and wings,  
And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"  
"Very hard it may be, but oh, don't come to me!"  
Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows—  
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!  
They must learn, like the elves, how to scratch for themselves  
And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the goose to the duck  
Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"  
Said the duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,  
You will find, are complaining forever!

"And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,  
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,  
For aid in your woe, oh, beware how you go  
To a hen with one chicken!"



## THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

No dandy dog poor Rover was,  
So sleek and fair to see ;  
No ears of beauty graced his head,  
No dainty limbs had he ;  
No pretty tail he had to wag  
When master came in sight ;  
No glossy silken curls adorned  
His coat of black and white.

But Rover was a gentle dog,  
A faithful dog, and true ;  
The little children loved him well,  
He loved the children, too ;  
He licked their little hands so soft,  
He trotted at their heels,  
He played with them upon the grass,  
And helped them at their meals.

When Rover was a tiny pup,  
And scarce could run about,  
His master found him in a ditch  
One day, and brought him out ;  
And little thought the good lad then,  
As, pleased, he turned away,  
In saving Rover's humble life  
He saved his own that day.

And tenderly he bore him home,  
And nursed him well and long,  
And day by day, and week by week,  
The dog grew big and strong ;

And late or soon, in house or field,  
The two were ne'er apart ;  
The neighbors said the lad had tied  
The dog up to his heart.

And Rover—well, he loved to lie  
With Colin 'neath the trees,  
And lay his great and shaggy head  
Upon his master's knees ;  
And had he had the power to speak,  
The power to shed a tear,  
I think he would have wept and said,  
“ I love you, master dear.”

And cunning tricks he knew as well :  
He feigned a broken leg ;  
He tumbled down as he were shot,  
And then stood up to beg ;  
He chased the butterflies about,  
He barked at bird and bee,  
And sniffed the flowers as if he loved  
The pretty things to see.

No shepherd's dog the country round  
Could better watch the sheep ;  
His bright black eyes were everywhere—  
He never seemed to sleep ;  
And when the flock went once astray,  
He soon was on its track,  
And ere the sun had gone to rest  
He brought the wanderers back.

He watched them thro' the silent night,  
For he was brave and bold ;  
And once he killed a hungry wolf  
He caught beside the fold.

But better still I love to hear  
The story that they tell  
Of what, upon a stormy night,  
His master dear befell.

The snow was falling fast and thick—  
So thick you scarce could see—  
And Colin's mother lay abed,  
As ill as she could be ;  
So Colin must to town away,  
And fetch the doctor straight ;  
No matter though the wind may blow,  
The night be dark and late.

He kissed his mother's cheek so pale,  
Then turned in haste to go ;  
His faithful dog was at his side,  
And leapt out on the snow.  
Fierce blew the wind across the heath  
As Colin shut the door,  
But bravely turned he to the blast,  
And Rover went before.

No moon shed down her gentle light  
To guide them on their way ;  
They could not tell the road that night  
They knew so well by day.  
And weary miles they struggled through,  
And sore was Colin's heart,  
To think his mother lay abed,  
And he so far apart.

"Good dog ! good dog !" at length he said,  
"God keep us both from ill !  
Though wild the night, we'll take the path  
That lies across the hill."

They clambered up the steep hillside,  
They left the vale below,  
But louder howled the storm above,  
And faster fell the snow.  
The blood froze in poor Colin's veins,  
The tear froze in his eye ;  
He scarce could breathe, so cold he was—  
He felt as he would die.  
His heart beat faint and fainter still,  
His head swam round and round ;  
He reeled, and with a cry of pain  
Sank helpless to the ground.  
And Rover licked his icy face,  
And licked his frozen hand ;  
Why master lay so cold and still  
He could not understand.  
But soon a thought, a happy thought,  
Lit up his lowly mind ;  
He shook the snow off from his back,  
And sped off like the wind.  
A shepherd dwelt upon the hill—  
A goodly man, tho' poor—  
And he that night was roused from sleep  
By something at his door.  
He looked from out his window high,  
And something black he saw,  
That stood beside his cottage door,  
And scraped it with its paw.  
With speedy step the old man came,  
The door he opened wide,  
And, panting in the howling storm,  
Poor Rover he espied.



*LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS.*

"Come in, good dog, come in," he said,  
"And tell me why you grieve."

Poor Rover looked up in his face,  
And pulled him by the sleeve.

The shepherd took his staff in hand,  
And Rover led the way,  
And up the giddy heights they went  
To where young Colin lay.  
They found him lying stiff and cold ;  
The good man raised his head.  
He breathed, he murmured Rover's name ;  
Thank God, he was not dead.

The shepherd bore him to his cot,  
And well he nursed him there ;  
And Colin soon had cause to bless  
The good man for his care.  
And Rover now is old and gray,  
But Colin loves him still,  
And ne'er forgets the night he saved  
His life upon the hill.

MATTHIAS BARR.

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*LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS.*

I'll tell you how the Christmas came  
To Rocket—no, you never met him,  
That is, you never knew his name,  
Although 'tis possible you've let him  
Display his skill upon your shoes;  
A bootblack—Arab, if you choose.  
Has inspiration dropped to zero  
When such material makes a hero?

And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,  
A gamin, dirty, torn, and tattered,  
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in  
The Bowery gallery; there it mattered  
But little what the play might be—  
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—  
He meted out his just applause  
By rigid, fixed, and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt,  
A mother on the Island staying,  
Which left him free to knock about  
And gratify a taste for straying  
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there he found  
Companionship, and grew renowned.  
An ash-box served him for a bed—  
As good, at least, as Moses' rushes—  
And for his daily meat and bread,  
He earned them with his box and brushes.

An Arab of the city's slums,  
With ready tongue and empty pocket,  
Unaided left to solve life's sums,  
But plucky always—that was Rocket!  
'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day  
The snow had fallen fine and fast;  
In banks and drifted heaps it lay  
Along the streets. A piercing blast  
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,  
And now the stars looked coldly down  
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.  
Ah, well it is if Christmas brings  
Good will and peace which poet sings!

How full are all the streets to-night  
With happy faces, flushed and bright!  
The matron in her silks and furs,  
The pompous banker fat and sleek,  
The idle, well-fed loiterers,  
The merchant trim, the churchman meek,  
Forgetful now of hate and spite,  
For all the world is glad to-night!  
All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,  
For sorrow throws on some its pall;  
And here, within the broad, fair city,  
The Christmas time no beauty brings  
To those who plead in vain for pity,  
To those who cherish but the stings  
Of wretchedness and want and woe,  
Who never love's great bounty know,  
Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,  
Whose misery mocks our Christian age.  
Pray ask yourself what means to them  
That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve  
You might have seen him standing where  
The city's streets so interweave  
They form that somewhat famous square  
Called Printing House. His face was bright,  
And at this gala festive season  
You could not find a heart more light—  
I'll tell you in a word, the reason:  
By dint of patient toil in shining  
Patrician shoes and Wall street boots,  
He had within his jacket's lining,  
A dollar and a half—the fruits

Of pinching, saving, and a trial  
Of really Spartan self-denial.

That dollar and a half was more  
Than Rocket ever owned before.  
A princely fortune, so he thought,  
And with those hoarded dimes and nickels  
What Christmas pleasures may be bought!  
A dollar and a half! It tickles  
The boy to say it over, musing  
Upon the money's proper using;  
"I'll go a gobbler, leg and breast,  
With cranberry sauce and fixin's nice,  
And pie, mince pie, the very best,  
And puddin'—say a double slice!  
And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze;  
With coffee—guess that ere's the cheese!  
And after grub I'll go to see  
The 'Seven Goblins of Dundee.'  
If this yere Christmas ain't a buster,  
I'll let yer rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,  
Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,  
And humming the air of a rollicking song,  
With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.  
Through Centre street he makes his way,  
When, just as he turns the corner at Pearl,  
He hears a voice cry out in dismay,  
And sees before him a slender girl,  
As ragged and tattered in dress as he,  
With hand stretched forth for charity.



In the street-light's fitful and flickering glare  
He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched face—  
So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair,  
With a lingering touch of childhood's grace  
On her delicate features. Her head was bare,  
And over her shoulders disordered there hung  
A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.  
In misery old as in years she was young,  
She gazed in his face. And, oh! for the eyes—  
The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes,—  
That were fixed in a desperate, frightened stare

Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—  
The rich, the great, the good, and the wise,  
Hurrying on to the warmth and light  
Of happy homes—they have jostled her by,  
And the only one who has heard her cry,  
Or, hearing, has felt his heart-strings stirred,  
Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,  
This gamin, who never so much as heard  
The beautiful story of Him who lay  
In the manger of old on Christmas day!

With artless pathos and simple speech,  
She stands and tells him her pitiful tale;  
Ah, well if those who pray and preach  
Could catch an echo of that sad wail!  
She tells of the terrible battle for bread,  
Tells of a father brutal with crime,  
Tells of a mother lying dead,  
At this, the gala Christmas time;  
Then adds, gazing up at the star-lit sky,  
"I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could die."



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What is it trickles down the cheek  
Of Rocket—can it be a tear?  
He stands and stares, but does not speak;  
He thinks again of that good cheer  
Which Christmas was to bring; he sees  
Visions of turkey, steaming pies,  
The play-bills—then, in place of these,  
The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;

One mighty effort, gulping down  
The disappointment in his breast,  
A quivering of the lip, a frown,  
And then, while pity pleads her best,  
He snatches forth his cherished hoard,  
And gives it to her like a lord!

"Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, yer see,  
And then you needs it more 'an me!"  
With that he turns and walks away,  
So fast the girl can nothing say;  
So fast he does not hear the prayer  
That sanctifies the winter air.  
But He who blessed the widow's mite  
Looked down and smiled upon the sight,

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,  
No ticket for the matinee,  
All drear and desolate and murky,  
In truth, a very dismal day.  
With dinner on a crust of bread,  
And not a penny in his pocket,  
A friendly ash-box for a bed—  
Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket,



*CHRISTMAS WITH MY OLD MOTHER.*

And yet—and here's the strangest thing—  
 As best befits the festive season,  
 The boy was happy as a king—  
 I wonder can you guess the reason?

VANDYKE BROWN.

## CHRISTMAS WITH MY OLD MOTHER.

*Scenes Upon Which Grown Folks Look Back with the Fondest Recollection.*

Oh, I never felt so happy as upon last Christmas night,  
 Coming near the little home where mother lives,  
 The familiar scenes of boyhood, and the window with the light,  
 And the joy anticipation ever gives.  
 Eager fingers tingled gladly as I opened the old gate,  
 And my feet, impatient, hurried to the door ;  
 But her ear had caught my footsteps, and her love remembered  
     well ;  
 On the threshold mother met me as of yore.

Oh, I clasped her to my bosom, as she used to clasp her boy,  
 While her tears and loving kisses answered mine.  
 Then she led me to the table, where the good things kept for me  
     Were all waiting with the chair of auld lang syne.  
 She remembered ev'rything I liked, and how to make it best,  
     Serving me as though my place were still a child's ;  
 Cakes and jellies, home-made candy, and ev'ry choicest thing,  
     Heaped before me with caresses and her smiles.

Oh, I seemed a very boy again, as we sat talking there,  
 And she told me how she had thought of, prayed for me,  
 How I'd been a joy and comfort to her all her widowed life;  
 And her spirit, like an angel's, I could see,

How in ev'ry whistling boy that passed she heard me coming home,  
 So she had love-waited for me all the years ;  
 Then, arising from the table, she would stand caressing me,  
 As she breathed on me a blessing through her tears.

When I went to bed she came to me and tucked the covers round,  
 In the dear old way that only mothers know.  
 Oh, I felt so blissful, peaceful, and so full of tender love  
 That all silent came my glad heart's overflow.  
 Happy, grateful, joyful tears I shed ; aye, cried myself to sleep,  
 Dreaming in a heav'nly dreamland free from cares ;  
 In my boyhood home and bed again, the covers tucked around,  
 Safely guarded by my dear old mother's prayers.

LU B. CAKE.

### A PASSING CLOUD.

Donald and May had fallen out,  
 As little people sometimes do ;

And, bit by bit, it came  
 about,  
 A cloud between them  
 grew !

She, with her doll and pic-  
 ture-books,  
 Marched primly to the  
 garden seat ;  
 Whilst he, with proud and  
 stubborn looks,  
 Ran off with rapid feet.

And still, for all the sunlit  
 air,  
 And birds that caroled  
 long and loud,

Donald was conscious everywhere  
 Of one prevailing cloud.



And May had put her books aside,  
The words before her seemed to swim;  
She felt so lost she could have cried—  
The day was changed and dim—

When, coming suddenly behind,  
The boy's warm lips were at her ear,  
And softly whispered, "Never mind!  
I did not mean it, dear."

And Donald smiled to see her start,  
And smiling, too, was happy May;  
For, in the sunshine of her heart,  
The cloud had passed away!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

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### THE MAGPIE'S LESSON.

In early times, the story says,  
When birds could talk and lecture,  
A Magpie called her feathered friends  
To teach them architecture:

"To build a nest, my courteous friends,"—  
They all began to chatter:  
"No need to teach us that, good 'Mag,'  
'Tis such an easy matter!"

"To build a nest,"—Professor "Mag"  
Resumed her speech demurely,—  
"First choose a well-forked bough, wherein  
The nest may sit securely."

"Of course," said Jenny Wren. "Now cross  
Two sticks for the foundation."

"Oh, all know that," quoth Mr. "Rook,"  
"Without this long oration."

"Now bend some slender twigs to form  
The round sides of the dwelling."  
"A fool knows that," exclaimed the thrush,  
"Without a magpie's telling."

"Next take some wool and line the nest,  
And bind it well together."  
"Why, that's as clear," exclaimed the owl,  
"As stars in frosty weather!"

While thus they talked, Professor "Mag"  
Her nest had half completed!  
And, growing quite indignant now,  
To see how she was treated,  
"Ladies and gentlemen," she said,  
"I see you're all so clever,  
My lessons are superfluous,—  
I leave you then forever."

Away she flew, and left the birds  
Their folly to discover,  
Who now can build but half a nest,  
And cannot roof it over.

The magpie sits beneath her roof,  
No rain nor hail can pelt her;  
The others, brooding o'er their young,  
Themselves enjoy no shelter.

No better fate do men deserve,  
When self-conceit can lead them  
Friendly instructions to despise,  
And think they do not need them.



## TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear ;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,



Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight ;  
You do not prize this blessing over-much,—  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness ! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day—  
We are so dull and thankless ; and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The little child that brought me only good.  
And if some night when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knees,—  
This restless curling head from off your breast,—  
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly ;  
If from your own the dimpled hands have slipped,  
And ne'er will nestle to your palm again ;  
If the white feet into their grave have tripped,  
I cannot blame you for your heart-ache then.  
I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown ;  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,—  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear it patter in my house once more,—  
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But ah ! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumped by a shining head,  
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,  
The little girl I used to kiss is dead.

## “DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.”

Nell sat on a lounge one summer day,  
So busy with a book,  
And very clever and very wise  
She archly tried to look,  
As she said, “Shall I read you a story  
Of a sparrow and a rook?”

“It chanced that once upon a time,  
All on a glad spring day,  
A pert young sparrow and a rook  
Together chanced to stray;  
And the smaller bird began to talk  
In quite a lordly way.



“‘You’re bigger far than I, Sir Rook,  
But yet I think I’m right  
In saying you’re not half so brave  
When men come into sight;  
But with a caw of dire alarm  
You swiftly take your flight.



“ ‘Just watch those bread crumbs scattered there,  
A group of boys close by;  
Fearless I’ll flit down for a crumb,  
And off with it I’ll fly;  
While you, I’m sure, would never dare  
A thing like this to try.’

“No sooner said than done; the bird  
Flew down as quick as thought.  
Alas for him! he found too late  
Far more than he had sought.  
A cruel net had covered him,  
And he was safely caught.

“And then, as Mr. Rook flew off,  
Back to his lofty nest,  
He said, ‘I see, pure recklessness  
Of courage is no test.  
Of all the parts which valor make,  
Discretion is the best!’”

G. WEATHERLY.

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## THE ELEPHANT AND THE CHILD.

The arching trees above a path  
Had formed a pleasant shade,  
And here to screen him while he slept,  
An infant boy was laid.

His mother near him gathered fruit,  
But soon with fear she cried,  
For, slowly moving down the path,  
An elephant she spied.



The sticks he crushed beneath his feet  
Had waked the sleeping child,  
Who pushed aside the waving curls,  
And looked at him and smiled.

The mother could not reach the spot—  
With fear she held her breath—  
And there in agony she stood  
To see him crushed to death.

His heavy foot the monster held  
Awhile above the boy,  
Who laughed to see it moving there,  
And clapped his hands with joy.

The mother saw it reach the ground,  
Beyond her infant son,  
And watched till every foot was safe  
Across the little one.

She caught her infant from the ground,  
For there, unharmed, he lay,  
And could have thanked the noble beast,  
Who slowly stalked away.

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NEARER TO THEE.

“Nearer my God, to Thee,” rose on the air,  
Each note an ecstasy, joyous and rare,  
Tones that were triumph peals shrined in a song,  
Breathing of victory gained over wrong;  
Out on the listening air, mocking at fear,  
Ringing its clarion cry, fearless and clear,  
Up from a soul redeemed, noble and free,  
“Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.”

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," thrilled on the air,  
Each note an agony, linked with a prayer,  
Out on a sinking ship, land out of sight,  
Borne by the wailing winds into the night ;  
White-maned and angry waves howling in scorn,  
Wild shrieks of helpless hearts over them borne ;  
Still rang one trusting voice high o'er the sea,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," thrilled on the breeze,  
Far in a heathen land, 'neath the palm trees,  
Rising in soulful notes, earnest and calm,  
Trust and tranquility winging the psalm ;  
Fierce faces round about, fever and death  
Mixed with the tropic flowers' balm-laden breath ;  
One lonely child of God bending the knee,  
Saying with uplifted face, "Nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," echoed a street  
Worn by the night tread of murderers' feet,  
Up from a cellar, dark, noisome with slime,  
Out o'er a motley crowd hideous with crime ;  
Curses and oaths obscene fouling the ear,  
Still rose the trusting notes, trembling but clear ;  
Poverty, suffering, singing their plea,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," rose from a room  
Where a man, old and blind, sat in the gloom,  
While his poor hands caressed, there on the bed,  
One who was once his bride, silent and dead.  
Worn were the wrinkled hands folded in sleep ;  
Closed were the patient eyes, slumbering deep.  
"Called to her home," he said, "waiting for me ;  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," triumph of prayer  
Winging its way every hour on the air,  
O'er the whole world from a numberless throng,  
Blending their smiles and their sighs in its song;  
Priceless the memories, sweet and profound,  
Linked like a chaplet of pearls by its sound.  
Grant its petition till all the world be  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

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## LITTLE JO.

I wonder if old Santa Claus will come to-night!  
He couldn't find the way last year;  
I wish he had, for little Jo was here—  
Dear little Jo! we're better off a sight,  
Than what we were last year  
When he was here.

We hadn't fire to keep us warm last Christmas day;  
And not enough, not near enough to eat,—  
Just bread and tea; but not a bit of meat  
On Christmas day! I didn't care to play,  
The snow kept falling fast,  
And sleighs went past.

Once when I brought my blocks and things to Jo  
He moaned as if it hurt him just to look,  
Then partly cried, and pushed the picture book;  
His sorry eyes looked straight at mother, so,  
And she said, "Hush, and go away,  
Jo doesn't want to play."

And not a soul came in the whole day through,  
And we were there alone all day, you see,—  
Mother and I, and little Jo—we three;  
And then toward night the wind arose and blew,  
And I remember now so plain,  
How all the snow turned into rain.

That made it lonesomer, you know,  
And little Jo grew worse toward night,  
And moaned so pitiful, his face was white,  
Why, just as white and cold, almost, as snow.  
You see we hadn't fire to keep him warm  
Through such a storm.

That's why I had to go to bed so early;  
Mother said first I might kiss little Jo,—  
I didn't do it every night, you know,  
But this was Christmas night,—his hair was curly,  
And scattered on the pillow, soft and bright;  
I noticed then how solemn and how white

And lonesome mother looked, she didn't talk,  
Except to bid me say my prayers, and say 'em low,  
So's not to waken Jo;  
And then to see how careful I could walk.  
She didn't say another single word;  
But kissed Jo as he stirred.

Once in the night I woke—the rain still poured  
Against the window; mother sat beside  
Jo's bed, and when he tossed about and cried  
She soothed him with a hymn about the Lord,—  
The dear Christ-child who on one Christmas day,  
Long years ago, within a manger lay.



There was such comfort in that pretty hymn,—  
Or else in mother's voice,—I nestled deep  
Within the coverlid and went to sleep,  
Still hearing in my dreams—though faint and dim—  
The sound of rain, and mother singing low,  
Singing to little Jo.

Next morning I woke suddenly, and sat  
Up in the bed; the dreadful storm had past.  
Mother was up and sewing just as fast!  
It made me very glad to notice that;  
She hadn't sewed since Jo was took that way,  
That's why we were so hungry Christmas day.

I dressed me quick, and went to Joey's bed;  
He hadn't wakened yet, and lay so still;  
His little hands were crossed; I never will  
Forget how smooth the curls were on his head.  
"Mother," I cried, "has Jo got well again?"  
"Yes, dear," she whispered, "well, and out of pain."

And then I went and stood by mother's chair,  
She looked as different, most, as little Jo;  
Too pale and sick, it seemed to me, to sew.  
And there was such a sadness in the air!  
But mother stitched away with all her might,  
A little narrow gown made all of white.

Jo has a pretty grave; it stands alone,  
Near other poor folks' graves close by the wall.  
The most of them are large, a few are small.  
Jo's hasn't yet, of course, got any stone;  
But summer grasses grow there just as sweet,  
And winter snows,—they drape it like a sheet.

I often wondered how it came that we  
Should have the right to lay our dear boy there,  
In that sweet spot, with none to blame or care;  
I didn't understand how it could be,  
For not a blade of grass grows near our door;  
We haven't any yard, we are so poor.

So I asked mother when we stood beside  
His grave one day. "The dear Lord, long ago,  
Gave graves like this," she said, "to such as Jo,"  
And then she turned her face away and cried.  
I wonder why? It is a pretty grave, I'm sure,  
And little Jo—he sleeps there all secure.

MARY MCGUIRE.

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### BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

Papa, don't you know it is my birthday ?  
Don't you know I am five years old to-day ?  
My poor wooden horse has lost his head,  
My dear little kitten is all gone dead ;  
My marbles are lost, and my top won't hum ;  
And, darling papa, please give me a drum !  
The soldier boys want me to come out and play ;  
And I want a drum, for I'm five to-day.

Papa, do you know it is my birthday ?  
Do you know I am ten years old to-day ?  
And I've got my Latin, and done my sums ;  
And I'm tired of marbles and tops and drums.  
And at school I never got in a row,  
And grandma declares I make a nice bow :  
And so, altogether, to go with my mates,  
I should like, dear papa, a nice pair of skates,

Come father, do not forget, I pray,  
I'm just fifteen this blessed day ;  
I'm a pretty tall fellow for that you see,  
And in less than a year in college I'll be,—  
Unless all my digging should drive me to bed,—  
For I'm studying the eyes almost out of my head,  
When I'd rather be popping away at a duck,  
With very great skill and very poor luck !  
So I'll come to the point, for under the sun  
There's nothing I want like a handsome new gun.

Twenty years old, and a fine moustache,  
A part at commencement,—a glorious dash !  
And father, you heard what a clapping I got ;  
I knew where you sat, and I looked at that spot,  
And thanked you, my father, for loving me so,  
With your eyes full of tears, and cheeks in a glow.  
The gift for my birthday ? If truth must be told,  
My watch is of silver, and might be of gold.

My father, to-day I am just twenty-five,  
Ready and glad to struggle and strive ;  
But the world, my father, to me looks bright,  
For the gentle promise I won last night ;  
And the birthday gift that would gladden me  
Is your tender blessing on Clara and me.

Thirty years old this blessed day !  
The clouds may come, but they never stay ;  
For sunshine chases the clouds in turn :  
That from my smiling babe I learn,  
From the cradle where once we leaned and wept,  
While with waxen cheek our first-born slept.  
But now in my wife's fair hand, I see  
The robe so stealthily wrought for me.

Am I thirty-five ? Is it even so ?  
Does my saucy wife pretend to know ?  
But the brief ten years of my wedded joy  
Shine out in the eyes of my laughing boy.  
And Minnie's small fingers have hemmed for me  
The kerchiefs my birthday gift to be.

Forty years old ; and my father lies  
Where o'er his grave the fir tree sighs !  
His smile and his blessing dwelt with me,  
The blessing I feel, the smile I see,  
As when in my motherless boyhood days  
He warmed my heart with his meeds of praise.  
Now my holy gift from my sister Ann  
Is the pictured face of the dear old man.

Forty-five ! and with blushing face  
My Minnie looks down with a modest grace  
While her lover pleads ; and I think of the day  
So well I remember ! I cannot say nay :  
She looks like her mother, the pretty young thing ;  
I see it must end in a wedding ring,  
And my birthday gift this year must be  
A son that shall steal my daughter from me.

I am fifty, dear ! 'tis the prime of life !  
No wrinkles, as yet, you can count, my wife !  
For the busy world is so full of joy  
That I sometimes think I am still a boy.  
Ah ! here is my gift which I just have found,—  
From my children,—a volume superbly bound ;  
You villains ! How shall I stifle my rage !  
An elegant classical treatise on age.



Sixty years old ! and thy silver hair,  
My Clara, to me looks wondrous fair ;  
But hark ! what a trampling of feet below :  
My clerks—a smiling and goodly row—  
A cane with a head of gold they bear ;  
They speak of my kind and watchful care,  
They call me father ! words are so weak,  
Do you wonder, my wife, that I could not speak ?

Threescore and ten sounds rather old ;  
Withered but fair is the hand I hold.  
Clara, my loving, long-tried wife,  
Lo ! in thine eyes I read my life—  
Peaceful, whate'er the world might bring,  
Ready the father's praise to sing.  
See ! the grandchildren's thoughtful care ;  
I sit in my stately birthday chair.

Eighty ! the world is changed below :  
Progress it is, I think I know ;  
They are building a home for aged men ;  
I must send a check—just hand me my pen—  
It shakes—no matter—a few days more ;  
The pleasant journey is almost o'er,  
Give me your grandmother's silver curl,  
My birthday gift, the last, dear girl.  
My blessing—good-night ! the old man's home !  
Yes, it is time, I am glad to come.

---

### THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that if she were asked to define the meaning of a successful man, she would say: "A man who has made a happy home for his wife and children. No matter what he has not

done in the way of achieving wealth and honor, if he has done that, he is a grand success. If he has not done that, and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure. I wonder how many men in the mad pursuit of gold, which characterizes the age, realize that there is no fortune which can be left to their families as great as the memory of a happy home."

Thou must be true thyself,  
 If thou the truth would teach;  
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
 Another soul would reach.  
 It needs the overflow of heart  
 To give the lips full speech.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

## PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,  
 But for one night though that farewell may be,  
 Press thou his hand in thine.  
 How canst thou tell how far from thee  
 Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?  
 Men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street  
 And days have grown to months,  
 And months to lagging years, ere they  
 Have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting at best is underlaid  
With tears and pain;  
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,  
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand  
Of him who goeth forth;  
Unseen, Fate goeth too.  
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word  
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,  
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

---

RESOLVES.

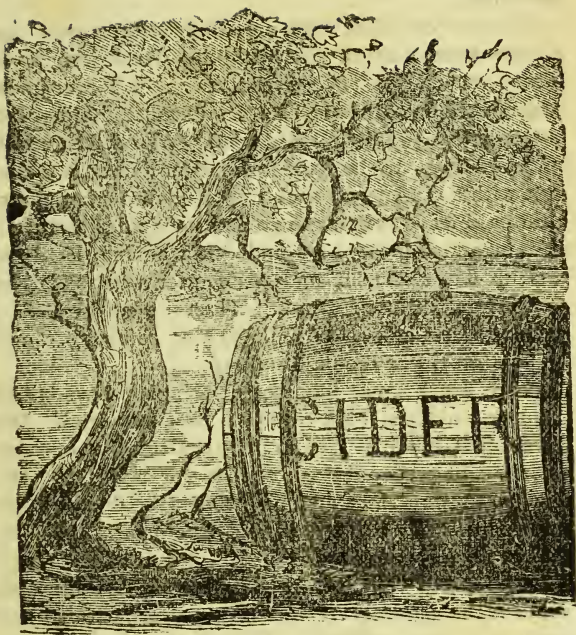
We'll read that book, we'll sing that song,  
But when? Oh, when the days are long;  
When thoughts are free, and voices clear;  
Some happy time within the year:  
The days troop by with noiseless tread,  
The song unsung, the book unread.  
We'll see that friend, and make him feel  
The weight of friendship, true as steel;  
Some flowers of sympathy bestow:  
But time sweeps on with steady flow,  
Until with quick, reproachful tear,  
We lay our flowers upon his bier.  
And still we walk the desert sands,  
And still with trifles fill our hands,  
While ever, just beyond our reach,  
A fairer purpose shows to each.  
The deeds we have not done, but willed,  
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.







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## CIDER-DRINKING BOYS.

**THERE** is one in this picture. You can not see him, eh? Well that is what happened when he was drinking the cider. People did not see him, or, if they did, they took no notice o' him, and it is so commor a

thing for boys to drink cider, he went on drinking all he wished.

Perhaps you think these are all made-up stories, but I have known many cider-drinking boys who have turned out badly. The hardest drinker I ever knew commenced on cider when he was a beautiful blue-eyed boy only five years old. He would go to the barrel of cider that was to be kept for vinegar and bore a hole in it with a gimlet and suck the cider through a straw. He would leave his play to go and suck cider, and then after awhile he would go and drink again. He kept this up day after day and week after week until he often drank himself drunk. Then he was called a drunkard, but he was a drunkard long before that, and he kept on till he died a drunkard.

There are a great many cider-drinking boys in the country, and they think cider is a harmless drink. We have often heard it said so in our village; so one day we thought we would ask the doctor about it. Dr. Travis knows. He is a good temperance doctor. He never gives any alcohol in his medicines. And he says that common hard cider will not only make people drunk, but that it does sometimes give those who drink it the *delirium tremens* if they drink enough and keep at it long enough. He says that he has been called to several cases of that kind. Only last spring there was a man over in Masonville whose little boy only six years old was sick, and he sent for him to attend him. The little fellow was raving-distracted: seeing all kinds of snakes and terrible creatures, just

as drunkards do sometimes when they drink a great deal. So the doctor asked questions until he found out that the day previous there had been a 'raising' close by, where they had a barrel of cider, and, after the men had gone home, the boy had found a straw and gone to the barrel and drank till he fell senseless. He found out, too, that he had drank much cider during the day, and, besides, that he had had plenty of cider all winter.

And now, boys and girls, if this is one of the drinks that make drunkards, you and I want nothing to do with it from first to last.

---

### OUR A. B. C.

ALE and Beer and Cider  
Are the drunkard's A B C,  
But that is a kind of training  
Never'll do for you and me.  
Abstinence, Boldness, Candor,  
Are far better words you see,  
And we'll write them on our banner,  
For teetotalers are we.

---

### HARD CIDER.

I once heard an old white-haired man, who had been redeemed from the drink, say: "My friends, beware of cider. I tell you there is as big a devil in the cider-barrel as in the whisky-barrel." It will ruin a man as quick as any other member of the alcohol family, only give it a chance.



## A WARNING EXAMPLE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

As I sit here writing to you, a little way off---not many miles---lies an old man dying of a lingering disease---and he suffers terribly. He has been a large, robust man. He must have been a perfect Hercules in his youth, and no doubt was destined for a ripe old age. But he began to drink *moderately* when a boy; he began, I have no doubt, with sweet cider, for he was brought up in an apple-growing and cider-making country. When older, he took stronger drinks. Ever since I was a little girl, I have known of him as a constant drinker. Yet he seemed hale and hearty, and would often boast to people, "I am an example of a constant drinker! look at me! I am well, strong, and well-to-do! I have a fine house, lands and stock; yet I drink all I please." But what has been the result of that constant drinking? Why, both his sons came up to follow his example, until one died, and now the other is a common sot---a half-simple drunkard. The old man now lies in horrible agony, with the lining of his stomach actually *eaten up* with alcoholic liquors. You can imagine what his suffering must be! Does it pay to form the habit of drinking liquor? Even if you escape its many evils through a long life, they will overtake you at the end and make you pay heavy interest. This is but one of many dreadful cases I have known.



## HE BEGAN ON CIDER.

YOUNG Louis was a deacon's son. He had no brothers or sisters, and his father and mother loved him very

dearly. Perhaps they let him do too much as he pleased. At all events he had all the cider he wanted, and his father kept him company in drinking it. It was always on the table, and the farm-hands had it in the field, and the driving, hard-working farmer would even stop in the hay-field sometimes, as the pitcher of cider went around, to give some fling at the "temperance tirade," as he called it, which would even stop his drinking cider. But they could not do it. He raised the apples and made it himself, as his father had done before him, and drank it too, and was "none the worse for it." And then he would tell how many barrels he rolled into his cellar every fall—enough for all his family the year round, and all his visitors and his farm-hands besides. Of course Louis got all he wanted. Neither his wise father nor his loving mother put any restraint on him nor feared the consequences until the appetite which was fed on cider demanded some stronger drink. But then it was too late. He had grown up and thought himself too old to be restrained by his parents. He had fast horses, and was often seen at the village bar, and at the county seat. Many a time have I seen his mother come out of the gate and look to see if he was coming home, she was so much afraid something would happen to him. And something did happen, sure enough. Getting tipsy is poor help in managing fast horses, but those who try it seldom find it out until it is too late. So one night Louis' horses ran away. The village people heard the furious gallop through the street, and came out hastily to see what

was the matter. They found the broken buggy, and at a little distance was Louis, terribly mangled and senseless. His heels had caught in the buggy as he fell, and he had been dragged some distance. He was carried home and the doctor sent for, but all in vain; he was past hope. After some hours he came to his senses only to find out that he was dying. His father was wringing his hands, and his mother sobbing in anguish; but they checked their grief to hear his dying words: "It is too late, father, to weep now. I have been a bad boy, but I could not live without drink. I learned to love it on the table, and in the field. If I go to hell, I started from your cider-barrel." He died that night, and left his parents desolate because they taught him to drink cider.

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## HARMLESS CIDER.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"How can there be any harm in cider?" "Don't see—only simple apple-juice," said Jack Benton. "I would be a temperance boy if you would leave that out of the pledge."

"How long, I wonder?" answered Julia. "A temperance boy drinking cider is about like a Christian boy who swears a little. He won't hold out long. I heard a reformed man say once that there was as big a devil in the cider-barrel as in the whisky-barrel."

"Whew!" whistled Jack.

"Fact," said Julia. "I've seen his eyes my own self. They look just like little glass beads, and they come up all over the apple-juice as soon as it begins to run."



"What are you talking about?" demanded Jack, with an angry scowl.

"About how cider is made," answered Julia innocently. "When the apple-juice begins to rot—or *ferment*, if that suits you better—the eyes come up, and those who are fools enough to drink it say, 'That begins to have a little "tang." It's just right now.' You see the 'mockers' begin to fool them, and the more they drink the more they want. Catch me swallowing any of the vile stuff!"

"Most everybody does drink cider, though," said Jack deprecatingly.

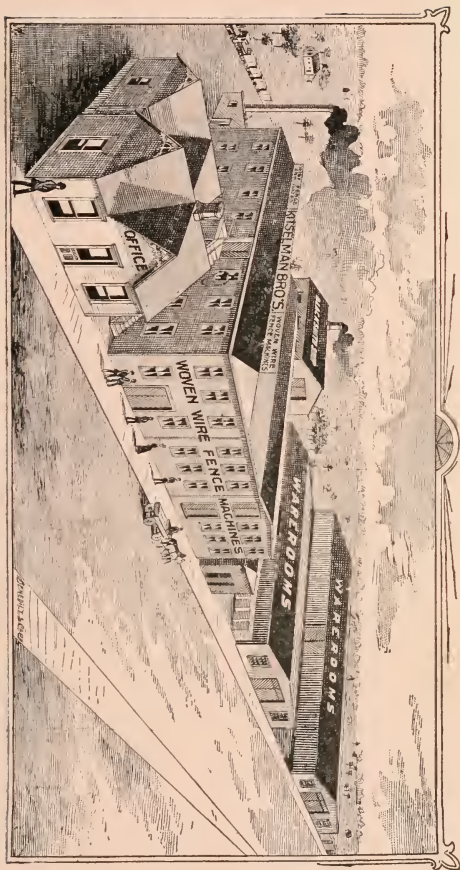
"No, sir; not temperance boys and girls," answered Julia; "and they are somebody. Only a week or two ago I read of two brothers who grew noisy and quarrelsome drinking cider—young boys they were, too. When their father went into the room to try and stop them, one of them drew a revolver and shot his father in the eye. Cider made him do it."

"Oh! horrible, sis. Can that be true?"

"Yes, sir; it is true. And mother says she knew an old drunkard, when she was a little girl, who was once a smart man, but who went around the streets begging for cider, ragged and miserable."

"Well, sis, if that is the way of it, I'll never drink another drop the longest day I live," said Jack.

"Spoken like my own brave brother," said Julia.







## HOW TO MAKE UP A QUARREL

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William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principles of peace, carried out, would maintain good-will among neighbors as well as among nations.

But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject—had not thought much about it, as I dare say my young readers have not; and he believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was fair and best to strike right back again



without considering if there were not some better way of overcoming the offender ; or if a man did him an injury, why, as people commonly say, he would give him as good as he sent.

He then had a farm ; and a poor man who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order ; and in consequence, his sheep got into William Ladd's wheat-field and did much mischief. William Ladd told his man Sam, to go to the neighbor and tell him, he must mend the fence and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again, and William Ladd, who was a very orderly man himself, was provoked. " Sam," he said, " go to that fellow, and tell him if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheat-field, I'll have them shot." Even this did not do ; the sheep were in again.

" Sam," said William Ladd, " take my gun and shoot those sheep."

" I had rather not," said Sam.

" Rather not, Sam ! why, there are but three—it's no great job."

" No, sir ; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I am not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

" Then the poor man should take proper  
No. 3

care of them ; I gave him warning ; why didn't he mend his fence ?”

“ Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of a message ; it made him mad, and so he would not do it.”

“ I considered a few minutes,” said William Ladd, “ and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy.

“ ‘ Shall I put in the gun ?’ said Sam.

“ ‘ No,’ said I. I saw Sam half smiled, but I said nothing. I got into my buggy and drove up to my neighbor's. He lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over.

“ When I drove up to the house the man was chopping wood ; there were but few sticks of wood, and the house was poor, and my heart was softened. ‘ Neighbor,’ I called out ; the man looked sulky and did not lift up his head. ‘ Come, come, neighbor,’ said I, ‘ I have come with friendly feelings to you, and you must meet me half way.’ He perceived I was in earnest, laid down his axe and came to the wagon. ‘ Now, neighbor,’ said I, ‘ we have both been in the wrong : you neglected your fence, and I got angry and sent you a provoking message. Now let's both face about, and both do right, and feel right. I'll forgive and you shall too

give Now let's shake hands.' He didn't quite feel like giving me his hand, but he let me take it.

" ' Now,' said I, ' neighbor, drive your sheep down to my south pasture; they shall share with my sheep till next spring; you shall have all the yield, and next summer we'll start fair.'

" His hand was no longer dead in mine. He gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, ' I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all.'

" And that little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was," said William Ladd, " the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society."

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*Tract Association of Friends*

No. 3



## AFRAID OF WHAT?

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

RIGHT bravely did Donald march home through the deep snow that December afternoon. He had resisted



a great temptation, and his heart was warm with the peculiar joy such a victory is sure to bring. Stout boots for his feet, warm wool mittens for his hands, a lined overcoat for his back, were not so warming as a sense of a temptation resisted for his heart !

"It's awful cold," said Clarence Brady, after the school closed at four o'clock, "and some of us have a long walk through the snow. Come into Phillips's, and I'll stand treat. Come on, Donald, Jim Price, and Tom White—we four. I'll stand you on a good warm sling ; and if any of you have a mind for nuts, you can put down for them !" Donald started on, while the rest hesitated.

"I reckon Don has no small change !" said one.

"Afraid of his mother !" cried Tom White.

"No, it's the pennies, I'll be bound," said Clarence.

Donald's face grew red in the momentary struggle whether to double up his fist and show that he wasn't afraid of his strength, or to stride on and take no notice of their taunts. Just then an ice-hard ball struck him on the shoulder, and his face grew redder ; but he turned round and said : "Hold on, boys ; I'm not afraid of your snow-balling, and I'm not afraid of my pennies, though I never did boast of many ; but there's two things I am afraid of."

"Whiskey, and what else ?" said Jim Price.

"Not that exactly. I'm a little afraid of myself, and more afraid of the devil."

"That's a stunner," said Clarence. "I hope you

don't mean to give such an amiable title to any of the present company?"

"By no means. But I know where he stays, and that a large share of his time. He reaches out after boys as well as men, and his chain is pretty long; the only way to be quite safe is not to get within reach of his beat."

And Donald, after giving his brief temperance lecture, went home to gladden a widowed mother's heart. And he did gladden it, and take from her the heaviest of her life-burdens by a manly straightforwardness which gave him true success in life.

Boys, how long do you think that "chain" is when its owner is concealed in a dram-shop? I should not wish you to risk it too near the outer door.

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## WHAT CAN I DO?

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"THEN why don't you stop it?" After listening to a prolonged discussion on the subject of temperance, a bright boy asked his father this question. The opening of a liquor-saloon in the village had provoked much criticism, and was considered a positive misfortune by the better part of the community. But here, as elsewhere, there were those who claimed that whatever was recognized by government as a laudable business ought not to be condemned.

"It will do more to corrupt our boys and young men than every other influence," said Mr. Poland, as his friend was leaving him. "It ought to be shut up within twenty-four hours. No sale of liquor should be allowed in town."

"Then why don't you stop it, father? I would if I was you."

"You would find it a hard thing to do, my son. I intend to do *my* part, and you must do *your* part."

"*My* part! What can I do?" exclaimed the boy.

"You can stay away from the saloon. Never go into it."

"Of course I should stay away. I shouldn't think of going into it. It isn't likely, either, that the saloon-keeper would want such a boy as I am in there. It's the men he wants, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the boys too. Boys grow to be men; and men are almost certain to keep the habits they learned when they were boys. If you don't go into a liquor-saloon for the next ten years, you will not be very likely to go at all. Now, don't you see that a boy like you can do something towards stopping the sale of liquor?"

"Why, yes, father; but I am only one of all the boys in the world; and then there are all the girls besides."

"But if each one would do as much as you can do, the next generation would settle the liquor question without any trouble."

"Oh! I see now. The thing is to get all the boys and girls right, so when they grow up to be men and women they'll keep right."

"That's it exactly, my son; and there isn't a boy or girl but can influence some other, and so help the cause along. We are looking to the children of the country to set right this matter of liquor-selling and liquor-drinking. If we can get them enlisted on the side of total abstinence, time will bring them to the front, and old King Alcohol will be dethroned."

Who will enlist?

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

"A little child shall lead them."

A petty cloud between the two had fallen,—  
 She leaned back, proudly silent, in her chair;  
 He, at the window, stared out at the darkness,  
 And dark his own brows were;

When suddenly a baby's shrill cry sounded  
 'Mid the lace draperies of its dainty bed,  
 And swift as with one thought they turned together,  
 Though not one word was said.

But in their haste, drawing aside the cover  
 About the crib, it chanced that their hands met;  
 One swift, shy glance she gave him, he to her,  
 And lo! her eyes were wet.

She raised the child with tender mother care  
 To soothe its piteous cry of vague alarms,  
 And found them both, herself and babe, together,  
 Clasped close in his strong arms.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

THINGS NEVER DONE.

Greater deeds than have ever been seen,  
 Brighter songs than the poet has sung,  
 Are the things that are dreamed and tried, I ween,  
 But which have never been done.

The fairest picture the artist can paint  
 Is hung on the wall of his brain:  
 On his canvas rests but the shadow faint  
 Of what he wished to attain.



*THE RAINY DAY.*

Above success hovers ever the thought,  
Marring sadly its bliss ;  
Better than this was the thing I sought—  
Better, far better than this !

For strive, as we may, we cannot grasp  
The visions that lure us on—  
They are ever held in our mental clasp,  
And our best is never done.

But this fancy does oft my senses woo :  
That perhaps in the world to come  
We shall find the things we have tried to do,  
But which have never been done.

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*THE RAINY DAY.*

The day is cold, and dark and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

POEM FOR RECITATION.

EASTER.

(Sent us by MRS. G. W. COOPER, of Junction City, Kan.)

My sweet little neighbor Bessie  
I thought was busy with play,  
When she turned, and brightly questioned,  
"Say, what is the Easter day?"

"Has nobody told you, darling—  
Do they 'Feed His Lambs' like this?"  
I gathered her to my bosom,  
And gave her a tender kiss.

Away went the cloak for dolly,  
And away went dolly too,  
As again she eagerly questioned,  
With eyes so earnest and blue;

"Is it like birthdays or Christmas—  
Or like Thanksgiving Day;  
Do we just be good like Sunday,  
Or run and frolic and play?"

"I know there's flowers to it,  
And that is most all I know;  
I've got a lovely rosebush,  
And a bud begins to grow."

Then in words most few and simple  
I told the gentle child  
The story whose end is Easter—  
The life of the Undeified.  
Told of the manger of Bethlehem,  
And about the glittering star,  
That guided the feet of the shepherds  
Watching their flocks from afar.

*POEM FOR RECITATION.*

Told of the lovely Mother,  
And the Baby who was born  
To live on the earth among us  
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life He lived  
Those wonderful thirty years,  
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,  
In this world of sin and tears,

Until I came to the shameful death  
That the Lord of Glory died,  
Then the tender little maiden  
Uplifted her voice and cried.

I came at length to the garden  
Where they laid His form away,  
And then in the course of telling  
I came to the Easter Day.

The day when sorrowing women  
Came there to the grave to moan,  
And the lovely shining angels  
Had rolled away the stone.

I think I made her understand  
As well as childhood can,  
About the glorified risen life  
Of Him who was God and Man.

This year the fair Easter lilies  
Will gleam through a mist of tears,  
For I shall not see sweet Bessie  
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest  
She quietly went away  
To learn from the lips of angels  
The meaning of Easter Day.

We put on the little body  
The garments worn in life,  
And laid her deep in the frozen earth  
Away from all noise and strife.

We took all the dainty playthings,  
And the dollies new and old,  
And placed them in a sacred spot  
With a tress of shining gold.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,  
And the dawn of Easter Day,  
It would be to us most bitter  
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth  
Holds lilies regal and white,  
So the lifeless, empty, useless clay  
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning  
To look from the grave away,  
Thinking not of the child that was,  
But the child that is to-day.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.



*"GOD HATH HIS PLAN FOR EVERY MAN."*

Take this maxim home to your heart,  
If groping in earth's shadows ;  
And the blossoms of faith and hope will start,  
And brighten life's dreary meadows,  
And the clouds give place to sunlight's gold,  
And the rocks grow green 'neath the mosses ;  
    "God hath His plan  
    For every man,"  
Though mingled with flowers and crosses.

Though weary and long the time may seem,  
Ere the veil of the future be lifted,  
And many a radiant hope and dream  
Have into oblivion drifted ;  
Yet after a while the light will come,  
And after a while the glory ;  
    "God hath His plan  
    For every man,"  
And the angels whisper the story.

Then why should ye murmur, and sigh, and fret,  
And follow each bent and calling ?  
The violet patiently waits to be wet  
With the dews at the night-time falling ;  
And the robin knows that the spring will come  
Though the winds are round her wailing ;  
    "God hath His plan  
    For every man,"  
And His ways are never failing.

Then gird ye on the armor of faith,  
 And onward your way keep pressing :  
 It may be through valleys of carnage and death,  
 Or up on the Mount of Blessing ;  
 And, if by His counsel guided, at last  
 He'll lead you up to your glory ;  
 "God hath His plan  
 For every man,"  
 And the angels whisper the story.

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## THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still ;  
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,  
 The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,  
 The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain,  
 The dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.  
 We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,  
 Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know · Our loved and lost, if they should come this  
 day—

Should come and ask us, What is life ? not one of us could say.  
 Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be ;  
 Yet, O how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see !

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the  
 thought,

So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught.  
 We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death ;  
 Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child that enters life comes not with knowledge or intent ;  
 So those who enter death must go as little children sent.  
 Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead ;  
 And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

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SPEAK TENDERLY.

When the circle's all complete,  
 When the home is bright with cheer,  
 When we mourn no vacant seat,  
 When we miss no dear face there,  
 Then how tender should the tone  
 Be to those we call our own!

Soon, ah, soon the circle breaks,  
 Soon the darksome shadows come;  
 Death, the mighty, often makes  
 Light give place to grief and gloom.  
 O, let then our actions show  
 All the tenderness we know!

Soon, ah, soon will memory bring  
 Every harsh and hasty tone  
 To the heart with bitter sting,  
 That will bid us weep and moan.  
 Ere you're sunder'd far apart,  
 Clasp the dear ones to your heart.

Now, let these our very own,  
 Know, indeed, how much we love,  
 Let us e'er, by act and tone,  
 All our warm affection prove.  
 O, let us be true to-day,  
 Ere we weep o'er lifeless clay!

## THE LOVED AND LOST.

“The loved and lost !” why do we call them lost,  
Because we miss them from our onward road ?  
God’s unseen angel o’er our pathway crost,  
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,  
Straightway relieved them of life’s weary load.

They are not lost ; they are within the door  
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,  
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,  
In their Redeemer’s presence evermore,  
And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss ; O selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts ! O we of little faith !  
Let us look round, some argument to borrow  
Why we in patience should await the morrow  
That surely must succeed this night of death !

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,  
The thorns and thistles whereso’er we turn ;  
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,  
What struggles and what strife the journey hath !  
They have escaped from these ; and lo ! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,  
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,  
While with the raging waves he battled on—  
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,  
To see his loved ones landed on the beach ?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand  
A little child, had halted by the well  
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,  
And tell the tired boy of that bright land  
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.



When lo ! the Lord, who many mansions had,  
 Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain,  
 Then pitying spake, " Give me the little lad :  
 In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad.  
 I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—  
 " Nay, but the woes I feel, he too must share !"  
 Or rather, bursting into grateful song,  
 She went her way rejoicing, and made strong  
 To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise ; death hath made no breach  
 In love and sympathy, in hope and trust ;  
 No outward sign or sound our ears can reach ;  
 But there's an inward, spiritual speech  
 That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.  
 It bids us do the work that they laid down—  
 Take up the song where they broke off the strain ;  
 So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
 Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
 And our lost loved ones will be found again.

### "COMFORTING WORDS."

" Search the Scriptures : for in them ye think ye have eternal life : and they are they which testify of Me."—John v: 39.

Art thou worn and heavy-laden,  
 By earth's trials sore opprest ?  
 Harken to the Saviour's promise,  
 " Come, and I will give thee rest ;"  
 Lighter far would seem thy sorrows  
 Did ye heed His blessed Word,  
 And, not faithless, but believing,  
 " Cast thy burden on the Lord."

Though the way seem long and weary,  
Earthly aid removed from thee,  
Christ has promised—"As thy day is,  
Even so thy strength shall be."  
Over paths most rough and stony,  
He will hold thy footsteps up,  
And in sore and grievous trouble,  
Help thee drink the bitter cup.

Is a loved one taken from thee,  
Murmur not beneath the rod,  
Know'st thou not that those most chastened  
Are the best beloved of God?  
Though thy heart be sore and bleeding,  
From thy treasure called to part,  
Comes there not to thee this message—  
"I am nigh thee broken heart?"

"Where thy treasure, there thy heart is,"  
And whene'er disposed to roam,  
'Tis the love you bore that dear one,  
Draws thy wandering footsteps home.  
This the thought that cheers thy sorrow  
When thine eyes with tears are dim,  
Though "To me he shall return not,  
I may some time go to him."

Through still deeper waves of trouble  
God may call thee yet to go,  
'Tis to draw thee closer to Him,  
Wean thy thoughts from things below.  
Harden not thy heart against Him,  
Never doubt his care for thee,  
"Greater love than this hath no man,  
That He gave His life for thee."

Though thy griefs should nigh o'erwhelm thee,  
Each one seem more bitter still,  
Strive for grace to say most humbly,  
"Lo! I come to do Thy will."  
God shall be forever with thee,  
Help thee tread the narrow way,  
And through deepest, blackest darkness,  
Guide thee to His perfect day.

Then, thy journey safely ended,  
From all fears thy soul set free,  
Thou shalt, in thy Father's mansion  
Find a place prepared for thee—  
No more death, nor pain, nor sorrow,  
Never more from home to stray,  
God shall dry thy tears, and tell thee  
Former things are passed away.

There with angels and archangels  
Will ye laud his glorious name,  
Saying, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Ever through all time the same.  
Would ye mourn o'er earthly trials,  
Be by troubles so oppressed,  
Were ye looking ever upward,  
Toward that Home of Perfect Rest?

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### THE LOST KISS.

I put by the half-written poem,  
While the pen idly trailed in my hand,  
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,  
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"

But the little bare feet on the stairway,  
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,  
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,  
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken  
The tear-faded thread of my theme,  
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,  
A fairy broke in on my dream,  
A little inquisitive fairy—  
My own little girl, with the gold  
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy  
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—  
“For was it a moment like this,”  
I said, “when she knew I was busy,  
To come romping in for a kiss?  
Come rowdying up from her mother,  
And clamoring there at my knee  
For ‘One ’ittle kiss for my dolly,  
And one ’ittle uzzar for me?’”

God pity the heart that repelled her  
And the cold hands that turned her away!  
And take from the lips that denied her  
This answerless prayer of to-day!  
Take, Lord, from my mem’ry forever  
That pitiful sob of despair,  
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,  
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,  
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,  
Writes on, “Had I words to complete it,  
Who’d read it, or who’d understand?”



But the little bare feet on the stairway,  
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,  
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,  
Cry up to me over it all.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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### DIMS AND DOLLARS.

"Dimes and dollars ! dollars and dimes !"  
Thus an old miser rang the chimes,  
As he sat by the side of an open box,  
With iron angles and massive locks ;  
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,  
And cried in delirious ecstasy—  
"Dimes and dollars ! dollars and dimes !"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,  
And his laden coffer did quickly close  
And lock secure. "These are the times  
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.  
A letter ! Ha ! from my prodigal son.  
The old tale—poverty. Pshaw, begone !  
Why did he marry when I forbade ?

"As he has sown, so he must reap ;  
But I my dollars secure will keep.  
A sickly wife and starving times ?  
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."  
Thickly the hour of midnight fell ;  
Doors and windows were bolted well.  
"Ha !" cried the miser, "not so bad ;—  
A thousand dollars to-day I've made.

Money makes money ; these are the times  
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.  
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan ;—  
Rest is sweet to a wearied man.”  
And he fell asleep with the midnight chimes—  
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray  
Into the miser's room found its way,  
It moved from the foot till it lit the head  
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed ;  
And it seemed to say to him, “Sluggard, awake ;  
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.

“Up, man, up !” How still was the place,  
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face !  
Ha ! the old miser at last is dead,  
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,  
And he left behind but an earthly clod  
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avail the chinking chimes  
Of dimes and dollars ! dollars and dimes !  
Men of the times ! men of the times !  
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.  
Use them well, and their use sublimed  
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.  
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes  
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.  
Men of the times ! men of the times !  
Let Charity double with your dollars and dimes.

## A HAPPY PAIR.

The yellow sand, the bright blue sky,  
The broad expanse of sea,  
The ships in sunshine passing by,  
Bring back young days to me.

We picked up pebbles, years ago,  
And pink shells on the shore,  
When sister Kate—your aunt, you know  
Was six, and I was four.

We built big castles on the sand,  
With tunnels through for trains,  
Which at the last, though wisely planned,  
Fell in for all our pains!

Thus disappointment dashed our joy,  
And troubles, not a few—  
When father was a little boy,  
And aunt was young like you.

I think of all her love for me!  
How fondly round my waist,  
Seated together by the sea,  
Her gentle arm she placed!

The castles, children, that we build  
May fall for all our pains,  
But still with joy our lives are filled  
If only love remains!





A RIDE ON SANDS.



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SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of " school let out "   
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir  
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest laddie of all the group ;  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
" I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.



Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's aged and poor and slow ;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand ;  
If ever she's poor and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said  
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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### GRANNY'S GRACE.

Do I say my grace ? Why, of course I do.  
At dinner ? Yes, and at breakfast too ;  
But I never said it for tea, you know,  
'Till I stayed with granny a while ago.

I'd come in warm from a game of play,  
And rushed to my tea in a heedless way ;  
For, somehow, it never occurred to me  
To say my grace for "a cup of tea."

But granny waited, and bent her head  
A moment over the homely spread,  
And her gentle hand on mine was pressed,  
While thanks were given, and the food was blessed.

I feel it still, though I'm far away,  
That touch, which so plainly seemed to say—  
"No gift from heaven can be slight or small,  
And a grateful heart gives thanks for all !"

Dear granny ! when all her work is done,  
And red in the sky grows the setting sun ;  
When nothing is heard but the sheep-bell's chime,  
And lowing of cows at milking time ;

When fresh as the rose comes the evening air,  
And granny rests in the old arm-chair—  
Of all her comforts, it seems to me,  
She thanks God most for her cup of tea !

ELLIS WALTON.

---

### GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair climbed upon Grandpapa's knee,  
Dear little Golden Hair ! tired was she,  
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,  
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,  
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head :  
"What has my baby been doing," he said,  
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed ?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one ;  
"I cannot tell so much things I have done—  
Played with my dolly, and feeded my Bunn.

"And then I have jumped with my little jump-rope,  
And then I made, out of some water and soap.  
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"I afterward readed in my picture-book,  
And Bella and I, we went down to look  
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

“Then I comed home, and I eated my tea,  
And then I climbed up on Grandpapa’s knee,  
And I jes’ as tired as tired can be.”

Lower and lower the little head prest,  
Until it drooped upon Grandpapa’s breast ;  
Dear little Golden Hair ! sweet be thy rest.

We are but children ; the things that we do  
Are as sports of the baby to the infinite view  
That marks all our weakness, and pities it, too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,  
And we shall be called to account for our day,  
It shall find us as guiltless as Golden Hair’s lay.

And, oh, when a-weary, may we be so blest  
As to sink, like the innocent child, to our rest,  
And feel ourselves clasped to the infinite breast !

F. BURGE SMITH

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### A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day :

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;  
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever  
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY,







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## A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD.

- 1 Was a wide-awake little boy  
Who rose at break of day;
- 2 Were the minutes he took to dress,  
Then he was off and away.
- 3 Were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,  
Although they were steep and high;
- 4 Was the number which caused his haste,  
Because it was Fourth of July.
- 5 Were his pennies which went to buy  
A package of crackers red;
- 6 Were the matches which touched them off,  
And then—he was back in bed.
- 7 Big plasters he had to wear  
To cure his fractures sore;
- 8 Were the visits the doctor made  
Before he was whole once more.
- 9 Were the dolorous days he spent  
In sorrow and pain; but then,
- 0 Are the seconds he'll stop to think  
Before he does it again.

## CASTLE BUILDING.

"Now build me a castle!"

Cried Teddy, our king;

"A beautiful castle,

With turret and wing;

"I'm tired of houses,

With sheep-fold and shed;

Now build a great castle,

As high as my head!"

Down came the white sheep-fold,

The dear curly sheep,

And red-cheeked shepherdess

Tossed in a heap.

And high rose the castle,

Till taller than Ted,

"Build higher!" he ordered,

"Build high as your head!"

Up, up rose the castle,

A building quite grand;

Most carefully built up

By John's steady hand.

"Build one story higher!"

Our architect frowned,

Obedy, the walls tottered—

Swayed—fell to the ground.

Ah, Teddy! wee ruler

Of hearts and of home,

Your castle is fallen,

And shattered its dome;

But don't feel disheartened,

My dear little man,

For kind brother Johnny

Will build it again.



## WILLIE'S ADVENTURE.



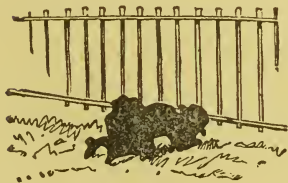
"Now, Willie dear," said his mamma,  
 "I'm going out—I'll not go far;  
 And when I'm gone, mind what I say,  
 Stay inside the gate to play."

But Willie dear had lost all wish  
 To mix mud pies in his tin dish.  
 He watched his mother out of sight,  
 Then pushed the gate with all his might.



In vain; 'twas only wasting time;  
 So over it he tried to climb.  
 It wouldn't do; he was so fat,  
 He soon gave up all hopes of that.

Just then came trotting up to him,  
 His little dog, black curly Jim,  
 And Willie quickly made this plan:  
 "I'll have Jim help me, for he can."



So he and Jim they scratched away,  
 Till piles of dirt around them lay.  
 Under the fence they dug a hole,  
 And through it naughty Willie stole.

Jim quickly followed, full of play,  
 Down the street they took their way.  
 'Twas full two hours ere they were found.  
 Willie was seated on the ground,  
 Watching the merry children play,  
 In Allyn Park, a mile away.





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## DRAMAS AND DIALOGUES.

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### IN SANTA-CLAUS-LAND.

#### A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

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#### CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS.

TRENT—Steward and general overseer to Santa Claus.

MRS. TRENT.

DR. SNUFNUFF—A peripatetic physician.

CLIP—A boy. Servant to Snufnuff.

ONA—A fairy.

#### COSTUMES.

SANTA CLAUS.—Flowing white wig and beard, dressing gown and slippers. On entrance in Scene III, a large fur-trimmed cloak, fur cap, Arctic overshoes, and red leggings.

TRENT.—Short, red, pleated blouse, belted at the waist (one can be cheaply made of cambric,) trimmed with large buttons; knee trousers of gray cloth, gray hose, and low shoes; cap of black velvet with long gray or white plume.

MRS. TRENT.—Any tasteful home costume.

DOCTOR SNUFNUFF.—Black coat, vest, and knee trousers, white hose, low shoes. Cap of black velvet without visor; hair and beard long, waving, and iron gray. Carries a physician's medicine case.

CLIP.—Plain, dark suit.

ONA —Short dress of pink or white tarlatan. Pasteboard wings covered with gilt paper Long white wand.

SCENE.—Interior of Trent's house until Scene III, when it changes to the interior of Santa Claus' house. An ordinary sitting-room or parlor will do, but when the scene shifts to Santa Claus' house some changes should be made in the furniture, etc., and, if possible, touches given suggestive of its owner.

## SCENE I.

Curtain rising reveals Mrs. Trent rocking a cradle with her foot, and engaged with any light needle work.

*Mrs. Trent (singing.)*

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Gone the sun to other skies,  
Thou must close thy tired eyes,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!  
O'er the land of Santa Claus  
Night her sable curtain draws,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!  
But, whate'er the skies may be,  
Baby rests from danger free,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Now the waxen eyelids close,  
Held at last in sweet repose,  
Lies the tender, helpless form,  
Sheltered safe from harm or storm,  
Yes, the baby sleeps.

This "cradle song" may be sung to the familiar tune known usually as "Put Me in My Little Bed." Omit the first "Sleep, baby, sleep," if preferred, and sing the others softly in four descending notes.

*(Rises and comes forward.)* I cannot imagine what keeps Trent so late. But, then, this is a busy time of the year. The dear children little know what Christmas means to us. It means hard work for every dweller in Santa-Claus-land. Ah! I hear voices and footsteps. Perhaps my husband brings a guest. That is his greatest fault—he will bring home visitors without giving me warning. Yes, here they come. *(Enter Trent and Dr. Snufnuff. Trent introduces the Doctor to his wife. Both acknowledge introduction in usual manner.)*

*Dr. Snufnuff.*—I am, as you are doubtless aware, Mrs. Trent, a stranger in Santa-Claus-land, and am overcome with delight and amazement at the many wonderful things shown me by your courteous husband.

*Trent.*—But, Minnie, we are famishing. Is tea nearly ready?

*Mrs. Trent.*—With your permission I will be excused and attend to it. *(Exit Mrs. Trent.)*

*Trent (following on tip-toe.)*—I must see that the door is closed. *(Returning.)* Yes, all is safe. We want no eavesdropping. Now, this is what I want of you, Doctor. Old Santa, as you well know has had the full control of this Christmas business for many hundred years without giving a moment's place to any one else. I have been with him long and have learned all his tricks and charms. The words to be said when he drops his gifts into his magic box, causing them to dwindle away in size, the words that reduce him to a pigmy so tiny that he can enter the narrowest chimney, the charm by which his reindeer can travel whole leagues in a minute, and also the magic words by which he passes unharmed over the network of wires in large cities, are all familiar to me. Moreover, I have supervised in one way or another the making of all the gifts, and now why shouldn't I distribute them this year instead of old Santa himself?

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—Why not, indeed? I should think the old fellow would be glad to rest.

*Trent.*—Not he. He loves not only the work but its honors as well. Once I barely hinted the matter to him, and he flew into a terrible rage and wouldn't speak to me for a week. So, you see *(goes close to the Doctor, and laying his hand upon his arm, speaks low,)* what I cannot accomplish by fair means I must by foul.

*Doctor Snufnuff, (starting from him.)*—You don't mean to kill the old fellow?

*Trent (shocked.)*—Kill him? No, in-

deed ; I wouldn't if I could, and I couldn't if I would ; he is immortal. Neither edge of steel nor force of ball can harm him. I simply want to use a little stratagem and want your connivance.

*Doctor Snufnuff (walking away and shaking his head vigorously).*—No, sir ; no, sir. I put the whole thing from me. Do you suppose I would stoop to deed so dark while I am a guest of the jolly old Saint ? Sir, you mistake me.

*Trent (going up to him again).*—Come, come ; we don't want any tragedy. I am not going to harm old Santa. Let me explain. You have your medicines there. (*Pointing to medicine case.*)

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—Yes.

*Trent.*—And, of course, you possess some pills, powders, or potions that will produce a heavy sleep ?

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—Ah ! I see your plan. While the Saint sleeps you will steal his vocation ? But even this I am averse to engaging in. Suppose we are discovered ?

*Trent.*—That is impossible, since we are both anxious for secrecy. But, come, what is your price ? We have no money in Santa-Claus-land, but we have silver, gold, diamonds.

*Doctor Snufnuff (walking away indignantly).*—Young man, I am not to be bought—I will not become a partner in your treachery.

*Trent.*—Oh ! well, then I must give up visiting the world again until my term is out.

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—Your term ?

*Trent.*—Yes. You must know that every one who comes to Santa-Claus-land, whether from choice, as I did, or by accident, as you did, is really a prisoner—

*Doctor Snufnuff (starting).*—Ah !

*Trent.*—And cannot escape until a certain fairy has given him leave—

*Doctor Snufnuff (eagerly).*—Her name ?

*Trent.*—To go. When I came, however, I agreed to stay a certain number of years, therefore even the fairy cannot release me, and, as I felt a little homesick, I thought I would like to see the gay world once more, but since you decline to help me—

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—But the name of this fairy you neglected to mention. Come, I have money (*taking out a full purse and opening it*). How much do you want to tell me who and where she is ?

*Trent (imitating the Doctor's former manner).*—Old man, I am not to be bought.

*Doctor Snufnuff (aside).*—I am a first-class idiot. I lost a chance to win a potful of gold. (*To Trent :*) That was all rhodomontade. Let us understand each other. You want an opiate ; I want to escape from this place, for, like all human beings, the spot where I am forced to stay immediately becomes intolerable to me.

(*Enter Mrs. Trent.*)

*Mrs. Trent.*—Gentlemen, your tea is served.

(*Exeunt, Mrs. Trent leading, Doctor Snufnuff and Trent following arm-in-arm and whispering together.*)

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE II.—THE SAME.

(*Before the curtain rises the loud cries of a baby are heard. Curtain rising, shows Mrs. Trent taking baby from the cradle. A large doll dressed like an infant is used.*)

*Mrs. Trent (in a low, coaxing tone).*—Poor little sing, did he sink his mamma had dawn and left him ? (*Sits in rocker and rocks, gently patting and soothing the*





## The ANGELS' SONG.

"Praise thou the Lord!" the angel cry,  
The song of peace and love,  
Comes floating downward thro' the sky,  
From unseen courts above.



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*baby while talking to it.)* Well, so she hadn't, but mamma was so busy and papa's dawn off wiz the naughty old Doctor wiz a funny name, and dess left baby all lonie-lonie. There, there, baby s'ant be 'bused any more, so he s'ant. (*Sings, "Bye, baby, bye," over and over.*)

(*Enter Clip, stealthily, looking cautiously about.*)

*Mrs. Trent.*—Well, my little man, who may you be? You seem to be looking for some one.

*Clip.*—O ma'am! I'm only Clip, Doctor Snufnuff's errand-boy.

*Mrs. Trent.*—So that is who you are. But what is the matter? Didn't Jane give you supper enough?

(*Clip excitedly staring and looking about.*)—Oh! yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am. But is there any one here?

*Mrs. Trent.*—Why, no, you funny boy—nobody but the baby and myself. Of what are you afraid?

*Clip.*—O ma'am! something awful's going to happen. You won't tell on me, will you?

*Mrs. Trent.*—Something awful? What do you mean?

*Clip.*—But you won't tell?

*Mrs. Trent.*—No, no; there baby, hush dear. (*Sings softly, "Bye, baby, bye," during all of Clip's part.*)

*Clip.*—O ma'am! my master—you know him?

*Mrs. Trent.*—Yes, of course, our guest, Doctor Snufnuff.

*Clip.*—And—and—and your husband, ma'am—

*Mrs. Trent (leaning forward eagerly).*—Is anything the matter with my husband?

*Clip.*—No, ma'am, I guess not, but he and my master are going to do something

to harm Santa Claus, and I thought maybe you could stop it if you knew about it. I like old Santa Claus better than ever, now that I have seen him. What would we boys do without him? I don't know just what they are going to do, 'cause I couldn't hear it all. O ma'am! (*falling on his knees*) don't let dear, dear old Santa Claus be hurt. If he should die what would become of the world?

*Mrs. Trent.*—Never fear, Clip. He can not die, no matter what they may do to him. But I will learn what their plot is, if I can, and perhaps I can prevent its success.

*Clip.*—Oh! thank you, ma'am. Now I must go before my master misses me. (*Exit Clip, running.*)

*Mrs. Trent.*—I am glad the baby is asleep again. (*Rises and lays it in the cradle, softly singing, "Bye, baby, bye" as she lays it down, then walks away from the cradle and claps her hands three times softly.*)

(*Enter Ona.*)

*Ona bowing low.*—Sweet lady, what is your will?

*Mrs. Trent.*—O dear Ona! do you know there is harm threatening Santa Claus? Can you not prevent it?

(*Ona shades her eyes with her hand and looks away. Mrs. Trent returns to the cradle and rocks it gently while watching Ona; both continue thus for a minute.*)

*Ona (lowering her hand and turning toward Mrs. Trent).*—Yes; it's a well-laid scheme, but you, Mrs. Trent, shall foil it.

*Mrs. Trent (leaving the cradle and coming forward).*—I, Ona? What can I do?

*Ona.*—Everything. First you must go over to Santa Claus' house, where your husband now is.

*Mrs. Trent.*—I cannot leave the baby.

*Ona.*—I will attend to the baby. And now hasten. I will see that you have a reason for calling your husband out of the house. The rest must depend on your woman's wit, for you must change the pipes.

*Mrs. Trent.*—Change the pipes?

*Ona.*—Yes. Ask no questions, but obey me, and remember this is your mission—to change the pipes. (*Exit Mrs. Trent.*) Trent has grown discontented lately and something must be done to show him his folly and wickedness. How strange he cannot see that there are worse places to live in than Santa-Claus-land. Since "blessings brighten as they take their flight," I will deprive him of his wife and baby for a few months. (*Waves her wand slowly over the cradle.*)

(*Sings.*)

Come, O fairest of fairies!

Bear on your pinions bright

This burden so precious and light,  
Softly bear, touch with care.

(*Curtain falls here, but singing continues.*)

Blow, O softest breezes,

Let no touch of pain,  
Aught that e'er displeases,  
Reach this baby brain.

Let him sleep, fairies keep

All his dreaming free from stain.  
Softly bear, fairies, where  
Tender love and joy remain.

(*This song of Ona's in calling to the fairies should be given in a slow, tender chant. If possible, let it be in a minor key, which will add to the effect greatly, although of course, any other key will answer.*)

### SCENE III.

Room in Santa Claus' house. Curtain rising showing Santa Claus seated in an easy chair, a small stand at his right hand. A chair and small stand several feet at the right and somewhat behind Santa are reserved for Trent, who is now standing in front of Santa on the right. Dr. Snufnuff also stands before Santa on the left.

*Santa Claus.*—Now that everything is ready, Trent, the sleigh packed and the reindeer hitched, I believe we will take our "good-luck" smoke. Fill a pipe for all of us. We will have the good Doctor join us.

*Trent.*—Your pipe is filled and lies there beside you, good Santa. Mine is also ready, but our learned friend, the Doctor, does not smoke.

*Santa Claus.*—Not smoke! Why, how does that happen? (*Takes up his pipe and presses the contents with his fingers. Dried mullen-leaves or other weeds should be used.*)

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—Science teaches me, good Santa, that nicotine is poisonous.

*Santa Claus* (*laying down the pipe.*)—Nicotine? What has that to do with our tobacco, Trent?

*Trent* (*shaking his fist aside at the Doctor.*)—Oh! it's some new-fangled thing they claim exists in tobacco. But you and I have never seen it in our pipes, have we?

*Santa Claus.*—No; not a bit of it. Well, I cannot keep track of all the modern inventions. If I live another fourteen hundred years I believe I shall begin to think I am an old man. (*Enter Mrs. Trent, a light shawl thrown about her head and shoulders. She breathes as if exhausted from running.*) Why, Mrs. Trent, what is the matter?

*Mrs. Trent* (*throwing off the shawl.*)—Good-evening, gentlemen. I thought I should find you here. (*To Trent.*) One

of the reindeer is loose. I met some men hunting for you. (*Aside.*) I may thank Ona for that accident. (*Trent catches up his cap and runs out.*)

*Santa Claus.*—What a bother. Just as he was going to light my pipe, too.

*Mrs. Trent* (*going up to the stand and taking the pipe.*)—I can light your pipe.

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—I thought, good Santa, that your deer were very tame.

*Santa Claus* (*chuckling.*)—Tame enough when you know the charm, and wild enough when you don't. There are three magic words that quiet them instantly.

*Doctor Snufnuff.*—Wonderful! They are hard to pronounce, I suppose?

*Santa Claus.*—Oh! no, very simple. (*Aside.*) Does he think he can fool old Santa that way, and learn the charm? Not yet.

(*During these parts, after Mrs. Trent says she can light the pipe, she goes toward the other stand, where are some matches. Her back must be toward the others. While taking a match and lighting it with one hand she adroitly changes the pipes with the other, then turns about and comes toward Santa Claus, holding the lighted match close over the bowl of the pipe. She comes near him just as he finishes his ("aside.")*

Why, bless your beautiful eyes, Mrs. Trent, you can never light a pipe in that way. You must take the stem in your mouth and draw on it.

*Mrs. Trent.*—How stupid I am! But I hear my husband's step. (*Lays down the pipe.*) I will leave the task to him.

(*Enter Trent.*)

(*Aside.*) I know not what I have done. I can only trust in Ona. (*To Trent.*) Is all well again, my husband?

*Trent.*—Yes, thanks to your prompt summons, no harm was done.

*Mrs. Trent.*—Then, good Santa and Doctor Snufnuff, good-night. (*Exit Mrs. Trent.*)

*Trent* (*aside.*)—She might as well have said good-night to me also.

*Santa Claus.*—So, now, if everything is all ready again, Trent, we will have our smoke. It is time I was on my way.

*Trent.*—Yes, all is ready, and as soon as your pipe is empty you can be off. (*Aside.*) Off to slumber. (*Hands him a match.*) Will you light your pipe yourself, or shall I?

*Santa Claus.*—No, I'll do it myself this time. (*Lights his pipe and leans back in his chair, smoking rapidly. Trent sits down and does the same. Doctor Snufnuff walks up and down the floor carefully watching Santa Claus, but not looking at all at Trent.*)

*Doctor Snufnuff* (*speaking slowly.*)—As you were saying a few moments ago, good Santa Claus, I should think you would begin to feel old. And yet, as it is impossible for you to suffer as ordinary beings do, of course the infirmities of age can have no power over you. (*Aside.*) I do believe the old fellow is proof against medicine, too. (*To Santa Claus:*) Were all the world like you, how soon my calling would cease. (*Aside.*) Yes, indeed, that powder might as well have been given to a stump. (*To Santa Claus:*) And for us who thrive on others' weaknesses a person like yourself is most unprofitable. (*Aside.*) Think of it! All that drug inhaled and not the slightest shadow of effect. O my professional soul! How it is grieved over so sad a waste of good medicine. A dose like that and no results! (*Groans.*)

*Santa Claus.*—There, my pipe is smok-



ed out, and I must away. (*Rises and turns toward Trent. The Doctor also turns that way at the same time. Trent is leaning back in his easy chair sound asleep.*)

*Doctor Snufnuff* (*excitedly*).—What mad mistake is this?

*Santa Claus* (*laughing*).—Poor Trent; he has gone to sleep and dropped his pipe. Well, I dare say I have worked the poor fellow pretty hard lately. But now he can rest. (*Exit Santa Claus.*)

*Dr. Snufnuff* (*going close to Trent and scanning him closely*). Yes, it is the opiate. That careless wife must have changed the pipes. Well, it will have passed away by morning, and meanwhile, as I have learned the Fairy's name, I will—

(*Enter Ona.*)

*Ona* (*sternly*).—So here thou art, thou worker of ill. What shall be done to thee?

*Doctor Snufnuff* (*falling on his knees*).—Spare me, good Fairy, spare me.

*Ona* (*to Trent*).—Awake now from this spell and receive thy punishment. (*Slowly waves her wand over Trent, who awakens very gradually. His going to sleep should be quicker, although at first he should make a slight effort to shake off the drowsy feeling. The falling asleep and awakening can be made a very effective part if well carried out. Not until he is fully awake does Ona continue her address to him.*) Upon thyself, traitor, has the ill descended which thou didst mean for Santa's head.

*Trent* (*falling on his knees beside the Doctor*).—Sweet Fairy, oh pardon, pardon.

*Ona*.—Nay; there is pardon for neither.

(*Enter Santa Claus.*)

*Santa Claus*.—What is all this?

*Ona*.—Good Santa, here kneel two schemers. Together they plotted against thee.

A powerful drug was put into thy pipe, but the pipes were adroitly changed and the spell fell upon the chief plotter. I have but just awakened him, that the two schemers might receive their doom together. Thou (*turning to the Doctor*) art selfish and grasping, therefore for one year thou art deprived of books, instruments, pills, powders and potions, and all thy skill and knowledge. (*The Doctor buries his face in his hands and moans.*) Thou (*turning to Trent*) art discontented and complaining, therefore for one year thy wife and child are removed from thee. (*Trent drops his chin upon his breast.*)

*Santa Claus*.—Stay thy hand, sweet Ona. Behold these trembling culprits. Temper thy scorn and indignation with pity. Forgive them and let them go.

*Ona*.—No, dear Santa Claus, these are lessons which they both must learn.

*Trent*.—Give me back my wife and child, and no murmur shall ever again pass my lips.

*Doctor Snufnuff*.—Restore my gifts and treasures, and I will devote my life to my fellow creatures.

*Santa Claus*.—Come, come, sweet Ona. Hast thou forgotten it is the glad Christmas tide, the time for forgiveness and love? Reverse thy sentence that I may depart on my mission of peace and joy, leaving peace and joy behind me.

*Ona*.—Since it is thy wish, so be it. Rise. (*Touches each with her wand. These lines, which may be sung to any two-five hymn time, are now softly sung behind the scenes:*)

Let sweet forgiveness hold her happy  
sway,  
For coming now is Christmas Day, glad  
Christmas Day;

From those we've wronged we'll sweet forgiveness ask,  
 And freely give it, too. O happy task!  
 No clouds of anger shall deface our joy,  
 Let love her wondrous power to-day employ;  
 Yes, everywhere let sweet forgiveness reign,  
 Nor make the Christ-child's coming all in vain.  
 Yes, let forgiveness hold her happy sway  
 For coming now is Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day.

(During the singing of these verses Ona waves her wand toward the right of the stage, when enter Mrs. Trent carrying the babe. Ona then waves her wand towards the left; enter Clip. The characters then arrange themselves about Santa Claus in the following manner:)

SANTA CLAUS,  
 TRENT, DOCTOR SNUFNUFF.  
 MRS. TRENT, CLIP,  
 ONA.  
 (TABLEAU.)  
 (CURTAIN.)

...the heralds of the cross everywhere,  
 greed for gold and lust for power would have  
 been the impulse prompting to the discovery  
 and settlement of new countries. There  
 would have been no Plymouth Rock as the  
 corner-stone of our republic and no occasion  
 to sing the songs of liberty.

All that is beautiful, all that is true, all that is heroic, comes from what is good. The depth and meaning of religion would mainly be lacking, had Christ not come. The one pure and true belief was becoming formal when he appeared. Its promise of forgiveness was offered largely in symbol, and sin-sick souls were wearying for the reality. "In him  
 GEORGE SEWALL  
 and wear a dress of the last century."

## GOOSE'S PARTY.

JACK and GILL.  
 TOM TUCKER.  
 BROWN BETTY.

*Mother Goose.*—  
 Well, well! It is my birthday once again,  
 And I the good old custom must retain  
 Of calling all my little folks, to come  
 And have a party in their mother's home.  
 But once a year they answer to my call,  
 For they are scattered widely, one and all;  
 In every nursery they find a corner,  
 Miss Moppet, Jack and Gill, and Jacky  
 Horner,  
 My cousin, the old woman in a shoe,  
 The little piper's son, and his pig, too.  
 Hark! Some one comes! I will sit here  
 in state,  
 While all my little guests shall on me wait.

(Enter Jack Horner, with a big pie. A very small boy and a very big pie.)

*Jack Horner.*—Good day, dear grandma.

*Mother Goose.*—How dy'e do, my dear?

*Jack Horner.*—See what a splendid pie I have got here!

*Mother Goose.*—

Oh, Jacky, Jacky! What is that I spy?  
 I'm sure I see a hole in your big pie;  
 I am afraid your naughty little thumbs  
 Have been at work again to find the plums.

*Jack Horner.*—Only just one, dear grandma! In this pie I'll touch no more.  
 So say how good am I.

*Mother Goose.*—I'll trust you this time.

ed out, and I must away. (*Rises and turns toward Trent. The Doctor also turns that way at the same time. Trent is leaning back in his easy chair sound asleep.*)

*Doctor Snufnuff* (*excitedly*).—What mad mistake is this?

*Santa Claus* (*laughing*).—Poor Trent; he has gone to sleep and dropped his pipe. Well, I dare say I have worked the poor fellow pretty hard lately. But now he can rest. (*Exit Santa Claus.*)

*Dr. Snufnuff* (*going close to Trent and scanning him closely*). Yes, it is the opiate. That careless wife must have changed the pipes. Well, it will have passed away by morning, and meanwhile, as I have learned the Fairy's name, I

*Ona* (*stammering*).—Many there are who do not know Christ! And there are not a few who worship idols, right here in our own country. Those in the United States who especially need to know of Jesus are the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Mormons, Negroes, Italians, and many others,—more than I can name. This is what we call home mission work, and we want to help all we can to know and love our Saviour.

*Ona* (*to Doctor*).—This is the royal standard of Great Britain.

*Doctor*.—This, also, is a flag of Great Britain. Though England is a Christian country, these flags wave over many souls who are in darkness. Jesus is the Light of the world. We wish we could tell them all about it.

*Ona* (*to Doctor*).—We should make a slight effort to wake off the drowsy feeling. The falling asleep and awakening can be made a very effective part if well carried out. Not until he is fully awake does Ona continue her address to him.) Upon thyself, traitor, has the ill descended which thou didst mean for Santa's head.

*Trent* (*falling on his knees beside the Doctor*).—Sweet Fairy, oh pardon, pardon.

*Ona*.—Nay; there is pardon for neither.

(*Enter Santa Claus.*)

*Santa Claus*.—What is all this?

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*Santa Claus*.—Stay thy hand, sweet Ona. And these trembling culprits. Temper indignation with pity. Forbearance with them go.

Dear Santa Claus, these are my friends. They both must learn.

Give me back my wife and child, and I shall ever again pass my

*Ona*.—Restore my gifts and I will devote my life to my fellow creatures.

*Santa Claus*.—Come, come, sweet Ona. Hast thou forgotten it is the glad Christmas tide, the time for forgiveness and love? Reverse thy sentence that I may depart on my mission of peace and joy, leaving peace and joy behind me.

*Ona*.—Since it is thy wish, so be it. Rise. (*Touches each with her wand. These lines, which may be sung to any two-five hymn time, are now softly sung behind the scenes:*)

Let sweet forgiveness hold her happy sway,  
For coming now is Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day;



From those we've wronged we'll sweet for-  
 givenness ask,  
 And freely give it, too. O happy task!  
 No clouds of anger shall deface our joy,  
 Let love her wondrous power to-day em-  
 ploy;  
 Yes, everywhere let sweet forgiveness  
 reign,  
 Nor make the Christ-child's coming all in  
 vain.  
 Yes, let forgiveness hold her happy sway  
 For coming now is Christmas Day, glad  
 Christmas Day.

(During the singing of these verses Ona  
 waves her wand toward the right of the stage,  
 when enter Mrs. Trent carrying the babe.  
 Ona then waves her wand towards the left;  
 enter Clip. The characters then arrange  
 themselves about Santa Claus in the follow-  
 ing manner:)

SANTA CLAUS,  
 TRENT, DOCTOR SNUFNUFF.  
 MRS. TRENT, CLIP,  
 ONA.  
 (TABLEAU.)  
 (CURTAIN.)



## MOTHER GOOSE'S PARTY.

MOTHER GOOSE.  
 MISS MOPPET.  
 JACK HORNER.

JACK and GILL.  
 TOM TUCKER.  
 BROWN BETTY.

The children should be very small, and dressed in old-fashioned dress, breeches, looped skirts buckled shoes, cocked hats. Mother Goose had better be taken by an older child than the others, and wear a dress of the last century. Mother Goose alone upon the stage.

*Mother Goose.*—

Well, well! It is my birthday once again,  
 And I the good old custom must retain  
 Of calling all my little folks, to come  
 And have a party in their mother's home.  
 But once a year they answer to my call,  
 For they are scattered widely, one and all;  
 In every nursery they find a corner,  
 Miss Moppet, Jack and Gill, and Jacky  
 Horner,

My cousin, the old woman in a shoe,  
 The little piper's son, and his pig, too.

Hark! Some one comes! I will sit here  
 in state,  
 While all my little guests shall on me wait.

(Enter Jack Horner, with a big pie. A very  
 small boy and a very big pie.)

*Jack Horner.*—Good day, dear grandma.

*Mother Goose.*—How dy'e do, my dear?

*Jack Horner.*—See what a splendid pie  
 I have got here!

*Mother Goose.*—

Oh, Jacky, Jacky! What is that I spy?

I'm sure I see a hole in your big pie;

I am afraid your naughty little thumbs

Have been at work again to find the plums.

*Jack Horner.*—Only just one, dear  
 grandma! In this pie I'll touch no more.  
 So say how good am I.

*Mother Goose.*—I'll trust you this time.



Sit there in the corner. And keep your fingers idle, Jacky Horner.

*(Jack Horner sits in a corner, with the pie before him. Enter Tommy Tucker.)*

*Tommy Tucker.*—Good morning, Mother Goose!

*Mother Goose.*—

So you are here!

I hope your voice is very sweet and clear,  
To sing for us when all my guests appear,  
And make the time pass quickly, Tommy dear.

*Tommy Tucker.*—

Oh, dear! that's just the way where'er I go!  
I never dare my face or form to show,  
At any party, feast, or even supper,  
Because the first request is—sing, Tom Tucker,

And always I must do without a knife,  
And single live, for want of a fair wife!

*Mother Goose.*—

There! there! You always want to scold  
and fret,

Although the very best of fare you always  
get;

Go sit beside Jack Horner, and don't cry,  
And mind, you keep your fingers from my  
pie.

No supper, sir, for you, unless your song  
Is pretty, nicely sung, and not too long.

*(Tommy Tucker sits beside Jack Horner,  
and they appear to talk. Enter  
Miss Moppet.)*

*Miss Moppet.*—Good day, dear Mother  
Goose; I've come, you see,  
To help you keep your birthday.

*Mother Goose.*—

Fiddle de dee!

You're always glad to come to me, my dear,  
Because you know there are no spiders  
here!

But you are welcome! I have curds and  
whey,

That are for you, dear, later in the day.  
Come, now, and sit upon this footstool tine,  
And when the others come we all will dine.

*(Miss Moppet sits upon footstool. Enter  
Jack and Gill, carrying a pail of water.)*

*Jack.*—Good day, dear Mother Goose,  
how are you, pray?

*Gill.*—We've come down hill, you see;  
good day, good day!

*Mother Goose.*—Good day, my little  
dears! I hope you're well.

*Gill.*—Oh, yes! 'Tis quite a long time  
since we fell;

We've learned to climb a hill without a  
fear,

And fetch a pail of water sweet and clear,

*Jack.*—Such as we have brought you for  
your feast to-day.

*Mother Goose.*—Thank you, my little  
dears; put it away,  
And find a place to rest you! You must be  
Quite tired with bringing that great pail  
to me.

*(Jack and Gill sit down, after putting the  
pail in a corner. Enter Brown  
Betty, with a basket of eggs.)*

*Brown Betty.*—

Here I am, grandma! And my dear old  
hen,

Who lays such splendid eggs for gentlemen,  
Has sent you these in honor of your feast;  
There are a dozen and a half, at least.

*Mother Goose.*—Thank you, dear Betty!

*Brown Betty.*—And as I came here,  
I met a great troop of your friends! I fear  
The house will hardly hold all those I saw.

*Mother Goose.*—Oh, there is lots of room  
for many more!



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*Jack Horner (coming forward.)* Oh, tell me, Betty, did you see dog Buff?

*Brown Betty.*—Yes, he was coming with a box of snuff.

*Tommy Tuoker.*—And did you see the old man in the moon?

*Brown Betty.*—Yes, he will be here, too, I'm sure, quite soon; He'd lost his way of course, but Margery Daw

Offered to guide him.

*Mother Goose.*—She's been here before.

*Jack.*—There was a friend of mine was coming too.

*Brown Betty.*—What's that, pray?

*Jack.*—One, two, buckle my shoe!

*Brown Betty.*—He's on his way!

*Tom.*—The damsel in the lane, the one, you know, who never could speak plain; will she be here?

*Brown Betty.*—Oh, yes, indeed! she hobbles

Beside the man who always gobble, gobbles.

*Mother Goose.*—A funny pair.

*Miss Moppet.*—And will my husband come?

*Mother Goose.*—

That monster who's no bigger than my thumb?

You should have brought him in your pocket, dear,

And then you would have been quite sure that he'd be here.

*Brown Betty.*—But I am sure I met him in the town, upon the horse that galloped up and down!

*Jack.*—Will Bobby Shaftoe come?

*Brown Betty.*—He's gone to sea, With his new silver buckles on his knee!

*Mother Goose.*—And tell me if our good friend, Doctor Foster, has come back from his yearly trip to Gloster?

*Brown Betty.*—Oh, he's coming, for he's on his way; all our old friends will come and spend the day.

*Mother Goose.*—

Then you who came so early, now must share

My labors for the feasting to prepare, For all these guests must find their fare is hearty,

When they arrive at Mother Goose's party.

*Jack Horner.*—Give us your orders! We are ready all, to answer Mother Goose's beck or call. So to the table first I'll take this pie!

(Goes out with pie.)

*Tommy Tucker.*—I'll go and lay the cloth, and then I'll try Every new song I know, till I find one Will help to give the party all good fun!

(Goes out.)

*Mother Goose.*—Miss Moppet—

*Miss Moppet.*—I am here!

*Mother Goose.*—Suppose you find some cream and make the curds to suit your mind.

*Miss Moppet.*—Thank you! I'll make the dish without delay. (Goes out.)

*Brown Betty.*—And I will go and put these eggs away, ready for custard, pudding, pie or cake.

*Mother Goose.*—Be sure you put them where they will not break! (*Brown Betty goes out.*)

*Jack.*—Come, Gill! We'll go and fill the goblets high, that none of grandma's guests may go home dry.



*Gill.*—And if they call for drink, we will not fail to give them bumpers of good Adam's ale.

*(Jack and Gill carry out pail.)*

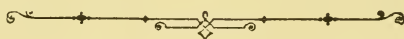
*Mother Goose.*—

And I must go to overlook the rest,  
That there may be a share for every guest!

I should be sorry, even if the least  
Did not fare well at Mother Goose's feast.  
I'll give them plenty of the best of fare,  
So for another year's work they can prepare!

Then to the nurseries they all must run,  
Before the babies miss a single one!

*(Goes out.)*



## THE UGLIEST OF SEVEN.\*

### CHARACTERS.

ERNEST HELLWALD, heir to the late Countess of Falkenbrun.  
JEREMIAH AMBROSE, steward of the late Countess.

ERNESTINE,	}	Daughters of Ambrose.
ROSA,		
ELISE,		
GABRIELLE,		
AMELIA,		
DORA,		
ADELAIDE.		

MADAME MOORPILTZ,	}	Formerly friends of the Countess.
MADAME KUNKEL,		
MADAME MOUSETOOTH,		

PEASANTS.

The first scene is a room in a hotel; afterward, it is in the vicinity of Castle Falkenbrun, or a room in the Castle itself.

### COSTUMES.

ERNEST—Knee-breeches, short coat, cape;—as a German student.

AMBROSE.—Dressing-gown, skull-cap, slippers, spectacles.

AMBROSE'S DAUGHTERS.—Velvet bodices, bright skirts, braided hair, light-colored waists, slippers.

MADAME MOORPILTZ.—Riding-habit, with large hat, whip, gloves.

MADAME KUNKEL.—Rich silk dress, shawl, bonnet.

MADAME MOUSETOOTH.—Light silk dress, much trimmed with lace, ribbon, etc., bonnet very gay with many bows and feathers.

\* From one hundred choice selections, No. 2.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Ernest alone, sitting at table covered with documents, writing material, etc.

*Ernest.*—Alas! I am the unhappiest of men! The sole heir of my dear great-aunt Falkenbrun, who leaves me all her wealth—there is certainly no cause for unhappiness in that fact—but why need she put in that one frightful clause which spoils it all? Here is my copy of the will; let me read over again the details of my good fortune—no, misfortune, I mean. (*Reads.*) “Half a million dollars, clear, and two estates on the Elbe, near Dresden, for an eternal possession, to my nephew, Ernest Hellwald—” good old great-aunt! She loved me after all, though I so often broke her windows and slammed her doors when I was a boy, and only went to see her at Christmas, when she gave me cakes and money. But where is that fatal paragraph? Ah, here; “Paragraph Seven: But my great-nephew shall forfeit the whole unless he marry one of the seven daughters of my old friend Ambrose, the one he chooses for his wife to be”—this is too much!—“*the ugliest!*” But here is Paragraph Eight: “In order that there may be no misunderstanding I name the noble ladies, Madame Moorpiltz, Madame Mousetooth, and Madame Kunkel, as a committee to decide which is the ugliest of my friend’s seven daughters.” Three old women! It makes me think of Paris and the apple; but no, Paris never had to choose from seven, nor did three old witches make him take the ugliest! (*Rises and paces the floor.*) It is not the want of beauty that appalls me,—she might not be so bad after all but that a gilding of half a million would make her tolerable,—but then my heart is no longer my own; I have no longer any love to give. It is all in the

keeping of that dark-eyed beauty whom I met at Naples, on the last day of the Carnival. Oh, to give her up, and marry the ugliest of seven,—and all, doubtless, frights! Never! Let me go on reading this hated will! “Paragraph Nine: In case my nephew does not comply with these conditions, the estate shall go to found a hospital for idiots, of which, however, he shall always be a welcome inmate, free of expense, and shall receive from the hospital fund an allowance of thirty-seven and a half cents per month.” Was ever kindness mixed with cruelty with such diabolical cunning? I will try it, however,—try to swallow this gilded pill, and if it be too much for me, then I may think once more of my first love in Naples, whom I have seen but once, for one short moment at a window as I passed below in the crowd of masqueraders in the Carnival, but whose lovely image can never be erased from my heart by the combined ugliness of all the hated seven!

SCENE II.—Road-side; Ernest Hellwald lying on the ground with a wound in his forehead; beside him kneels Ernestine; peasants stand around.

*Ernestine.*—His heart beats feebly,—he is not dead, but dreadfully hurt. Tell me, how did it happen?

*Peasant.*—My lady, I cannot tell you, but as I came from the vineyard, we found him lying here, and this empty purse near by. No doubt he has been set upon by thieves, and left for dead.

*Ernestine.*—See, his forehead is bleeding still!

*Peasant.*—It would be strange if it didn’t bleed, with that great hole in it. If you will watch here with him, I’ll be off to fetch a surgeon from the village; and you, children, go to Master Ambrose’s and tell him

we will bring a wounded man there in half an hour, and to be ready for him. Will that do, miss? Your father's is the nearest place, and I dare not—

*Ernestine.*—Yes, yes, good Fritz,—but don't be long! He may die while you are talking here. Make haste! (*Exit Fritz and other peasants.*) Poor fellow! He looks like a traveling student, yet his face is strangely familiar. Ha! he moves! He is opening his eyes! What a wonderful resemblance!

*Ernest* (*rising on his elbow and looking around*). Where am I?

*Ernestine.*—Are you better?

*Ernest* (*looking at her fixedly and then falling back*). It is she!

*Ernestine.*—Don't speak,—you are hurt; you have been attacked by thieves, and wounded, and now I have sent for help to carry you to my father's house.

*Ernest.*—Thank Heaven for a most fortunate accident. I thank my seven stars,—seven—(*wildly*) oh, wretched number! I see them now,—all seven of them!—

*Ernestine* (*aside*).—Seven stars in broad daylight! Poor fellow! it has affected his reason. (*Aloud.*) Here, let me bind this handkerchief around your forehead,—there, that will make it better.

*Ernest.*—Oh, thanks! A little tighter—no, a little looser,—still more loose. There, I think I can rise now; let me try to stand. (*Takes her hand and rises.*) There, now,—with your aid, I think I can go on to Castle Falkenbrun,—oh, wretched place!

*Ernestine.*—Is there anything so horrible in the name of Falkenbrun, that you should speak so wildly?

*Ernest.*—Oh, the seven! the seven!

*Ernestine* (*aside*).—A strange man!

What if he were crazy? But no, that is impossible,—he is too charming!

*Ernest.*—First, kindest of maidens, I must ask your name.

*Ernestine.*—It is Ernestine.

*Ernest.*—And mine is Ernest,—it can't be possible! Fate has surely meant us for each other. Since I saw you in Naples, I have never ceased to think of you.

*Ernestine* (*aside*).—I have certainly lately come from Naples, but surely I never saw him there. His poor head! (*Aloud.*) Come, sir, and let us hasten to the castle.

*Ernest.*—What castle?

*Ernestine.*—Why, Falkenbrun, of course,—that is where I live! Come, it grows late.

*Ernest.*—But is the castle yours?

*Ernestine.*—Oh, no; it belongs to a young man named Hellwald, who is wandering about the world now,—a lazy, good-for-nothing sort of fellow, I fear, to let such a fine old place go to ruin for want of care. It was left to him by his old great-aunt, and we are hoping that he will soon come back and bring a wife and make the old place bright and merry again.

*Ernest.*—Tell me, sweet Ernestine, has the keeper of this castle any daughters?

*Ernestine.*—Yes, indeed,—seven!

*Ernest.*—Seven girls! But probably—perhaps some of them are pretty, and some are not. Is it not so?

*Ernestine* (*laughing; aside*).—How he interests himself in the young ladies. (*Aloud.*) Yes, six of them are right pretty, but the seventh—

*Ernest* (*anxiously*).—The seventh?

*Ernestine.*—She is truly frightful!

*Ernest.*—Is she cross-eyed?

*Ernestine* (*laughing*).—Why not?

*Ernest.*—Oh, do go on, nice, sweet, pretty little Ernestine!



*Ernestine.*—Well, if you must know, I am the old gentleman's seventh daughter!

*Ernest.*—You the seventh? (*Despairingly*). You the seventh? (*With a gleam of hope*). And are you truly the ugliest?

*Ernestine.* Modesty is becoming to a young maiden!

*Ernest (beside himself).*—I have it! She is the loveliest! Oh, I am the most wretched man on earth!

*Ernestine (aside).*—His head seems to be getting light again. (*Aloud*). Come, you must let me bring you home with me.

*Ernest.*—To your sisters?

*Ernestine.*—Yes, you shall yourself judge if I have spoken the truth. I'll tie the handkerchief over your eyes, and then you shall see us on parade before you, when I cry, "One, two, three," and you tear the bandage off.

*Ernest.*—And be blinded by the dazzle of so much beauty?

*Ernestine.*—That would be a pity, for such handsome eyes!

*Ernest (eagerly).*—Have I handsome eyes?

*Ernestine*—Vain creature! come! (*She leads him away*).

SCENE III.—Ambrose alone in his library, in dressing-gown and slippers. Enter Rosa.

*Rosa.*—Father, the poor man has come again to see about the gardener's place. He is out of work, and has eleven children, and his wife is dead, and——

*Ambrose.*—Rosa, it is no use! When he came yesterday I told him I could not employ a man with red hair. When Nature has set such a mark of distrust upon a man, what are we, to run against her warning?

"Of red hair  
Let all beware!"

He would bring misfortune into the house! I am sorry, but I cannot think of it. Why did I send away the other gardener?

*Rosa.*—Because he had a cast in his eye.

*Ambrose.*—Very true! You know my principle, now go!

*Rosa.*—But, father, he might wear a black wig, and color his eyebrows.

*Ambrose.*—Ah! that's quite another thing,—I'll take him if he wears a wig, but it must be very black. Tell him to come to-morrow,—no, that will be Friday.

"Who on Friday bargains makes  
All his former luck forsakes."

Tell him to come on Saturday. Where is my snuff-box? Don't disturb it. (*Takes it from Rosa*.)

"Who the prize for health will take,  
Three times will his snuff-box shake"

(*Shakes it three times, takes snuff, and sneezes violently*).

*All the girls (rushing in).*—Father! father!

*Ambrose.*—Not all at once! Only six, however.—(*Counts*.) Yes, an even number,—much better luck.

*Elise.*—Father, Ernestine is coming with a strange man!

*Ambrose.*—I knew it. Did I not prophesy it at breakfast time? A knife fell down and struck my foot. Where is the stranger? Who is he?

*Gabrielle.*—He is blind!

*Adelaide.*—At least he has a bandage over his eyes.

(*Ernestine enters, leading Ernest*.)

*Ernestine.*—Father, here is a gentleman who has met with thieves on the river-bank, and has been robbed and wounded. I have brought him home with me, to see what



can be done to help him. (*Lifts the bandage from his eyes.*)

*Ernest (starting back).*—Ah!

*Ambrose (taking his hand cordially).*—I knew it! What did I say at dinner? A black cat jumped out at me when I opened my study-door this morning,—a sure sign of misfortune.

“A black cat in the morning,  
Of an accident gives warning.”

You are heartily welcome, sir. These are my daughters,—you know Ernestine; Rosa, Elise, Gabrielle, Amelia, Dora, Adelaide. (*Each bows as she is named.*)

*Ernest (staring at them, bewildered).*—A real galaxy of beauty! Excuse me for so rudely penetrating into your family circle; circumstances compel this informal call. (*Aside.*) But Ernestine is the loveliest!

*Ernestine (to Ernest).*—Now, sir, was I not right? Am I not the ugliest?

*Ernest.*—Ah, would that you were!

*Ernestine (anxiously).*—How is your head feeling now?

*Ambrose.*—I know a remarkable balsam which will cure your wound immediately, but you must apply it before nine o'clock, or it loses its healing power. Will you not join us at our evening meal? Come, children, one plate more.

*All the girls.*—Yes, dear father. (*They rush out and return, bringing a plate, knife, fork, etc.*)

*Ernest.*—What a lovely family! So handsome! So obedient!

*Ambrose.*—Yes, if only there were not seven of them. It is an unlucky number.

*Ernest.*—Ah, how well I know that!

*Ambrose (eagerly).*—Do you believe, then, in evil combinations of numbers?

*Ernest.*—Most fully!

*Ambrose.*—You are a man after my own

heart! And what do you think about mesmerism?

*Ernest.*—I—I —

*Ambrose (excitedly).*—Exactly as I do! Yes, my soul —

*All the girls (who have been arranging the table, interrupting him).*—Father, everything is ready!

*Ambrose.*—Take your places, my children. Ernestine, lead your friend to a seat.

*Rosa (to Adelaide).*—A right nice-looking fellow.

*Adelaide.*—Yes, indeed.

*Elise.*—Very polite to Tina.

*Gabrielle.*—He hardly looked at me.

*Amelia.*—There are too many of us.

*Dora.*—Perhaps he is already engaged.

*Ambrose.*—Now sit down,—are you all here? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,—yes. Potatoes, meat, rolls, fresh butter, fruit,—a frugal meal, but you are welcome.

*Ernest.*—A true feast of the gods! In mythology we —

*All the girls.*—Have a potato?

*Ernest.*—You are too kind,—a little water and a roll are all I wish. (*Ernestine rises and pours water.*) I have often heard of the hospitality of Castle Falkenbrun, and now I know its reputation is well founded. I traveled for several months with the heir, a year or two ago.

*Amelia.*—Oh, how charming! Do tell us about him!

*Rosa.*—Yes,—what is he like?

*Elise.*—Good-looking?

*Adelaide.*—Tall?

*Amelia.*—Short?

*Dora.*—Dark?

*Gabrielle.*—Or fair, perhaps?

*Adelaide.*—Is he pleasant?

*Amelia.*—Good natured?

*Dora.*—Musical?

*Gabrielle.*—Benevolent?

*Ernest.*—No, he is little, has a large nose, his eyes are a pale green, he hates sentiment, is very lazy, and does not care much for the ladies.

*All the girls.*—Oh, what a horrid man!

*Ernest.*—And now, ladies, my head is feeling so badly, I shall have to ask you to excuse me.

*Ambrose.*—Ernestine, give your friend a candle. Your room, sir, is the first one at the head of the stairs. Forgive me for not escorting you, but my rheumatism forbids much walking.

*(The girls rise and stand in a semi-circle, Ambrose in the midst. Ernestine gives Ernest a lighted candle.)*

*Ernest.*—Good night, ladies!

*All (one after another).*—Good-night!

*(Ernest goes out, leaving door open. All the girls except Ernestine go out at another door; she and her father remaining behind. Ernest reappears at the door.)*

*Ernest.*—My candle was blown out by the wind.

*(Ernestine relights it, and as Ernest takes it, he kisses her hand. Ambrose, in the meantime, has gone to sleep in his chair. Tableau.)*

## ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A garden; Ernest alone.

*Ernest.*—I could not sleep any longer, but am not sure yet whether I am awake or dreaming. What an angel Ernestine is! What a good old father! What charming girls her sisters are! As far as I can see, all the landscape is mine, but I forfeit it all

at a word! The idiot asylum, thirty-seven and a half cents a month, or give up all hopes of Ernestine. Ah, here she comes,—I dare not see her now. I will hide behind these bushes. *(Hides.)*

*(Ernestine enters, carrying a watering pot.)*

*Ernestine.*—My poor flowers are all drooping. I must sprinkle them before the sun is too hot. Ah! *(Sees Ernest's hat.)* He is hiding here to give me a surprise! Now wait! *(Shakes the watering pot in his direction.)* Caught in the act! You are my prisoner!

*Ernest (springing out).*—It is my first fault,—be merciful! But I would willingly be your prisoner all my life long!

*Ernestine.*—Oh, that's too long. Will you promise to do better?

*Ernest.*—I promise! But, Ernestine, give up joking. Can you not see how my heart is glowing—

*Ernestine (sprinkling him).*—Oh, then I must cool you off! How have you slept? How is your head this morning?

*Ernest.*—Better, but let my stupid head go; it is my heart that is wrong. Ernestine, what do you think of your sister Dora?

*Ernestine (astonished).*—Of Dora?

*Ernest.*—Yes, and of Rosa, and all the rest of them? They are all pretty girls, are they not?

*Ernestine.*—They are to me.

*Ernest.*—All prettier than you? You are the ugliest of all? Could you give me that declaration in writing, with your seal attached?

*Ernestine (aside).*—Poor fellow! Papa must have that balsam ready by this time, and I'll—

*Ernest.*—Happy father of seven! seven! seven!

*Ernestine.*—Yes, Rosa, Elise, Gabrielle, Amelia, Dora, Adelaide, and Ernestine. But if the number seven is so disagreeable to you, we expect three more ladies to-day, —Madame Moorpiltz, Madame Mousetooth, and Madame Kunkel. I must go now to make ready for them.

*Ernest.*—So soon? My judgment day is coming! But before you go, answer me one question,—the peace and happiness of my whole life depends upon your answer, Ernestine. Do you not know that my heart is yours, that I love you devotedly?

*Ernestine* (casting down her eyes.) You—

*Ernest.*—Do not be hasty. I love you. From the moment I saw you standing in the balcony at Naples I adored you, and when I opened my eyes yesterday, after being wounded, you were like a saving angel bending over me. Now tell me,—can you not love me a little?

*Ernestine* (turning her head.)—I like you right well already.

*Ernest.*—Oh, this is even more than I dared to hope! May I not speak to your father this very day?

*Ernestine.*—I shall not prevent.

*Ernest.*—And will you give me your lovely hand?

*Ernestine* (holding out her hand.)—Do you mean—so?

*Ernest.*—Ernestine you make me the happiest of men! (Embraces her.)

SCENE II.—Room in Ambrose's house. Rosa alone.

*Rosa.*—What can all this mean,—this everlasting talk about the ugliest? One can't help overhearing a little, when people will talk so loud. Its plain that this stranger has the bad taste to prefer ugliness to beauty. I think I'll have a little fun myself. With blackened eyebrows and a scar on my cheek,—a red paint scar,—I

may be able to make myself hideous enough to please even him. Who knows but I may rival Tina herself, if I'm very, *very* ugly; I'll try it, at all events. (Exit.)

(Enter Madame Kunkel and Elise.)

*Mme. Kunkel.*—The first thing that I request young woman, is, that you treat my precious Molly with the most delicate consideration.

*Elise.*—Your Molly? Is she your daughter?

*Mme. Kunkel.*—No, Molly is my cat, my dear, true pussy. Any injury done to her is done to me.

*Elise.*—Very well, Madame; she shall have her own room, if you desire it.

*Mme. Kunkel.*—With a sofa in it;—she is accustomed to a sofa; and three times daily she is brought to me. And here is my precious Polly, who seldom leaves my side. She, too, must have a separate room, and be fed on cream toast. Can you tell me child, why the master of this place has invited me here?

*Elise.*—I cannot tell, but we expect Madame Moorpiltz here also.

*Mme. Kunkel.*—Moorpiltz! That rough, noisy creature, who carries on her late husband's business exactly like a man, and spends all her time in riding to the hunt and leaping fences?

*Elise.*—We expect her, and also Madame Mousetooth.

*Mme. Kunkel.*—Mousetooth! The silly, sentimental goose, who, in her fiftieth year, still wanders about in the moonlight, and cries over a fly drowning in her milk pitcher! What can they want here?

*Elise.*—I don't know. There they come however.

(Enter Madame Mousetooth and Gabrielle.)



*Mme. Kunkel.*—(affectionately) Ah, you are heartily welcome, my dearest Madame Mousetooth! What good luck brings you here?

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Sweet, dear Madame Kunkel! What a delight to see you! (*To Gabrielle.*) Be careful of my toilet box, and my lavender, cologne, and millefleurs! Let them be unpacked in the most gentle manner, and left in my room.

*Gabrielle.*—I will see to it myself.

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Thanks, you darling! And my portfolio, put it away most carefully, the contents are so delicate!

*Gabrielle.*—I will do so right away.

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—You little angel! Give me a kiss! There, now, run away, both of you. (*Exit Elise and Gabrielle.*) May I enquire what brings you here just now, my dear old friend?

*Mme. Kunkel* (*aside.*)—Jealous old thing! (*Aloud.*) I was just going to ask you, my dear creature, what brought you?

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—But are we all the company, or do they expect others?

*Mme. Kunkel.*—Madame Moorpiltz will be here soon.

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Moorpiltz! That horrid thing, who outrages every principle of ladylike behavior and gentleness! But listen! I hear steps!

(*Enter Madame Moorpiltz and Adelaide.*)

*Mme. Moorpiltz* (*loudly.*)—I tell you, girl, if my brown pony can't have a feed of oats without any mixture of bran, let him be saddled again at once, and I'll be off in a twinkling!

*Adelaide.*—I will tell the groom.

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—That's right! And let him feed my two setters, and loosen the collar on the brown pointer. I want to

have the black horse clipped, but I'll see to that myself.

*Adelaide.*—I will leave your order at once.

*Mme. Moorpiltz* (*patting her on the head.*)—That's a good fellow! Now go!—stay,—have a pinch? (*Offers her snuffbox, which Adelaide refuses as she goes out.*) Why, who's all this? How d'ye do, old girls? I almost overlooked you!

*Mme. Kunkel.*—You were so absorbed in your horses and hounds that—

*Mme. Mousetooth* (*gushingly.*)—Oh, but you are so fresh—so natural!

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—I am not curious, but I should like to know why we are here. It certainly can't be for the pleasure of one another's company. (*Enter Ambrose.*) Well, old boy!

*Ambrose* (*bows profoundly to each of the ladies in turn.*)—Ladies, you behold in me the steward of the late lamented Countess Falkenbrun. For many years I managed her estates, and she honored me in her will by leaving them still in my charge till they should be given into the hands of the chosen heir. By the instructions left with her will I have summoned you, her three oldest friends, to attend to a matter of business for her. She left this sealed letter, which you are requested to read alone. (*Lays letter on table; exit.*)

*Mme. Moorpiltz* (*picking up letter.*)—Well, as I am the youngest and have the best eyes, I will read this mysterious communication from our old friend. (*The others glare at her. She reads aloud.*) "Dearest friends: I call upon you to decide which of the seven daughters of my friend and steward Ambrose is the ugliest. I have no reason for this request, but ask you to settle this simple point and to announce the



decision to my great-nephew and heir, Ernest Hellwald. For this service I leave to each of you as a souvenir of me, a thousand pounds. Estella, Countess of Falkenbrun."

*All three ladies.*—Noble old lady!

*Mme. Kunkel.*—How generous!

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—How charmingly original!

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—Well, we may as well call the girls in, and put them through their paces. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Hi! Ambrose! Old fellow, where are you? Send us your seven daughters!

(*The girls come in, and are ranged in a row. They stand still while the ladies examine them and comment upon their appearance. While the examination goes on, Ernest appears at the open door and anxiously watches the group. The ladies delay the longest over Rosa, who has disfigured herself as much as possible. The three then resume their seats.*)

*All three ladies.*—Now you may go!

(*The girls go out at another door. Ernest unobserved, listens with the greatest anxiety.*)

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—Well, what do you say? In my mind there is not a doubt about it.

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—It's also clear to my impartial mind.

*Mme. Kunkel.*—She has not a good shape.

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Her eyes are not bright.

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—Her eyebrows are like ox-yokes.

*Mme. Kunkel.*—And that great scar on her cheek.

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Such sharp elbows.

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—Such a silly expression.

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—We are united!

*All (Madame Moorpiltz holding up her hand as they rise and say, solemnly.)* The ugliest is Rosa, the loveliest is Ernestine!

(*Ernest falls back in despair.*)

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—The garden. Ernest and Ernestine discovered.

*Ernestine (sadly).*—Dear Ernest, since you have told me all the story of that hateful will, and I know what a sorrowful gift my love would be to you, I cannot consent to such a sacrifice,—you must give me up!

*Ernest.*—Never! Rather would I become your father's poorest workman, yes, serve him for nothing, with the hope of an occasional word from you, rather than do without you, now that you have just begun to love me!

*Ernestine.*—Not so lately as you imagine, perhaps. But is there *no* hope? Did you hear the decision yourself?

*Ernest.*—Yes, alas! I heard it only too well. A plague on their old heads, stuffed with dogs and parrots and lavender-water. (*Ernestine starts.*) But I should have hated them still more if they had wronged your beauty by any other decision.

*Ernestine (springing up).*—Ernest! I have an idea! I think I see a way out of all this trouble! Don't ask me to tell you just yet,—only wait, and don't be surprised at any thing strange that I may do. You know I thought that *you* were crazy when I first met you; it's my turn now!

SCENE II.—A room in the house. The old ladies sitting in a row, whispering together; all the girls excepting Ernestine in a group at one end of the room. Enter Ambrose and Ernest.



## THE CRUEL KEEPER.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A HAPPY day it was for Dora Brown and her classmates when they went to Central Park and spent six hours listening to the music, rambling through the shady avenues, and looking at the animals.

The next Saturday they all met at Dora's house

to have a little tea-party, as the summer vacation was over, and they were about to renew their school duties once more.

Their pleasant young teacher was invited, and a merry time they had of it, telling stories, guessing conundrums, and singing school songs and temperance ballads, until good Mrs. Brown's rosy face was framed in the doorway, and her cheerful voice greeted them with "Come to tea, dears."

Now, no brighter picture can be presented than that of a group of merry school-girls, happy and hungry, clustering around a tea-table. How the slices of bread and butter disappeared, and preserves, and the golden sponge-cake, and the glasses of rich, creamy milk; for in Mrs. Brown's family "Come to tea" meant (for the young folks) come to *milk*.

"Now, girls," said Dora, as they filed, after their repast, into the play-room, "I'll show you the picture father brought me home last night, 'Rebecca at the Well.'"

"Do, do!" said a chorus of voices. And the picture was brought out and admired.

"There are camels in it," said bright-eyed Mattie Smith.

"Yes," said Dora; "and since we saw the camels at Central Park the other day, we all shall take more interest in them."

"'I will give thee water to drink, and draw for thy camels also,' was what Rebecca told Abraham's servant," little May Clark said bashfully.

"Pretty near right," answered the pleasant young teacher; "and now let me tell you how a

keeper once cruelly treated a camel that he loved dearly."

"How could he treat anything cruelly that he loved?" cried the girls in a breath.

"Ah! he had been drinking strong drink, and going into the stall of the poor creature at night, after the people had left the menagerie, he beat him terribly with a large stick."

"Oh! oh! oh!" sighed the tender-hearted children. "What did he do it for?"

"Because he was maddened, as I say, with liquor, and vented his fury on the first helpless thing that came in his way. If he had had a little girl like one of you, he might have struck her blow after blow, as he did the poor camel, that was found dead in the morning."

"Oh! oh! How could he have done so?"

"They must have been hard blows to have killed so strong a beast," said Dora.

"It was not the blows alone that killed him. His heart was broken, so they said, to think that the keeper he loved, and who also loved him when sober, should have tortured him so," continued the teacher. "Camels are affectionate as well as patient, and they are said to shed tears when abused."

"Camels' tears! I never heard anything so strange before," said Dora, drying her own eyes; "but I shall never see a keeper of wild animals again but I shall pray in my heart that he may be a temperate man."



## THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.

AN IMITATION OF THE "HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

*Intemperance.*—This is the fire that Old Nick built.

*Moderate Drinking.*—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

*Rumselling.*—This is the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

*Love of Money.*—This is the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

*Public Opinion.*—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

*A Temperance Meeting.*—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

*Temperance Pledge.*—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

*Eternal Truth.*—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows which we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

# Had We Known.

BY LIZZIE H. UNDERWOOD.

Had we known, in the joy and beauty  
Of days that can come no more,  
Which one of the dear little children  
The Shepherd would lead before,  
We had kissed her over and over  
With kisses on cheek and brow,  
We had held her closer and closer  
To hearts that are breaking now.

Had we known when we heard our darling's  
Sweet voice from her little bed,  
"I love you so well, dearest mamma!"  
So soon she'd sleep with the dead,  
We had asked, with pleading insistence,  
The Father to spare awhile,  
Till he'd teach us to do without her  
Sweet voice and her loving smile.

Had we known when we smoothed the tangles  
Away from her sunny hair  
So soon we would weep for its brightness,  
How our hands had lingered there!  
Had we known, when her blue eyes sparkled  
With love-light dancing at play,  
So soon they'd be veiled in death's slumber  
We had caught their ev'ry ray.

But we could not know till the Father  
Chose Judith from all the rest,  
And she looked so sweet as she lay there,  
With dimpled hands on her breast,  
That we gave her back to the angels  
With tender and loving touch,

4      young friends or those of us who are mid-  
 young people that we gain more than we give by associ-  
 th old people. They may not be up in the "standa-  
**TH**aciation, but they are rich in the language of the  
 er we are journeying. They have gained experience,  
*Inter* of them have learned in that way more than any yo  
*Mode* graduate dreams of. Some one took off his hat  
 the fire because it was full of great possibilities. But an a  
*Rums* deserves more honor because he is like a hero return  
 that fee the battle. The thing that makes me most enjoy  
*Love* Christian is that he will soon see the King in his bea  
 axe tha is nearest the throne, and should have a reverence  
 Nick bre to that we give the King.—*Myra Goodwin Plantz, i*  
 of steel *th Herald.*  
 that cut  
 built.

## Gathered Gems.

*A Te* "Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not, then;  
 that we But, loving Me, lean hard."  
 edge of  
 axe that e must answer for our idle words, how much more  
 Nick bu e silences!—*St. Augustine.*  
*Temp*  
 with a w day will come when God will judge over again all t  
 ly deal t that are judged amiss.—*Bernard.*  
 that bat should have all our communications with men as in  
 the woo e of God, and with God as in the presence of men  
*Eterna*  
 still that  
 give forc gospel truth is meant to influence character and  
 fashion t there are truths which only ask to be believed; Chri  
 the stone mands that we should do it.—*Maclaren.*  
 that feeds

ne stand baek as if their sins were too great to be

Published by <sup>41</sup>their case too bad to be cured. Jesus is an advoc  
 HOUSE, No. 50 Keade street, New York, at \$2 per thousand.  
 Postage 24 cents per thousand.

*Ambrose.*—Ladies, while you have been in consultation, I have just made the astonishing discovery that we have been entertaining as an unknown guest, no other than our dear Countess Falkenbrun's great-nephew and heir. It gives me great pleasure to present him to you. (*All rise and bow profoundly. The girls show signs of great astonishment.*) But where is Ernestine? It is unlucky for her to be up-stairs when all the rest are down. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Ernestine! Ernestine!

*Ernestine (rushing in.)*—Oh, don't be angry, my dear old ladies, that I have kept you waiting a little while, but something so funny has just happened! I am in such a hurry to tell you; it was *too* ridiculous!—but do have patience! Rome was not built in a day! The tree never falls at the first stroke! It——

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—That's a fact, old girl!

*Ernestine (pertly.)*—Who asked you to interrupt? But where was I? Oh, yes! It wasn't my fault that my father sent me to the red chamber to bring him a sofa cushion; the red chamber is next the blue one, where dear old Madame Falkenbrun used to drink her tea, except in the winter time, when she liked the yellow breakfast-room best, because——

*Mme. Kunkel.*—But, my child, do we need to hear all this? Proceed with your story!

*Ernestine.*—Excuse me, my dear old lady,—don't interrupt! Good manners are as lovely in the aged as in the young! Obedience is the first duty of a child, so I went for the cushion, and there, lying on the damask sofa, was a great, fat, hideous, abominable, gray cat!

*Mme. Kunkel.*—My Molly! My sweet creature!

*Ernestine.*—When I saw the horrid thing there, I took the large fly-brush and beat her off the sofa!

*Mme. Kunkel (shrieking.)*—Do I hear aright? Alas! my heart's darling!

*Ernestine.*—She turned and tried to scratch me, but I caught up a cord from the floor and tied it around her neck!

*Mme. Kunkel.*—Wretch! Have you slain her?

*Ernestine.*—Well, cats, like men, must bite the dust, and she's happier there than here. But no, she is not dead! She sprang to the open window and was out before——

*Mme. Kunkel.*—My Molly! Out in the cold, cold world! (*Faints away. Two of the girls support her.*)

*Ernestine.*—But that is not all! When she sprang on the table I heard something go *smash!* and I found that she had upset dozens of little bottles and glasses!

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Oh, my cologne! My orange-water! Even my beauty-water gone!

*Ernestine.*—Beauty-water! What good is that to you at your age? Yes, perhaps it was yours, for suddenly there was a strong, unpleasant smell in the room (*snatches her handkerchief and smells it,*) just like this, and then the cat and I together upset a little box full of ribbons and caps and curls and feathers, and in my haste I crammed them all back again, and as they would not go into the box, I had to put my foot down and press them,—so,—and——

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Oh, my caps! My feathers! (*Faints away. Two others of the girls support her.*)

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—Never mind her, my dear! Go on with your interesting tale! Have a pinch? (*offering her snuffbox.*)



*Ernestine (looking intensely disgusted.)* Bah! who takes snuff? Its not a fit habit for a lady! (*Upsets the box.*)

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—Saucy creature! My best snuff, too! (*Tries to box her ears.*)

*Ernestine.*—Much better to be saucy than to fly around the country looking like a scarecrow, at the head of a pack of skeleton dogs!

*Mme. Moorpiltz (furiously.)*—Impertinent creature! You shall suffer for this! (*Shakes the two old ladies, who come back to consciousness.*) Come, wake up, old girls! Revenge!

(*They feebly rise and glare at Ernestine, then all three join in the cry, "Revenge, revenge."*)

SCENE III—Same room as before. All the old ladies; Ambrose; Ernest; all the girls.

*Ambrose.*—Well, dear ladies, I hope you have finished your deliberations satisfactorily.

"A person of taste  
Does nothing in haste."

And surely three persons of such excellent taste require a very lengthy time for consideration.

*Mme. Moorpiltz (grimly.)*—Yes, my friend, and we have called your household together in order to give them a specimen of our excellent taste. You do not know, perhaps, that we have been called here by the will of the late Countess to decide which of your seven daughters is the ugliest.

*All the girls (astonished.)*—The ugliest!

*Mme. Kunkel.*—Yes,—a charming fancy!

*Mme. Mousetooth.*—Dear, departed Countess! How refreshing! How original!

*Mme. Moorpiltz.*—And we all agree in declaring (*all rise and speak together with great emphasis*) that the loveliest is Rosa; the ugliest, Ernestine!

*Ernest (with the greatest delight.)*—The ugliest, Ernestine! Oh, say it again!

*Mme. Kunkel.*—In face and character!

*Ernest (embraces the old ladies in turn.)* Angels of heaven! Dearest friends! Accept my warmest thanks! I bless you a thousand times! I am the happiest man in the world!

*Ambrose (regretfully; aside.)*—The balsam did no good! His poor head is quite light! I always thought he was a little unsound on the subject of animal magnetism!

*Ernest (to Ernestine.)*—Come forward, chosen of my heart! You *are* mine,—you, as well as the castle, lands, forests, woods and waters! Father, will you give me your daughter?

*Ambrose.*—How? What? (*Aside.*) If I only felt sure that his head was quite right.

*Ernest.*—Read that paragraph! (*He reads:*) "All this property to be his forever, in case he marries the ugliest of the seven daughters of my friend Ambrose." And Ernestine is the ugliest!

*Mme. Moorpiltz (impressively.)*—We've been fooled, old girls!

*Ernestine (imploringly.)*—Forgive me, dear ladies, for having been so rude! Love taught me deceit, but now I wish to atone for it. (*To Madame Kunkel:*) Your Molly's adventures were quite fictitious,—she sleeps sweetly on the white pillow in my room!

*Mme. Kunkel joyfully.*—My Molly! Is it possible?

*Ernestine (to Madame Mousetooth:)*—Your bottles are quite safe, dear lady, and the beauty water—which indeed you do not need—is unharmed. To-morrow a flask of Persian oil of roses will be sent you

as a peace offering. (*To Madame Moor-piltz.*) Forgive the rudeness I offered you and accept from Ernest a snuff-box with your monogram in diamonds. And now, can you forgive me?

*All three ladies (blandly).*—We forgive!

*Ernestine.*—Now father, dear father, your consent, your blessing!

*Ambrose (wiping his eyes).*—My dear, I

knew something of this kind was going to happen, such a singular twitching in my left eye,—always a sign of weeping! (*Joins their hands.*) But after this I will put no more faith in unlucky numbers, for I have gained a most charming and desirable son-in-law, because my little Tina was—

*All.*—The ugliest of seven!

(*Curtain falls.*)



6. *Japan.*—This is the flag of Japan, called the "Sunrise Kingdom." There, also, they worship idols, but they are very anxious to learn the ways of civilized countries, and we hope this Sunrise Empire will learn what will improve the country most,—the religion of Jesus Christ, the true Sun of righteousness.

7. *Germany.*—This is the flag of Germany, the land of Martin Luther. He helped the people to see that the "just shall live by faith in Jesus Christ, and not simply by doing what the Pope tells them."

8. *Brazil.*—This flag belongs to Brazil, which, as you all know, is not so very far away. The people who live there are mostly Spaniards, Portuguese, and negroes. We wish we could send many missionaries to make them love Jesus, and love to read his word and pray to him.

9. *Congo Free State.*—This flag is of the Congo Free State, away down in the central part of Africa. This has been called the Dark Continent, because so little was known of it. But as the result of the faithful and noble work of David Livingstone, and, later, of Henry M. Stanley, we know a great deal about it, and especially that the people need Jesus very much. We have several missionaries there, and hope that many more will go.

10. *Christian Endeavor.*—This is a Christian Endeavor flag. It was used at the Cleveland Convention last July. We are glad we can say that there are Christian Endeavor societies in all of these countries, and we wish that every girl and boy in all these lands belonged to a Junior society.

## AND TRUE.

### ACTERS.

JOHN RUSSELL,	}	Clerks.
FRANK GREY,		
AMASA DREW,		

a that somehow wouldn't add up right. But I've balanced everything all straight; and I'm glad of it; they were in a snarl somewhat, but its all right.

*Drew.*—And the algebra?

r! *Russell.*—Oh, you know Mr. Soule told us the other day he must do with less help soon. And as I'm the youngest clerk, I expect to be the one to be turned off. So I'm brushing up a little. Just to prepare for a winter campaign of teaching. That's all.

ra! *Grey (putting his hands in his pockets, and looking solemnly at Russell).*—Russell, how old are you?

*Russell (smiling).*—Oh, I'm almost eighteen. Rather young, I know; but I taught last winter with pretty good success. I'll do better this year.

*Grey.*—Well, I'm glad you aren't quite a

over me, before I'd touch an algebra. Sure enough, what do you stay here for so late o'nights?

*Russell.*—Well, to-night I stayed to do a little work for Mr. Soule—a few figures

*Ernestine (looking intensely disgusted.)* Bah! who takes snuff? Its not a fit habit for a lady! (*Upsets the box.*)

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*Ambrose (regretfully; aside.)*—The balsam did no good! His poor head is quite light! I always thought he was a little unsound on the subject of animal magnetism!

*I*—~~Ernestine~~—*Go forward,*  
out the suggestion in the uniform topics, and make this a topical song service led by the music committee. The evening should be largely spent in singing. Let the committee sit in front of the society, the different members of the committee leading the different portions of the evening's exercises. The topic, being "Christ's work for the world," may be divided into such topics as his work in healing sin, in leading his children, in giving us our daily joys, in missions, in maintaining his church, etc. After each member of the committee has spoken briefly on his topic, let hymns be sung appropriate thereto, and at the close of these let one member of the society, previously appointed, say a few words on this topic, at the close of which prayers will be called for having reference to this theme; and so go through with all the sections.

Study variety in the different divisions of the evening's exercises, sometimes introducing solos, duets, and quartettes, the society possibly singing the chorus, and certain members singing the different stanzas of certain hymns. Occasionally have the hymns read instead of sung. With the prayer hymns, let heads be bowed. Once in a while divide the audience,

*Ernestine*—  
Your bottles are quite safe, dear lady, and the beauty water—which indeed you do not need—is unharmed. To-morrow a flask of Persian oil of roses will be sent you



as a peace offering. (*To Madame Moor-piltz.*) Forgive the rudeness I offered you and accept from Ernest a snuff-box with your monogram in diamonds. And now, can you forgive me?

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*All.*—The ugliest of seven!

(*Curtain falls.*)



## TRUSTY AND TRUE.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. SOULE, a MERCHANT.

JOHN RUSSELL,  
FRANK GREY,  
AMASA DREW,

} Clerks.

SCENE I.—Counting-room. Russell seated at a desk, busy with a day-book and ledg. r.

(*Enter Drew and Grey unperceived by him.*)

*Russell (speaking to himself).*—There you are! I've conquered you at last. All those long columns of figures are right, sir! Now, John Russell, I think a page of algebra will get the cobwebs out of your brain. So here's at it, my boy!

*Drew (slapping him on the shoulder).*—So, here's your den, where you hide yourself, old fellow. What a fool you are, to work two hours after the rest are out!

*Grey.*—And now he talks about *algebra*! I'd go sailing up Salt River, with a sign over me, before I'd touch an algebra. Sure enough, what *do* you stay here for so late o'nights?

*Russell.*—Well, to-night I stayed to do a little work for Mr. Soule—a few figures

that somehow wouldn't add up right. But I've balanced everything all straight; and I'm glad of it; they were in a snarl somewhat, but its all right.

*Drew.*—And the algebra?

*Russell.*—Oh, you know Mr. Soule told us the other day he must do with less help soon. And as I'm the youngest clerk, I expect to be the one to be turned off. So I'm brushing up a little. Just to prepare for a winter campaign of teaching. That's all.

*Grey (putting his hands in his pockets, and looking solemnly at Russell).*—Russell, how old are you?

*Russell (smiling).*—Oh, I'm almost eighteen. Rather young, I know; but I taught last winter with pretty good success. I'll do better this year.

*Grey.*—Well, I'm glad you aren't quite a



hundred. A fellow'd think, though, to hear you talk, that you came out of the ark.

*Drew.*—Looks arkish, doesn't he, Frank? Well, one thing *I* know. You're a fool to work over your hours for old Soule. He doesn't pay you extra.

*Russell.*—I don't ask anything for a little kindness like that. Mr. Soule is a kind, considerate employer, and does a great deal for us, *you* know. I'm glad to do him any little favor, I'm sure.

*Grey.*—Well, old fellow, don't stay here moping all the evening. Its a splendid night! Come with us and have some fun.

*Russell.*—What kind of fun?

*Grey.*—Oh, most anything. A hand at euchre, perhaps.

*Russell.*—My dear fellow, I don't know one card from another. In the ark, where I was brought up, cards are *non est*.

*Drew.*—Of course. Well, say a game of billiards, for variety.

*Russell.*—I am not going to the billiard-room again. I confess to a fondness for the game, but they make it a regular gambling operation; and such a set of profane, half-drunken rowdies as they get in. *No, sir!* I beg to be excused. I wish you wouldn't go, boys.

*Drew.*—*I've* no conscientious scruples, and I'm not afraid. *I* wasn't brought up in the ark, thank fortune.

*Russell.*—Mine was a blessed, restful, safe old ark, thank Heaven! The memory of it has been a safeguard in many a temptation.

*Grey.*—Yes, yes, no doubt! You make me homesick; for your words bring to mind *my* dear old home in the country.

*Drew.*—There, boys, don't be spoonies! We'll just go it while we're young, and have a good time. See here, Russell, we

came in to ask you to take a sail with us to-morrow. There's a party of us going over to the island—its going to be a splendid day.

*Russell.*—You don't mean to-morrow! To-morrow's Sunday! You've forgotten.

*Drew.*—Forgotten! Just as if it could be any harm for us poor fellows, who are shut up within brick walls six days out of seven, to take a sail on Sunday!

*Grey.*—You can go to church twice and attend your Sunday-school, and then go. That wouldn't be breaking the Sabbath.

*Drew.*—Come, Russell, do go just for once! I tell you Diamond Island is just splendid now. Come.

*Russell.*—Stop a moment. Let me think. I tell you, boys, *I'd like* to go! I've been in the city ten months, and all the country I've seen is that pitiful little Common, and the bit of green in front of my boarding house. I'd like to go, if it was right, but—

*Grey.*—Hurra! "The man that deliberates is lost." He'll go, Drew; we only want him to complete our number. We'll have a gay old time.

*Russell.*—See here, boys, don't be too fast. Just let me read you a part of my mother's last letter. (*Takes a letter from his breast pocket, and opens it.*) You see, I carry it next my heart. (*Reads:*) "I hope, my child, you will never be tempted to spend any portion of the Sabbath in a way that your mother would not approve. I know you must be lonely on that day, and that you must miss us all. But do not forget that day *belongs to God*. You cannot expect His blessing, if you do not 'remember the Sabbath.'" Now, boys, you see, I sat right down and wrote to mother that I wouldn't *be* tempted to do anything on the





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Sabbath that she wouldn't like me to do. So you see I can't go.

*Grey.*—Well, you needn't preach any more. We'll get enough of that to-morrow.

*Russell.*—I beg your pardon, boys. I think I never intruded my opinions upon you before. But, honest, I don't think it right to go sailing on Sunday.

*Grey.*—And, honest, I don't—so there!

*Russell.*—Oh, then, be true to your conscience, and don't go.

*Grey.*—I've promised, and I must this once.

*Dr.* IN A RECENT ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE Mt. Auburn Baptist Christian Endeavor Society, Cincinnati, O., the superintendent of that society, Miss Mary C. Merritt, who is also the Junior superintendent of Ohio, presented, with the aid of the Juniors, an admirable missionary flag exercise. One by one the Juniors came forward upon the platform bearing the banners of the different nations, each, as he showed his banner and waved it, making a little speech about the nation he represented and its missionary interest. These speeches were as follows:—

1. *United States.*—This flag every one knows, and we all love it. It is called the "Stars and Stripes," "Old Glory," and the "Star-Spangled Banner." (Here they sang, promptly, "The

*Drew.*—Oh, yes, I know it. I've adopted by information. We have inquiring by you see. A little curiosity—that's all.

*Russell.*—But I *do* suspect your intentions. You want to get Mr. Soule's "Favorite" to go sailing with to-morrow.

*Drew.*—Granted. He's a stingy old scamp. He won't let his boat, and there isn't another to be had, for love or money. All you've got to do about it is to say accidentally, where he keeps the key. We know you have charge of it.

*Russell* (*Walking about as if thinking, and then speaking.*)—Can you keep a secret boys?

*Drew.*—Mum's the word. Nobody shall

ever know. The rack couldn't wring it from us.

*Grey.*—Oh, yes; we can keep a secret, and we will. Let us have it.

*Russell.*—*So can I; and so I will!* Mr. Soule gave me the care of the boat-house key. I promised him I would neither let it go out of my possession, nor tell where I keep it. I know you'll both be offended, but I can't help it. My motto is "*trusty and true,*" and I'll stick to it as long as I live.

*Drew.*—You're a booby, spooney, and—*and!* I cut your acquaintance forever.

)  
*following Drew, takes Russell's d speaks in a low voice.*)—I repeat, Russell. I don't blame you! get me.

*U.*—Well, they've gone. Heigho! He's a life time enemy; but I can't be a booby and a spooney, maybe, I'm not a coward. I know I'd rather run up to the cannon's mouth than to touch music as this. Oh, dear! I don't like to have somebody tell me I'm not a booby. I wish somebody cared for us poor stranger-boys. When I'm a I'll hunt up all the young fellows, and

just let them see that somebody has an interest in them. I'll ask them to church and Sabbath-school and—ah! well! that's another of my foolish notions. I suppose I *must* be a little unfinished in the upper story. I'll off to bed and to sleep. (*Exit.*)

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.—Place same as before. Time, Monday morning. Mr. Soule sitting by a desk.

(*Enter Russell.*)

*Russell.*—You wished to see me, sir?

*Soule.*—Ah, Russell! (*Extending his hand.*) Glad to see you so prompt! Sit



UNIVE

would be blotted out at a stroke.

A great blank would be made in the world's knowledge. The occasional great thoughts that came to heathen seekers after God would have been swallowed up in hopelessness and doubt. All literature that had its root in the thought of Him that was the Truth, and every school of learning founded with the purpose of teaching the fear of the Lord, would be wiped out of existence.

The most glorious pages would be torn out of history. War would be the natural state of nations in their hatred for one another. No such idea as that of the brotherhood of man would have dawned on the race. "Stranger" and "enemy" would have remained synonyms, and slavery would still cast its blight everywhere. Missionary heroism would have been impossible, and, without the daring that has taken the heralds of the

Sabbath that she wouldn't like me to do. So you see I can't go.

*Grey.*—Well, you needn't preach any more. We'll get enough of that to-morrow.

*Russell.*—I beg your pardon, boys. I think I never intruded my opinions upon you before. But, honest, I don't think it right to go sailing on Sunday.

*Grey.*—And, honest, I don't—so there!

*Russell.*—Oh, then, be true to your conscience, and don't go.

*Grey.*—I've promised, and I must this once. But it shall be the *very last time*.

*Drew.*—Hold your tongue, Grey, and don't be a fool. Russell, you've always been a clever fellow, never poking your nose into other folks' business, and you've never "let on" about us fellows who don't think as you do. I respect you for it. And now I want you to do us a favor, will you?

*Russell.*—Certainly, if I can.

*Drew.*—Well, you can. Tell us where old Soule keeps the key to his boat-house.

*Grey.*—You are not supposed to mistrust what we want to know for.

*Drew.*—Oh, we want to know just for information. We have inquiring minds you see. A little curiosity—that's all.

*Russell.*—But I *do* suspect your intentions. You want to get Mr. Soule's "Favorite" to go sailing with to-morrow.

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*Drew.*—You're a booby, spooney, and coward! I cut your acquaintance forever. (*Goes out.*)

*Grey* (*following Drew, takes Russell's hand, and speaks in a low voice.*)—I respect you, Russell. I don't blame you! Don't forget me.

*Russell.*—Well, they've gone. Heigho! I've made a life time enemy; but I can't help it! I'm a booby and a spooney, maybe, but I'm not a coward. I know I'd rather march up to the cannon's mouth than to face such music as this. Oh, dear! wouldn't I like to have somebody tell me I'm *not* a booby. I wish somebody cared about us poor stranger-boys. When I'm a man, I'll hunt up all the **young** fellows, and just let them see that somebody has an interest in them. I'll ask them to church and Sabbath-school and—ah! well! that's another of my foolish notions. I suppose I *must* be a little unfinished in the upper story. I'll off to bed and to sleep. (*Exit.*)

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*Soule.*—Ah, Russell! (*Extending his hand.*) Glad to see you so prompt! Sit

down here. I want to have a little talk with you.

*Russell (Taking a seat.)*—Thank you, sir; I've been expecting this for a week. I suppose you are about to make the change you spoke of. I'm sorry to go, sir, but as I am the youngest clerk, I expected to be the first one turned off.

*Soule.*—Yes, I am making some changes in my business, and some two or three must be discharged. You found the snarl here, (*laying his hand on the ledger,*) and unraveled it, I see.

*Russell.*—Yes, sir; I think it is all right.

*Soule.*—All right, Russell, and *very* well done. Have you seen Drew this morning?

*Russell.*—No, sir; neither Drew nor Grey. I wonder where they are to-day. I noticed neither of their desks were filled.

*Soule.*—Then you haven't heard the news?

*Russell.*—No, sir! What news?

*Soule.*—Frank Grey had his eye put out last night, in a billiard saloon, in a drunken quarrel.

*Russell.*—Frank Grey! Poor fellow! You don't mean to say *he* had been drinking, Mr. Soule?

*Soule.*—No, I think not. He got mixed up in the quarrel somehow. It is a great pity he was ever tempted to go there at all. Grey is not very wicked yet, only a little weak.

*Russell.*—Perhaps this may save him. I hope so. He's good-hearted. Poor Frank! Lost an eye! How terrible!

*Soule.*—Yes, but it might have been worse. If the loss of an eye will reform his character and make his life useful, it will be a mercy, after all. There's another bad piece of news which I presume you haven't heard. Drew is in the lockup.

*Russell (astonished.)*—In the *where*?

*Soule.*—In "durance vile," Russell, on the charge of breaking and entering.

*Russell.*—Whose store? *Can* this be true, Mr. Soule?

*Soule.*—Captain Nelson's boat-house. He stole Nelson's yacht, he and some other fellows, and went pleasuring. Nelson's angry, of course, and had them arrested this morning.

*Russell.*—It is a sad thing! I am very sorry. Was Grey one of the party?

*Soule.*—No, he wasn't. He had a sick headache all day, and it is a great pity it hadn't lasted all the evening as well.

*Russell.*—Somebody coaxed him off. The poor fellow could never say "no."

*Soule.*—It's a great pity. The fact is, he isn't "*trusty and true*." Very few young men are. When I find one that is, I consider him worth his weight in diamonds—eh, John?

*Russell.*—Yes, sir; I suppose so, sir. That is, my parents always taught me so.

*Soule.*—Don't blush so, Russell, my dear fellow. I didn't mean to play eaves-dropper last Saturday night, but I heard your conversation with Drew and Grey. You have been well taught, and you do your parents honor. You shall not suffer for your defence of me and my property, I assure you.

*Russell.*—I only did my duty, sir. When do you want me to leave—to-day?

*Soule.*—I don't want you to leave at all.

*Russell.*—I thought you said—

*Soule.*—You mustn't jump at conclusions. I said I was about making some change, and I am. I sent for you to offer you the clerkship made vacant by Drew. That gives you a jump over four years, and will more than double your salary.

*Russell.*—Oh, Mr. Soule, how can I thank you? Do you think I am competent to do his work?

*Soule.*—I think so. That was his work you righted up on Saturday night.

*Russell.*—Mr. Soule, you never can know what you have done for us all—mother and sister and me. I hope you will *never* have cause to regret your kindness.

*Soule.*—I never shall, if you continue *trusty and true*. That is all I ask of you.

For no man can be that to the full, without being more—a true Christian.

(*He shakes Russell's hand, and exits.*)

*Russell* (*pinching himself*).—It isn't me. I must be dreaming. John Russell, the booby, spooney, coward! O mother, it all comes of your teaching! And earnestly will I pray that I be not led into temptation, but ever be trusty and true.

(*Curtain.*)



## THE TEMPERANCE LESSON.

SCENE.—The aunt sits at a table, writing; across the room two boys and girls are reading from her account-book.

*Aunt* (*speaking crossly*).—

Be still, you children over there!  
You bother me, I do declare!  
With all this long report to write,  
To read at Temperance Club to-night;  
I cannot stand your dreadful noise;  
Be quiet there, you girls and boys!

(*Writing.*)

(*Aside.*) I joined the club a week ago,  
Not that I needed it—oh, no!  
But just to work for those who do,  
Our city streets and lanes all through.

*Sam* (*looking up from account-book*).—

See, Nell! I find, to my surprise,  
Put down here, "Brandy for mince-pies!"  
Do you suppose Aunt Ann can think  
'Tis right to *eat* what we can't *drink*?

*Aunt* (*vexed*).—

Sam, put that book down, right away!  
Dear me! I shan't get through to-day!

(*Aside.*) I never thought of that, 'tis true;  
But what else for the pies will do?

*Nell* (*reading*).—

Say, Joe, can this be a mistake?  
I find here written, "Wine for cake."  
If wine is what makes cake so good,  
I'm not surprised men drink;—I would!

*Aunt* (*angry*).—

Nell, noisy Nell! what have you there?  
You trouble me too much to bear!

(*Aside.*) Can I be giving them a taste  
For that which ruin brings, and waste?

*Joe.*—

And I see here a charge for "Wine  
For jelly." So this aunt of mine  
Is not consistent, though she be  
Most eloquent in Temperance plea!

*Aunt.*—

Bring me that book! When I was young,  
This was the word of every tongue:  
"Children are better seen than heard."  
And I believe it—every word!



*Alice.*—

Well, auntie, don't be cross, but see  
If you will not with us agree;  
Since "actions louder talk than speech,"  
You'd better practice first, then—preach!

*Aunt (rising, laughing).*—

You saucy children, though you're right,  
And though you put me in a plight,  
I do declare to now prepare,  
And practice what I preach.



## VISIT OF SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS,	MARIA,	FRANKY,
MARY,	WILLIE,	MAUD,
BOB,	SUSIE,	ROBERT,
SAM,	PETER,	CHARLEY,
JOHN,	MINNIE,	MAGGIE,
TOM,	SALLIE,	BABY.

(The smallest child who runs alone.)

SCENE.—A sitting-room in a very dim light. Center of back-ground, a fire-place with a dark curtain hanging across it. A line, stretched across the top of curtain, is hung with seventeen empty stockings varying in size, baby's short sock in the center.

Curtain rises to soft music. After a moment, sleigh-bells are heard very faintly, as if at a distance; the jingle comes nearer and louder till it falls with a crash behind the chimney curtain.

The curtain parts in the center, and Santa Claus bounds into the room with a pack of toys and sweets upon his back.

*Santa Claus.*—

Well, here I am! Expected too, I see!  
Those empty stockings surely gape for me!  
To fill them all, I must not long delay,  
For I have much to do ere peep of day.  
I've many pretty things to greet the sight  
Of little folks who soundly sleep to-night,  
Dreaming of Santa Claus, his reindeer sleigh,  
And of the gifts he brings on Christmas Day.  
Now let me see!

(*Takes off his pack, and begins to fill stockings.*)

There's blue-eyed little Mary!  
To her I'll give this beautiful canary.  
It will not sing, but it will squeak instead,  
And it does not require to be fed!  
Charley a long-tailed chestnut horse will find;  
And Bob an organ, that a tune will grind.  
Dear little Maggie must have a new doll;  
And Sam will surely like this pretty Poll.  
Halloo! What is John's stocking doing here?

John! John! You'll disappointed be, I fear!

There's nothing for a bad boy in my pack,  
Except this rod, to lay across your back!

(*Puts a long rod in John's stocking.*)

My little bird who flies around each year,  
To gather news about the children dear,  
Down on my shoulder did this morning fly,  
To tell me naughty John had told a lie!

For such a fault my anger is severe,  
So John must have no toys nor sweets this  
year.

Sallie's too big for toys and cakes to look;  
What shall I leave for Sallie? Oh, a book;  
A book of Fairy Storics, bound in blue,  
And I will leave one for Maria, too.  
Why, bless my heart! What tiny sock is  
here?

This surely must belong to baby dear!  
Baby must have a rattle and a ball,  
And this white dog to baby's share must  
fall,

An orange and a bon-bon too go here—  
Baby must always have the best, that's  
clear.

Willie a trumpet wants, and Tom a kite;  
In this nice work-box, Susie will delight!  
Franky a horn, Peter a drum will prize,  
And pretty Maud a blue-eyed doll that  
cries.

A top and whistle fall to Robert's share,  
And Minnie shall have this great sugar  
pear.

Tut! tut! my pack is emptying fast; I fear  
I must go home again when I leave here,  
And fill it up once more. No child to-  
morrow

Must o'er an empty stocking weep in sor-  
row.

Here still are nuts and things for all to eat,  
Bon-bons and grapes the little ones to treat!  
But not too many, or I have a fear  
Dr. Physic-them-all will come in here.  
Are all these stockings filled? Yes, every  
one!

My task in this room for to-night is done!  
Soft eyelids closed in sleep will soon awake!  
A Christmas stocking every child will take.  
Good wishes go with all! Each girl and  
boy

Their Christmas Day begin and end in joy!

Good night! good night! Sleep, little chil-  
dren, sleep!

Before the dawn of Christmas Day shall  
peep,

Or merry voices rise in gladsome play,  
Santa Claus must be many miles away.  
Next year I'll make them all another call.  
Good night! good night! A merry Christ-  
mas all!

*(Straps on his pack again, and goes behind  
chimney curtain. The sleigh bells are heard  
again, loud at first, but growing fainter,  
until they seem to die away in the distance.  
Soft music again, during the continuance of  
which the light in the room grows gradually  
brighter, as if at the approach of daylight.  
When the room is brightly lighted, the music  
ceases, and children's voices are heard, shout-  
ing, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"  
Enter Mary, Bob, Sam, John, Tom,  
Franky, Maud, Robert, Charley, Maggie, Sal-  
lie, Maria, Willie, Peter, Minnie, and Susie  
leading the baby. They all run to the fire-  
place, each child taking a stocking. Every  
child is dressed in a long white night-gown  
and little white night-cap.)*

*Mary.*—Oh, my!

*Bob.*—Do see!

*Sam.*—What lovely things are here!

*Tom.*—How pretty!

*Franky.*—Isn't Santa Claus a dear!

*Maud.*—I never saw so many charming  
toys!

*Robert.*—We surely should be happy girls  
and boys!

*Charley.*—Oh! Oh!

*Maggie.*—Ah! Ah!

*Sallie.*—I've got a pretty book!

*Maria.*—I've got another!

*Willie.*—Mine's a trumpet!

*Peter.*—Look!

*Minnie.*—Oh, what a splendid Christ-  
mas! See!

*Susie.*—What a fine work-box has been left for me!

*John.*—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I haven't got a toy; only a rod is left for a bad boy!

*(John goes in a corner and sits down, digging his knuckles into his eyes, as if crying. The others form a ring around the baby, who sits on the floor with its toys.)*

*Children (waving stockings and toys, and singing.)*

*Air—"We'll be gay and happy still."*

Santa Claus has been to see us,  
Toys he's left for one and all!  
Every heart is full of pleasure,  
After Santa makes a call!

So we'll sing and dance and cheer!  
Christmas comes but once a year!

We will sing and dance and cheer!  
Christmas comes but once a year!

*(Chorus of drums, horns, trumpets and whistles.)*

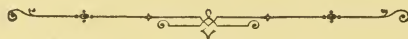
*John (singing dolefully in the corner.)*

Santa Claus has been to see us,  
But he's left no toy for me!  
If a little boy is naughty,  
Santa Claus will angry be !

*All.—*

So all bad boys, heed and fear!  
Christmas comes but once a year!  
So all bad boys, heed and fear,  
Christmas comes but once a year!

*(Chorus as before. Curtain falls.)*



## I'M A MAN.

WILLY,

BOBBY,

JENNY.

Bobby and Jenny read at a table. Enter Willy, a very small boy, with a man's hat, coat, boots and scarf on, and a very big cane in his hand. He must take long steps like a man.

*Willy.*—How do you do?

*Jenny.*—Oh, look at Willy!

*Bobby.*—How funny you look, Willy.

*Willy.*—I'm not Willy—I'm a man!

*Jenny.*—Oh, you are a man, are you?

*Willy.*—I'm Mr. Jones, come to call on you, like the big folks do.

*Bobby.*—I'm very glad to see you.

*Willy.*—How do you do?

*Jenny.*—Very well. How do you do?

*Willy.*—Mis-sa-ble, thank you. I've got the foo-en-za.

*Jenny.*—What a pity.

*Willy.*—You must ask me to take a chair.

*Bobby.*—To be sure! Do take a chair, Mr. Jones.

*Willy.*—Thank you. *(Sits down.)* Now say, "How are all the folks?"

*Jenny.*—How are all the folks, Mr. Jones?

*Willy.*—Very well. Only Tom.

*Bobby.*—Is Tom sick?

*Willy.*—He's got colly-wobly fits!

*Jenny.*—Oh, dear!

*Bobby.*—How is Sally?

Willy.—Sally's died by this time o'day.

Jenny.—Was she so sick?

Willy.—She was sick. with roo-mon-nia-fever. Very bad.

Bobby.—Poor Sally!

Willy.—Why don't you ask me to take off my hat?

Jenny.—Do take off your hat, Mr. Jones.

Willy (*puts hat on table.*)—I can't stay long. I've got an ee-gage-ment on biz-zi-ness.

Bobby.—Oh, do stay to tea.

Willy.—Very sorry I can't. I'll come some other time.

Jenny.—Oh, you funny boy.

Willy.—I'm a man.

Bobby.—What makes you a man, Willy?

Willy.—Papa's coat, papa's hat, papa's cane.

Jenny.—So a coat, hat and cane make a man?

Willy.—Yes; I'm a man now. I must go. (*Puts on his hat.*)

Bobby.—I'm sorry you are in such a hurry. Call again.

Willy.—Yes sir. (*Trips on his coat and falls.*) Oh! oh! (*Cries.*) I hurt my head.

Jenny.—Poor boy!

Bobby.—A man don't cry when he is hurt.

Willy.—But it aches. (*Sobs.*)

Jenny.—Never mind.

Willy.—I won't cry any more. I'm Mr. Jones. Will you come and see me some day, Mrs. Smith?

Jenny.—Very happy, sir.

Willy.—Give my love to all the folks.

Bobby.—We will.

Willy.—I would stay to tea, only I must see a gem-ple-man down town about some very im-port-in biz-zi-ness to-day. Good bye!

Jenny.—Good bye. I hope Sally and Tom will soon be well.

Willy.—Thank you, ma'am. We will give them some lin-de-ment and harness oil, to cure them.

Bobby.—Good bye.

Willy.—Good bye.

(*Goes out.*)

## VACATION FUN.

Some boys and girls are talking together. Little Grandmother sits off at one side, knitting, and commenting in an aside, as they speak, but not interrupting them.

Archie.—

Boys and girls, vacation is coming,  
And now let's all of us say  
Where we would go and what we would see,  
If things could be as they ought to be,  
And boys and girls had their own way.

Grandmother.—

"Had their own way!" 'Tis my belief

In a very short time they'd come to grief.

Shelton.—

Oh, Archie! I wouldn't take long to decide:

I'd build a beautiful boat;  
To the Northern Polar Sea I'd sail,  
And catch the walrus, and seal, and whale,  
And that would be fun afloat!

Grandmother.—

In his beautiful boat he'd have a mess  
With walrus, and seal, and whale, I guess.

Ethel.—



Now, Shelton, I'd choose something better  
than that:

Up the Amazon I'd run,  
Where parrots chatter and monkeys swing,  
And bright little humming-birds flit and  
sing,—  
And oh, wouldn't that be fun !

*Grandmother.*—

Now hear the child talk ! It makes me  
smile.  
Nice dinner she'd make for a crocodile !

*Gerty.*—

Oh, Ethel ! see how you like my plan :—  
I'd have a seal-skin dress,  
Then up to the Hudson's Bay I'll go  
To the queer snow-huts of the Esquimaux,  
And that will be fun, I guess !

*Grandmother.*—

Has that girl forgotten, do you suppose,  
It is cold enough there to freeze her nose ?

*Lulu.*—

I can tell you a trip worth two of that,  
Nor half so cold and rough ;  
For a girl of my studious disposition,  
A trip to the Paris exposition  
Of fun there would be enough.

*Grandmother.*—

Poor thing ! half frightened to death she'd be  
Before she was half way over the sea !

*Robbie.*—

Now, Lulu, to China, the land of tea,  
I'd make up my mind to go ;  
Where they have such queer little slanting  
eyes,  
And sell young rats and puppies for pies,—  
And that must be fun, you know !

*Grandmother (turning to them):*—

Well ! well ! it seems you would each forsake  
The land I jolliest call.  
Better sail your boats in the Yankee rills ;  
Better chase your sport over Yankee hills ;  
That will be the best fun of all.

*All.*—

Little grandmother's right ! Three cheers  
for you !

Your way is the wisest one.  
Wherever we go, she shall lead the van,  
She shall march this way—now see our  
plan,—

And isn't this jolly fun !

Yes, isn't this jolly fun !

*(Two boys take Little Grandmother between them, in her little arm chair, and carry her off the stage, the rest following.)*

## A COLLOQUY.

FOR TWO LITTLE BITS OF GIRLS AND THEIR DOLLIES.

### TWO MAMMAS.

*Mamma Kate, (with her dollie lying on the floor:)*—

“Now stop that yelling this minute, I say !  
What do you mean by lying there ?  
I won't let you go out doors to-day,—  
You naughty baby to pull my hair !”

*Mamma Nellie, (to her baby in her arms:)*—

“Hush, my darling, don't you cry,—  
Shut your eyes and go to sleep ;  
You shall ride out, by-and-by :  
There ! there ! baby, don't you peep !”

*Mamma Kate, (in a loud, cross voice:)*—  
 “Now stop that kicking this minute, I say!  
 There never *was* such a naughty child!  
 Just because you can’t run, and play,  
 You make a fuss, and drive me wild.”

*Mamma Nellie, (in a sweet low tone:)*—  
 “Hush, my darling! mamma’s here;  
 Snug your head down on my arm!  
 I won’t leave you, never fear,—  
 Mamma’s baby safe from harm.”

*Mamma Kate, (in a VERY cross voice:)*—  
 “Now stop that pulling! I’ll slap your  
 hand!  
 You need a whipping, I know right well;

Such work as this, I cannot stand:  
 I’ll shut you up and let you yell!”

*Mamma Nellie, (to Mamma Kate:)*—  
 “There! my darling’s fast asleep,  
 Now I’ll lay him softly down;  
 May will stay by him, and keep  
 Watch, while we go into town.”

*Mamma Kate, (to Mamma Nellie:)*—  
 “I look like going! he’ll yell all day!  
 Such times as I have, make me sick!  
 Babies are all alike, they say,—  
 That’s stuff and nonsense; yours don’t  
 kick!”



## SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. HENRY CLAYTON,  
 MRS. MINNIE CLAYTON.  
 EDWARD, }  
 WALTER, } Clayton's children.  
 CLARA, }  
 MARY. }

MR. BLAKE, a saloonkeeper.  
 MRS. BLAKE.  
 LIZZIE, } Blake's daughters.  
 HELEN. }  
 BRIDGET, the maid.

### SCENE I.

Room in the Clayton home. Mr. C. reading paper; Mrs. C. sewing; the children doing various things.

*Edward.*—Well, mother, how about your temperance work; I heard you women were going to crusade. Is it so?

*Mrs. Clayton.*—If they do, I think I shall be one of them. Wouldn't I be in the path of duty?

*Edward.*—Maybe. But I think a better plan would be to get intoxicating drinks out of your own house first. Everybody knows father keeps a sideboard well filled with choice wines.

*Mr. Clayton.*—That is my business.

*Mrs. C.*—And everybody knows, too, that it is contrary to my wishes. Had I my way, there would be nothing of that kind about the house, and each member of the family would be the possessor of a pledge-card.

*Clara.*—Why, mamma, some of us have cards. Give us credit. You have only father and Eddie to sign it now.

*Edward.*—When father signs one, I will do likewise.

*Mr. C.*—You cannot get around it *that* way, my boy. If you want to become a

temperance man, don't wait upon me. If there is any danger of your becoming a sot, you had better join the cold-water army.

*Mrs. C.*—I do love the cause of temperance, and would like to work for it, but it has thrown quite a damper upon my ardor, when I think that husband and son are on the opposite side, and we are a divided house. And I think, father, you had better take a step forward now, as Edward has said he would follow. Won't you do so? Come, I have some cards.

*Mr. C.*—Never will I sign away my freedom in such a way as that. I am all right; whenever I see that there is any danger of my becoming a drunkard, I will quit. But because a man holds that he has the privilege of taking a social glass when he wishes, I do not see the use of the women, and a few reformed men, constantly interfering; and in plain words, I don't think its any of their business.

*Mary.*—Mamma, may I get my card?

*Mrs. C.*—Yes, child; show it to your father.

*Edward.*—I agree with you, father. Some of them are always around where they have no business, for no other purpose than to watch others.

*Mary (who has crossed the room to a table, got card, and is returning).*—Here it is. Oh, papa, put your name under mine, and it will be yours and mine. Please do, won't you? One day, at Sabbath-school, our lesson was about wine, and the minister said it meant ale and beer, too. There was a picture of a glass that men drink wine out of; it wasn't like ours, for there was a snake in the bottom of it, and they said something about not looking at the wine when it is red. Is that the kind you drink, papa? Will the snake bite you?

*Mr. C.*—Nonsense, child! you had better be at home, playing, than at such a place

as that. (*Taking a bottle from sideboard.*) Here, you taste it, and see whether there is anything that will hurt you about it; see, I am going to take some.

*Mary.*—Please don't papa. I wouldn't take it for the world. They say at Sunday-school that it kills and murders and makes papas hurt little children. Will it make you hurt me?

*Mr. C. (replacing bottle).*—I wouldn't hurt you for the world, Mary.

*Mary.*—Then you won't drink any more wine. Mamma, if papa puts his name here, will it keep the snake from biting him?

*Mrs. C.*—Yes, yes, dear child; get him to write his name, and Edward, too.

*Edward.*—I am going down street.

*Walter.*—Stay, Ed, and sign Mary's card.

*Clara.*—Do, Eddie.

*Edward.*—I'll sign after father does.

(*Exit Edward.*)

*Mary.*—Will you write your name, papa?

*Mr. C.*—Not now. I must go. I have an engagement down town. I can't write my name there, Mary; never ask me again. Mrs. Clayton, I hope you will see that this scene is not repeated; keep her home from Sunday-school. The idea of such stuff as that in a child's head! A pretty place it must be, where they teach a child to despise its father!

*Clara.*—Not the father; only the sin.

*Mr. C.*—Well, she will not go any more.

*Mrs. C.*—I couldn't deprive her of such excellent instruction. I'm only sorry that the work of instilling temperance into children in such a way that it becomes a part of their nature, was not commenced years ago. This scene would not then have occurred.

*Mr. C.*—I do not think your course a very wise one. You are teaching my child



to disobey me,—some more of those principles. From such religion deliver me. Train them on, and when they utterly despise me, I suppose you will be pleased! Get away! I am going where things are more pleasant!

(*Exit Mr. C.*)

*Clara.*—Oh, mamma; what will we do! Every time we talk to papa about temperance he gets angry.

*Walter.*—Oh, dear! I wish he would sign and let drink alone. I heard some men talking,—they didn't know me,—and they said it was a great pity of Henry Clayton. He was going down as fast as he could. He was neglecting his business, and it would soon pass into other hands. Is it true, mamma?

*Mrs. C.*—Never mind now. You children must improve every opportunity. God only knows what there is in store for us.

*Clara.*—Well, if Eddie would only sign!

*Mrs. C.*—We will hope for the best. "How long, O Lord, how long!"

*Mary.*—Will God hear a little girl pray?

*Mrs. C.*—Always. (*Exit Mary.*) My dear child, she is going to pray for her father. Children, you must all do likewise.

#### SCENE II.

Room in the Clayton home after a few years. All poorly clad. Mrs. Clayton discovered.

*Mrs. C.*—Oh, how things have changed! Our home gone; clothes worn out, and no way of getting others. It takes all the children make to buy food. Father gets money from them whenever he can, and sometimes takes what I have. How he has changed! He used to be so kind, and Mary was his idol; now we hear nothing but cross words, and this from him who promised to love and cherish! Sometimes I think such thoughts will drive me mad; but I must bear up for the sake of my chil-

dren. I have no fear for any but Edward, for the rest are Christians; but poor, wayward Edward,—going just like his father. Every day I expect to hear of his discharge. Clara is with a very nice family, and what little the dear girl can earn she gives to me. She always looks tired; sewing is hard on her. Poor, sensitive Walter! he feels his condition so much. Well, children, you will have your reward for your "patience in tribulation." But some one is coming.

(*Enter Mary.*)

*Mary.*—I am so tired and hungry; will supper soon be ready? I wish we had lots to eat, as we used to have, and clothes to wear that were not in so many pieces. If papa would only take the pledge, and sign my card.

(*Enter Edward.*)

*Mrs. C.*—How does it come that you are home from work so soon, Edward?

*Edward.*—I left.

*Mrs. C.*—Why?

*Edward.*—They gave me permission,—said they didn't want me any more.

*Mrs. C.*—Has it come to this? What will we do! Oh, Edward, had you listened to me, what a comfort you might have been to me now!

*Edward.*—Don't go to preaching, mother. I don't want to listen; I ain't in a humor for it!

(*Exit Mrs. Clayton weeping. Enter Clara.*)

*Clara.*—How does it come you are home, Eddie; are you sick?

*Edward.*—No. I am home, that is all, and nobody's business either!

*Clara.*—I did not intend to make you angry.

*Mary.*—He has quit working for Mr. Cole; that's what he told mamma, and she feels so badly.



*Edward.*—She needn't worry herself.

*Clara.*—Don't talk so about mother.

*Edward.*—Now, Miss Clara, just keep your advice to yourself, will you? when I want it I will ask for it!

(*Enter Walter.*)

*Walter.*—Clara, what's the matter?

*Mary.*—Eddie hasn't any place to work; where will mamma get bread now, Walter?

*Walter.*—We will try and take care of mother. What's the matter, Ed?

*Edward.*—What do you see the matter?

(*Enter Mr. Clayton.*)

*Mr. C.*—How did you get home so early, Edward?

*Edward.*—I'm like you, loafing. Mother and the children can take care of me, as they do of you.

*Mr. C.*—Well, you'll have slim fare. I suppose you have been drinking. Nothing more than I expected though.

*Edward.*—Look here, father, don't you say anything! If you had done your duty, I would not have been what I am to-day! Who taught me to drink? Who told me it wouldn't hurt me, and by his actions taught me to condemn the temperance movement? You did! and now blame me! This drink has made a demon of me! All natural affections are completely burnt out (*enter Mrs. C.*); and now see what I am, and you, too! You can look as fierce as you please, but you had better not touch me! (*Mr. C. starts towards him.*) Hands off, sir! I'll leave when I am ready! You are responsible for my ruin, and now want to turn me off! You laughed at mother's religion, but she loves me yet! (*Exit Edward.*)

*Mrs. C.*—Oh, my child! have I not drank the bitter cup to the dregs! What will be the end of this! Husband, do

see your folly, and reform before we are all crushed with sorrow!

*Mr. B.*—No preaching; get some supper! Hurry up!

### SCENE III.

*Mr. Blake's saloon. Mr. Blake and Mr. Clayton discovered.*

*Mr. B.*—Hen. Clayton, your wife is coming; get out as soon as you can. I don't want her to find you here; come, hurry!

*Mr. B.*—I used to be *Mr. Clayton*, when I had money.

*Mr. B.*—Get out by the back door quickly!

(*Mr. B. goes out, back. Enter Mrs. C.*)

*Mrs. C.*—Mr. Blake, is my husband here?

*Mr. B.*—What do I know about your husband?

*Mrs. C.*—I know he frequents this place, and I would like to find him; I want him to spend the evening with me; it is the anniversary of our marriage.

*Mr. B.*—I should think you would have a more pleasant evening without him.

*Mrs. C.*—He is my husband.

*Mr. B.*—And a fine specimen of humanity he is, too. You will not find him here. We keep a respectable place. We would not allow him to loaf here.

*Mrs. C.*—He does come here sometimes, —ah, very often, does he not?

*Mr. B.*—He used to come, but now he goes to places where they sell to those of known intemperate habits. We are law-abiding, and do not give to them already drunk.

*Mrs. C.*—Then the business of your establishment is to make drunkards, and turn them over to others, is it?

*Mr. B.*—I won't allow such talk here, madam, and the sooner you leave, the better it will be for you! I shall be happy to say good evening, Mrs. Clayton.







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*Mrs. C.*—Stay a moment. You admit that my husband formerly came here, but now he cannot come because he is so low. Pray, what is the cause of the change?

*Mr. B.*—I do not know. It does not concern me, I'm sure.

*Mrs. C.*—Yes, it does concern you. You have helped to bring on this great calamity. A few years ago we were a happy family,—a good home, plenty to eat and wear; what are we to day! My children scattered; my husband and myself outcasts; my eldest boy a wanderer. I know not where he is, and the cause I lay at your door. You allured and tempted,—it is your business to tempt; and they fell. I will not curse you. There will be a day of reckoning. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." May He forgive; I almost fear I cannot.

## SCENE IV.

Room in the Blake home. *Mrs. Blake, Lizzie and Helen doing fancy work. Enter Bridget.*

*Bridget.*—A lady, mum. Shall I show her up?

*Mrs. Blake.*—Who is it, Bridget?

*Bridget.*—Sure I don't know. Maybe she hain't got no name. She's just dressed in a caliker not so good as my own, mum; she said she would like for to see the ladies.

*Mrs. Blake.*—Well, show her in. (*Exit Bridget.*)

*Lizzie.*—How foolish, ma; you don't know who it is. Maybe she's a gipsy.

*Helen.*—Somebody begging I should think from the description.

(*Enter Mrs. Clayton.*)

*Mrs. C.*—Good afternoon, ladies; I think you do not know me. I used to know you Mrs. Blake; my name was Minnie Wayne.

*Mrs. B.*—Minnie Wayne! It can't be possible! she was such a bright, joyous, happy creature, so unlike you. No such look of distress could ever be made upon Minnie's face.

*Mrs. C.*—Time makes great changes. I am now Mrs. Clayton. I have talked with your husband, and now want a few words with you. I see you are pleasantly situated, have everything that you could desire, but your comforts have cost me dearly.

*Mrs. B.*—What do you mean, woman? We have nothing of yours.

*Mrs. C.*—I mean that the business your husband is in, together with the temptation of his place, has taken everything from us,—home, reputation, everything; and while you have plenty, we are in great need

*Mrs. B.*—I presume that you mean that you want some provision and clothes from me. Well, if that is all, I will have Bridget fill a basket for you, and give you some clothes. I guess we have some we do not need. Lizzie, ring for Bridget.

*Mrs. C.*—Don't, Mrs. Blake; I am not begging,—that is, not for bread or clothes; but I am begging, oh, so earnestly begging, that you will try and have your husband stop his dreadful business before he ruins any more families, or kills my loved ones body and soul. If you will not do that, at least persuade him to keep it from my husband. You were kind and good at school; won't you do something now for fallen humanity? Your daughters will help you, thousands will bless you, and God will reward you. Oh, may I hope that your influence will be for good?

*Lizzie.*—Well, ma, I think I would send her away. I think pa can attend to his own business.

*Mrs. B.*—I make no rash promises, madam. As my daughter has said, Mr.



Blake is capable of attending to his own affairs. I will have Bridget show you the door.

*Helen.*—Don't call Bridget; I will show this lady out, and promise to do what I can for her family. (*Exit Helen and Mrs. Clayton.*)

*Lizzie.*—Just like Helen,—she is so very pious. If pa would do what she wishes him to, I am sorry for all the clothes we would have.

(*Enter Helen.*)

*Helen.*—Mother, is it not as this woman says? Are we not living at our ease, while the business which furnishes the money is breaking hearts, destroying homes, and filling drunkards' graves? I will not be a party to such work any longer. Henceforth I am with the temperance people. (*Exit Helen.*)

*Lizzie.*—What foolishness! She's crazy!

*Mrs. B.*—Yes, but I fear she will do as she says!

#### SCENE V.

Room in the Clayton home. Mrs. Clayton reclining in chair, Clara in attendance.

*Mrs. C. (feebly).*—Clara, when was your father home last?

*Clara.*—Not since day before yesterday. He was so much as he used to be, mamma; so careful and attentive to you while you were unconscious, and watched carefully until one of those terrible spells came on; then he left, and I have not seen him since. I am so uneasy. Mamma, through all these long and weary years, hasn't your faith in God ever wavered?

*Mrs. C.*—Never; my prayers will be answered. It may not be while I am in the body, but I think you will live to see them answered.

*Clara.*—I hope so, but sometimes I am tempted to doubt it.

*Mrs. C.*—Where is Mary?

*Clara.*—She is at the temperance meeting, but will soon be home now.

*Mrs. C.*—When did you hear from Walter?

*Clara.*—Not since before you became sick. I presume he has not had time to answer. There comes Mary. What a noise she is making.

(*Enter Mary.*)

*Mary.*—O mamma! Clara! look at my card,—mine and papa's! mine and papa's! See the name! papa's name is under mine! I couldn't wait until they were ready. I hurried on to tell you.

*Mrs. C. (taking card).*—Thank God!

(*Enter Mr. Clayton.*)

*Mary.*—Here's your dear papa—sober—our own papa! O mamma, aren't we glad? Clara, you ought to have been at the temperance meeting. Helen Blake brought papa to the desk. (*Enter Helen Blake.*) Here she is; come and see mamma, Helen. Ah, but you are a good girl! I wouldn't let papa sign any other card until he signed mine. I have kept it for a long, long while. Mine and papa's! mine and papa's!

*Clara.*—Be quiet, Mary; there is some one coming. (*Enter Walter.*) Walter! but we are glad to see you; papa has signed the pledge! he— Who is that? (*Enter Edward.*) Edward! Mamma, here is Edward!

*Edward.*—Yes, I have my card, too, mother. Father, forgive your prodigal!

*Mrs. C.*—Once more a united family; and may these pledges, with all that have been signed in our city, be faithfully kept, "God helping us!"

(*All unite in singing a temperance song, as curtain falls.*)

## THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

## CHARACTERS

MARY COLE.

JACK COLE.

GRANDMOTHER COLE, who is very deaf.

AUNT MARTHA GORDON.

CYRUS GORDON.

## SCENE I.

The sitting-room of the Cole family. Mary reading a newspaper; Grandmother Cole knitting; Aunt Martha crocheting; Jack playing with the balls in Aunt Martha's work-basket.

*Mary Cole.*—Oh, Aunt Martha! only hear this! it's in the *Chronicle*. What a splendid chance! I declare, I've a great mind to answer it myself!

*Aunt M.*—What have you got hold of now? You're al'ays a-makin' some powerful diskivery somewheres. What now? Something to turn gray eyes black, and blue eyes gray?

*Mary.*—No; it's a matrimonial advertisement. What a splendid fellow this "C. G." must be!

*Aunt M.*—Oh, pshaw! A body must be dreadfully put to it, to advertise for a partner in the newspapers. Thank goodness! I never got in such a strait as that 'ere. The Lord hez marcyfully kept me thus fur from havin' any dealin's with the male sect, and I trust I will be presarved to the end.

*Jack.*—Didn't you ever have an offer, Aunt Mattie?

*Aunt M.* (*indignantly*).—Why, Jack Cole! What an idee! I've had more chances to change my condition than you've got fingers and toes. But I refused 'em all. A single life is the only way to be happy. But it did kinder hurt my feelin's to send

some of my sparks adrift,—they took it so hard. There was Colonel Turner, he lost his wife in June, and the last of August he came over to our 'ouse, and I give him to understand that he needn't trouble hisself, and he felt so mad that he went rite off and married the Widder Hopkins.

*Jack.*—Poor fellow! How he must have felt! And Aunt Mattie, I noticed that Deacon Goodrich looks at you a good deal in meeting, since you've got that pink feather. What if he should want you to be a mother to his ten little ones?

*Aunt M.* (*simpering*).—Law, Jack Cole! What a dreadful boy you be! (*Pinches his ear.*) The deacon never thought of such a thing! But if it should please Providence to appoint to me such a fate, I should try and be resigned.

*Granny C.*—Resigned! Who's resigned? Not the President, has he? Well, I don't blame him. I'd resign, too, if I was into his place. Nothin' spiles a man's character so quick as bein' President or Congress. Yer gran'father got in justice of the peace once, and he resigned afore he was elected. Sed he didn't want his repetition spiled.

*Jack.*—Three cheers for Gran'father Cole!

*Granny C.*—Cheers? What's the matter with the cheers now? Yer father had

them bottomed last year, and this year they were new painted. What's to pay with 'em now?

*Mary (impatiently).*—Do listen to this advertisement!

*Aunt M.*—Mary Cole, I'm sorry your head is so turned with the vanities of this world. Advertisin' for a pardner in that way is wicked. I hadn't orter listen to it.

*Mary.*—Oh, it won't hurt you a bit, auntie. (*Reads:*) "A gentleman of about forty, very fine looking; tall, slender, and fair-haired, with very expressive eyes, and side whiskers, and some property, wishes to make the acquaintance of a young lady with similar qualifications——"

*Jack.*—A lady with expressive eyes and side whiskers——

*Mary.*—Do keep quiet, Jack Cole! (*Reads.*) "With similar qualifications as to good looks and amiable temper, with a view to matrimony. Address, with stamp to pay return postage, C. G., *Scrubtown*; stating when and where an interview may be had." There! what do you think of that?

*Jack.*—Deacon Goodrich to a T. "C. G." stands for Calvin Goodrich.

*Aunt M.*—The land of goodness! Deacon Goodrich, indeed! a pillar of the church! advertisin' for a wife! no, no, Jack; it can't be him! He'd never stoop so low!

*Jack.*—But if all the women are as hard-hearted as you are, and the poor man needs a wife. Think of his ten little olive plants!

*Granny C.*—Plants? Cabbage plants? 'Taint time to set 'em out yet. Fust of August is plenty airly enuff for winter. Cabbages never begin to head till the nights come cold.

*Jack.*—Poor Mr. C. G.! Why don't you

answer it, Aunt Mattie; and tell him you'll darn his stockings for him, and comb that fair hair of his.

*Aunt M.*—Jack Cole! if you don't hold your tongue, I'll comb your hair for you in a way you won't like. Me answerin' one of them low advertisements! *Me*, indeed! I haint so eager to get married as some folks I know. Brother Cyrus and I have lived all our lives in maiden meditation, fancy free,—the only sensible ones of the family of twelve children; and it's my idee we will continner on in that way.

*Mary.*—Why, don't you believe that Uncle Cyrus would get married if he could?

*Aunt M.*—Your Uncle Cyrus! I tell you, Mary Cole, he wouldn't marry the best woman that ever trod! I've heern him say so a hundred times.

*Mary.*—Won't you answer this advertisement, auntie? I'll give you a sheet of my gilt-edged note-paper if you will.

*Aunt M. (furiously).*—If you weren't so big, Mary Jane Cole, I'd spank you soundly! I vow I would! Me answer it, indeed! (*Leaves the room in great indignation.*)

*Mary.*—Look here, Jack; what'll you bet she won't answer that notice?

*Jack.*—Nonsense! Wouldn't she blaze if she heard you?

*Mary.*—I'll wager my new curled water-fall against your ruby pin that Aunt Mattie replies to Mr. "C. G." to-night.

*Jack.*—Done! I'll wear a curled water-fall to-morrow.

*Mary.*—No, sir! But I shall wear a ruby pin. Jack, who do you think "C. G." is?

*Jack.*—Really, I do not know; do you? Ah! I know you do, by that look in your eyes. Tell me, that's a darling.



*Mary.*—Not I. I don't expose secrets to a fellow who tells them all over town. Besides, it would spoil the fun.

*Jack.*—Mary, you are the dearest little sister in the world! Tell me, please, (*taking her hand.*)

*Mary.*—You don't get them out of me. Take care, now. Let go my hands. I'm going up stairs to keep an eye on Aunt Mattie. She's gone up now to write an answer to "C. G." And if there's any fun by-and-by, Jack, if you're a good boy you shall be there to see.

*Granny C.*—To sea? Going to sea? Why Jack Cole! you haint twenty-one yet and the sea's a dreadful place! There's a sarpint lives in it as big as the Scrubtown meetin'-us', and whales that swallow folks alive, clothes and all! I read about one in a book a great while ago that swallowed a man of the name of Jonah, and he didn't set well on the critter's stummuck, and up he come, lively as ever.

(*Curtain falls.*)

## SCENE II.

The garden of a deserted house in the vicinity of Mr. Cole's. Mary leading Jack cautiously along a shaded path.

*Mary.*—There; we'll squat down behind this lilac bush. It's nearly the appointed hour. I heard Aunt Mattie soliloquizing in her room this morning, after this manner: "At eight o'clock this night I go to meet my destiny! In the deserted garden, under the old pear-tree. How very romantic!" Hark! there she comes!

*Jack.*—Well, of all the absurd things that ever I heard tell of! Who would have believed that our staid old maid aunt would have answered a matrimonial advertisement?

*Mary.*—Hush! Jack, if you make a noise and spoil the fun I'll never forgive you. Keep still and don't fidget so.

*Aunt M.* (*slowly walking down the path, soliloquizing.*)—Eight o'clock! It struck just as I started out. He ought to be here. Why does he tarry? If he ain't punctual I'll give him the mitten; I swow I will! Dear gracious! what a situation to be in! Me, at my time of life! though, to be sure, I haint so old as—as I might be. The dew's a-fallin', and I shall get the rheumatiz in these thin shoes, if he don't come quick. What if Jack and Mary should get hold of this? I never should hear the last of it! never! I wouldn't have 'em know it for a thousand dollars! Goodness me! What if it *should* be the deacon? Them children of his'n is dreadful youngsters, but, the Lord helpin' me, I'd try to train 'em up in the way they should go. Hark! is that him a-comin'? No; it's a toad hoppin' through the carrot bed. My soul and body if he should want to kiss me! I'll chew a clove for fear he should. I wonder if it would be properous to let him? But then, I s'pose if it's the deacon I couldn't help myself. He's an awful deetarmined man; and if I couldn't help it I shouldn't be to blame. Deary me; how I trimble! There he comes; I hear his step! What a tall man! 'Taint the deacon! He's got a shawl on! Must be the new school-master; he wears a shawl! (*A man approaches. Miss Mattie goes up to him cautiously.*) Is this Mr. C. G.?

*C. G.*—Yes, it is. Is this Miss M. G.?

*Aunt M.*—It is. Dear sir, I hope you won't think me bold and unmaidenly in coming out here all alone in the dark to meet you?

*C. G.*—Never! Ah, the happiness of



this moment! For forty years I have been looking for thee! (*Puts his arm around her.*)

*Aunt M.*—Oh, dear me; don't, don't! my dear sir! I aint used to it! and it aint exactly proper out here in this old garden! It's a dreadful lonely spot, and if people should see us they might talk!

*C. G.*—Let 'em talk! They'll talk still more when you and I are married, I reckon. Lift your veil and let me see your sweet face.

*Aunt M.*—Yes, if you will remove that hat and let me behold your countenance.

*C. G.*—Oh, certainly. Now, then; both together.

(*Miss Mattie throws back her veil. C. G. removes his hat. They gaze at each other a moment in utter silence.*)

*Aunt M.*—Good gracious airth! 'tis Brother Cyrus!

*C. G.*—Jupiter Ammon! 'tis Sister Martha!

*Aunt M.*—Oh, my soul and body, Cyrus Gordon! Who'd ever a-thought of you, at your time of life, cuttin' up such a caper as this? You old, bald-headed, gray-whiskered man! *Forty years old!* My gracious! You were fifty-nine last July

*C. G.*—Well, if I am, you're two year older.

*Aunt M.*—Why I thought sure it was Deacon Brown that advertised. *C. G.* stands for Calvin Goodrich.

*C. G.*—Yes; and it stands for Cyrus

Gordon, too. And Deacon Goodrich was married last night to Peggy Jones.

*Aunt M.*—That snub-nosed, red-haired Peggy Jones! He'd ort to be flayed alive! Married agin! and his wife not hardly cold! Oh, the deceitfulness of men! That's providence! I haint tied to one of the abominable sect!

*C. G.*—Well, Martha, we're both in the same boat. If you won't tell of me, I won't of you. But it's a terrible disappointment to me, for I sartin' thought *M. G.* meant Marion Giles the pretty milliner.

*Aunt M.*—Humph! What an old goose! She wouldn't look at you! I heerd her a-laffin' at your swaller-tailed coat, when you come out of meetin' last Sunday. But I'm ready to keep silence if you will. Gracious! if Jack and Mary should get wind of this, shouldn't we have to take it?

*C. G.*—Hark! what's that?

(*Voice behind the lilac bush sings:*)

"Oh, there's many a bud the cold frost will nip,  
And there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

*Aunt M.*—That's Jack's voice! Goodness me! Let us scoot for home! (*They start off.*)

*Jack (laughing.)*—Did he kiss you, Aunt Mattie?

*Mary.*—Did you see her sweet face, Uncle Cyrus?

*C. G.*—Confound you both! If I had hold of ye I'd let ye know—

(*Curtain falls.*)



## TALKING FLOWERS.

PERSONS.—Twelve little girls personating the flowers ; a very small child and a larger girl as mother and daughter ; and a group of very little boys and girls as Mosses and Ferns.

ARRANGEMENT.—Place the children in a semi-circle, having the group for Mosses and Ferns at one end. Let the two tallest personate Sunflower and Dahlia ; let *Convolvulus* stand by Dahlia with her arms twined around her. Arrange the remainder according to height.

DECORATION.—If in the season of flowers, let each have a wreath and boquet, if possible, of the flower she represents.

*Child (singing:—tune, "Nellie Bly").—*  
Mother dear, mother dear, see the flowers  
smile !

I wish I could their voices hear—come listen now, a-while.

Sweet blossoms, dear blossoms, sing, oh,  
sing to me !

I'll hark to you, I'll list to you, to hear  
your melody.

*Mother (singing).—*

Hush, my love ! hush, my love ! listen, darling, now !

When the winds the blossoms move, they  
murmur soft and low.

Sweet blossoms, dear blossoms, sing, oh,  
sing to me !

I'll hark to you, I'll list to you, to hear  
your melody.

*Flowers (singing).—*

Gentle child, meek and mild, listening she  
stands ;

Parted are her rosy lips, and clasped her  
lily hands.

"Sweet blossoms, dear blossoms, sing," she  
says, "to me !"

Now hark to us, now list to us, to hear our  
melody.

*Tulip (recites or sings).—*

I am a Tulip ; my dress is bright,  
It glitters like gold in the morning light.  
I know I am brilliant, and rare, and gay.

At first I was proud, until, one day  
I learned that I was not half so sweet  
As plain, little Mignonette, down by my  
feet.

*Mignonette (replies).—*

Beautiful Tulip, the hand Divine  
Made me for sweetness, and you to shine.

*Dahlia.—*

I am a Dahlia, with heart of gold ;  
The radiant hue of each purple fold  
Of my dress is like velvet to deck a queen.  
I'm the happiest Dahlia that ever was seen!  
But more than my beauty, or pride, or  
power,

Love I this gentle *Convolvulus* flower  
That trustfully grasps my strong, high stem,  
And decks my brow like a diadem.

*Convolvulus.—*

And I love you, for when I was young,  
With feeble tendrils I faintly clung  
To a Sunflower bold, but she shook me aside ;  
Then you, kind Dahlia, support supplied.

*Sunflower.—*

I did not mean to be rude that day ;  
I turned to the sun, and you stood in my  
way.

*Sensitive-Plant. (The very smallest  
child).—*

I am the little Sensitive-Plant.  
I would like to say more, but—indeed, I  
can't.

*Blue-Eye.—*

I am the little Blue-Eye grass ;  
 There are few who see me, as on they pass ;  
 But I can look up with my little blue eye  
 To the warm, kind sun in the beautiful sky ;  
 And I never am chilled when the cold  
     winds blow,  
 Because my dear home is so sheltered and  
     low.

Blue-Eye will teach you, in accents mild :  
 Learn to be humble and lowly, my child.

*Violet.—*

I am the Violet, and I dwell  
 Under the shade of the sweet Heath-Bell.  
 Early, at dawning, it rings and it rings,  
 To waken me, ere the redbreast sings.  
 I am happy, so happy the livelong day,  
 For I love in my lowly home to stay,  
 And I know that the sunny days of spring  
 The love of the children to me will bring.

*Gentian.—*

I am the Gentian, with fringe of blue,  
 Upward I gaze all the long day through.  
 I do not know whence the flowers all  
     come,  
 But it seems to me the blue sky is my  
     home.  
 When I bloom, the winter draws nigh,  
 And Asters and Golden-rod wither and  
     die ;  
 And leaves are falling from vine and tree ;—  
 Does it make you sad ? It is sad to me.

*Columbine.—*

I am the Columbine, and I keep  
 Sweet honey-drops in my nectaries deep.  
 The humming-bird and the busy bee  
 Know what they find when they fly to me.  
 I teach this lesson : That free from sin  
 You keep the cells of the soul within,  
 That love's sweet honey you may bestow  
 On all who about you come and go.

*Buttercup.—*

I'm little Buttercup, shining like gold,  
 With a smile for the young, and a smile for  
     the old.  
 I grow in the sunshine, and grow in the  
     shade,  
 I'm the cheeriest flower that ever was made.  
 When the little ones find me they dance  
     with delight,  
 As they fill up their aprons with buttercups  
     bright.  
 "Now, who loves butter?" they shouting  
     begin,  
 As they hold me up under each lily-white  
     chin.

*Sweetbrier.—*

I am the Sweetbrier, and I grow  
 By the wayside hedge where the children  
     go.  
 They search about in my fragrant home,  
 And they say, "It is time, for the buds  
     have come."

But I keep quite still till some gentle child  
 Parts the leaves with her fingers mild ;  
 Then I send my breath of fragrance out,  
 And laugh as I hear the joyous shout :  
 "The roses have come ! the roses are here !  
 I will carry this home to my mother dear !"

*Mosses and Ferns (in concert.)—*

Little Mosses and Ferns are we.  
 We dwell in the forest, glad and free ;  
 We joyfully drink the gentle rain ;  
 We smile when the bright sun shines again ;  
 Our fragrant thanks to the setting sun  
 We breathe, when each happy day is done.

*Flowers, Mosses, and Ferns (singing.)—*

Little child, an offering  
 Of our fragrant love we bring.  
 God has made us fair and bright,  
 For your pleasure and delight.  
 From the garden, field, and wood,  
 Sing, oh, sing, the Lord is good !







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Little child, a flower art thou,  
In the dear Lord's garden, now ;  
Gentle dews of heavenly love  
Fall upon you from above.  
Sing with flowers of field and wood,  
Sing, oh, sing, the Lord is good !

*Child, Mother, and Flowers (singing).—*  
Father dear, who sends the flowers  
In the field, the wood, the bowers,  
Joyous notes of sweetest praise  
Unto Thee our voices raise.  
Sing as loving spirits should,—  
Sing, oh, sing, the Lord is good



## UNDER AN UMBRELLA.\*

### CHARACTERS.

MISS CECILIA TRUMAN, a lady of a certain age.

MR. ALGERNON SMALL, a middle-aged gentleman.

### SCENE.

Mr. Small enters at side, his trousers rolled up, his coat-collar standing; he carries a raised umbrella well down over his face. Miss Truman enters at opposite side, her gown gathered in one hand, her other hand carrying a raised parasol which she holds in front of her.

*Miss Truman.*—This tantalizing sudden shower !

*Mr. Small.*—This beastly rain !

*(They advance toward each other until the umbrella collides with the parasol, and sends it flying out of Miss Truman's hand).*

*Miss T.*—Mercy !

*Mr. S.*—The fellow who does not carry a protector from the rain without jabbing it into his brother-mortals should be sent to the antipodes, where he might take lessons in umbrella guidance.

*Miss T.*—So think I. In the meantime here I am becoming positively drenched, and my parasol a hopeless wreck. I shall

assume the aspect of a Naiad in a very few minutes—the drops are already trickling over the bridge of my nose.

*Mr. S. (hearing her voice throws his umbrella back on his shoulder and sees her).*

A lady !

*Miss T. (haughtily).*—I am usually so called. Though your treatment of me might argue that I am a transparent vapor which impedes no atom.

*Mr. S.*—Madam—

*Miss T.*—Sir, I am a spinster; you will address me as plain Miss.

*Mr. S.*—Ah—ah—plain Miss, I see that I have put you out by my awkwardness; I have, I fear, been the means of destroying your equilibrium.

*Miss T.*—My equilibrium Sir, do not presume to insult me. I have yet to find the man who can destroy my equilibrium. You had better call it my parasol.

*Mr. S.*—Pardon me once more, madam—that is, I mean to say plain Miss.

\* From One Hundred Choice Selections.

*Miss T. (aside).*—Plain Miss! He is very literal.

*Mr. S.*—I sincerely regret having wrenched away your parasol. I see it lying there in the mud like a wilted tulip. It must have been very inadequate as a preserver from the elements, at any rate. If I could only make amends—if I might offer you a share of my umbrella.

*Miss T.*—I would die first! I would stand in this rain and melt by degrees, rather than accept such a situation.

*Mr. S.*—Who asked you to accept a situation? I hope my umbrella has no suggestions of an intelligence office about it?

*Miss T.*—If you will permit the rudeness, I should say not, while it has its present means of support.

*Mr. S.*—Meaning me. (*Aside.*) She is deprecating the strength of my intellect. And yet despite her manner—nay, because of it, there is something quite fascinating about her. I admire that dignified movement of the eyebrows, like arcs of an eclipsing moon seen through smoked glass. (*Aloud.*) Perhaps I have been not quite *au fait* in the expression of my desire to be of service to you—allow me to offer you *all* my umbrella. I shall not mind the rain. And there are two well-defined rills meandering down your cheeks.

*Miss T.*—Rills!—they may become oceans before I would accept the protection of the personal property of *any* man—oceans, sir, oceans!

*Mr. S. (testily).*—Stick to facts, if you please, as we are already sticking here in the mud. Oceans, indeed! Those rills may become rivers, but oceans, never!—unless you shall prove to be Lot's wife after her retrograde glance.

*Miss T. (aside).*—Lot's wife!—do I look

so old as that? (*Aloud.*) I beseech you not to add to your speech any further evidences of innate brutality.

*Mr. S.*—Brutality! You employ strong terms. I am but endeavoring to be polite.

*Miss T.*—If your idea of politeness consists in calling unprotected females Lot's wives, I should say it is high time some one had written a new book of etiquette and given me the privilege to subscribe for the first number.

*Mr. S. (aside).*—How piquant! This woman is that rare article, a feminine wit. (*Aloud.*) My dear lady, I merely meant to offer an umbrella and not an insult—unless the one is so shabby that the offer of it partakes of the nature of the other. I have irrecoverably spoiled the little silken awning with which you canopied your head, and I would repair the damages—not of the parasol, that is past mending, is irrecoverable, *uncoverable*—but of my feelings for causing the accident; and I would offer what amends I may.

*Miss T. (considerably softened).*—You are certainly generous; and I must decline the proffered loan. I accept no favors except from my own sex—I know what men are.

*Mr. S. (aside).*—How sage her education must be. (*Aloud.*) But you are standing in the rain, dear lady.

*Miss T. (aside).*—He calls me “dear lady.” How oddly it sounds. No one has called me “dear” since Algy's time. (*Aloud.*) I am standing in the rain, sir—dear sir—because you will not step aside and allow me to pass by. You are in my path.

*Mr. S. (moving aside).*—A thousand pardons! (*Miss Truman prepares to go on.*) Must I see you go through the rain?

*Miss T.*—Certainly not; close your eyes, and the hardship will be overcome.

*Mr. S. (aside).*—What sparkling reparation! (*Aloud.*) Besides, your bonnet will be spoiled.

*Miss T. (shrieking, and running under the umbrella).*—My bonnet! It came from the milliner's only this morning, and I felt that I *must* go out for a promenade as soon as I tried it on. And to think that this shower should spitefully come up! I shall accept of the protection afforded by your umbrella only so long as it takes me—

*Mr. S.*—To reach your home?

*Miss T.*—Only so long as it takes me to tie my handkerchief over my bonnet (*taking out her handkerchief and proceeding to shroud her head-gear*).

*Mr. S. (aside).*—I have not seen a woman do that since Cissy used thus to protect her finery from the elements. (*Aloud.*) Lady, I am really and truly going your way.

*Miss T. (her bonnet covered with her handkerchief).*—But I am not so sure of that; you don't know which way I am going to take.

*Mr. S. (aside).*—Positively an acute mind. (*Aloud.*) You are going the right way. (*Aside.*) That's a guess; she may take the left.

*Miss T. (aside, tremulously).*—I have been abrupt; such deference has not been shown me since Algy's time. (*Aloud, sadly.*) I trust, sir, that I am going the right way. I am a harmless enough creature, who has few in the world to care for, and (*heatedly*) who firmly believes in the perfidy of your sex, having good reason to so believe.

*Mr. S.*—What a striking coincidence! I, too, am a lonely sort of fellow who has few in the world to care for him and who—

ah—has a concentrated faith in the unreliability of women, and has every reason for exalting that faith into a mania. There is now one other good reason why you should allow me the honor of escorting you to the end of your destination.

*Miss T. (aside).*—Algy could not have been more persistent. (*Aloud.*) And may I ask what may that other good reason be, sir?

*Mr. S.*—That misery loves company.

*Miss T. (running from under the umbrella).*—Sir?

*Mr. S. (shocked).*—Forgive me; I meant nothing—upon my honor, I did not.

*Miss T.*—A man's honor! You likened me unto misery, sir—misery!

*Mr. S.*—Never! Your disbelief of men and mine of women caused me to see the compatibility of your remaining in my company until I should place you in some permanent place of shelter.

*Miss T.*—Oh! (*Comes under the umbrella; aside.*) His mind is peculiarly like Algy's, and so masterful. (*She takes the handkerchief from her bonnet, and turning her face away, wipes her eyes.*)

*Mr. S. (aside).*—Am I brutal enough to cause a woman's tears? It is like Cissy—the way she dabs those briny drops away.

*Miss T. (recovering).*—Pardon this emotion, sir; I know not why I should be so foolish, and in the presence of a stranger, too. But memory has its authority with us women.

*Mr. S.*—And with us men.

*Miss T. (smiling scornfully).*—Men have memory?

*Mr. S. (sententiously).*—As lasting memories as women.

*Miss T. (excitedly).*—Prove it! prove it! I know not why I speak thus familiarly, as



I despise men individually and collectively. But you have made an assertion which I have ever combated, and I am constrained to beg you to prove to me that memory has any meaning to a man. I can strengthen my argument by still further throwing aside reserve and imparting to you a cause for my distaste for the society of gentlemen, by saying that my memory of the perfidy of one man has well nigh made me loathe your sex. That is memory for you!

*Mr. S.*—I will be equally unconventional and tell you that remembrance of the unreliability of one woman has given me a doubt of every other.

*Miss T. (aside).*—What a grasp he has on his subject. (*Aloud.*) But does your memory take you back past the slight you may have received?

*Mr. S.*—It does. I see in all the glory of our first acquaintance the one who injured me, maidenly, sweet and lovable. Can you prove so much, and after many years?

*Miss T.*—More—and perhaps as many years have passed since the event as in your case. I see the man who ruined my belief in the world, and yet the memory of whom has kept my heart young while passing years have flung their shadows on my face—I see him as I loved him.

*Mr. S. (Aside).*—She is as innocent as Cissy used to be. (*Aloud.*) I see not only the time when I adored one woman, but I also look into the present when my love for her is as earnest as is my hatred for her sex because of her unreliability. There's memory for you!

*Miss T. (aside).*—What strength of devotion in a man; I would never have believed it. If Algy had only possessed a tithe of it. (*Aloud.*) I will be equally

candid and unsophisticated, sir, and declare to you that not only do I think kindly of him who ruined my faith in humanity, but also that I—I—

*Mr. S.*—You hesitate; you would say that you still love him?

*Miss T. (weeping).*—I shall love him until my heart has grown cold in death. I may seem a weak woman in owning so much—and he was not true to me, he was not true!

*Mr. S.*—Nor was the woman of my choice true to me. For her sake I have remained a bachelor all my life.

*Miss T. (wiping her eyes and frowning).*—Do you suppose that for any one's but his sake I am a spinster? A man can be so cruel and accuse a woman so unworthily.

*Mr. S.*—As unworthily as a woman can deceive a man. Suppose a lady engaged to a gentleman; and suppose a lady at a ball dancing nearly the whole evening with a stranger with whom her fiance is not acquainted?

*Miss T. (her hand over her heart; aside).*—Heaven! It is what I did, and what made Algy so angry. (*Aloud.*) And suppose a lady should meet her sister's husband just come from abroad, and not discover his identity to her fiance, simply for the sake of a little jesting? That! for a man's belief in her he professes to love!

*Mr. S. (aside).*—Merciful powers! it was what Cissy did, and which I did not find out until it was too late to rectify anything. (*Aloud, savagely.*) I should say that such a man must be a long-eared brute.

*Miss T.*—No, only a man—

*Mr. S.*—A brute, I tell you; I ought to know.

*Miss T.*—I insist that he was only a man; a man who was not gentle to her he loved, and who did not believe in her against suspicious appearances. As for the lady, she was as silly as it is possible for a woman to be—and I ought to know how silly that is.

*Mr. S.*—I cannot call her silly; she may have lacked discretion, but silly—no! a cheerful, loving creature whose own purity of intention blinded her to the miserable suspicion of others.

(*Miss Truman picks up her handkerchief. A piano plays "The Girl I Left Behind Me."*)

*Mr. S.*—Somebody in one of these houses is playing a tune peculiarly applicable to our present conversation.

*Miss T. (listening).*—"The Girl I Left Behind Me." (*They both listen to the music.*)

*Mr. S.*—Ah, if for one moment I might see the girl I loved and left behind me!

*Miss T. (aside).*—Algy used to have these qualms of conscience. (*Aloud.*) In the case of his meeting the lady what would such a man as you have been describing do? That must decide if a man's memory be as lasting as a woman's. What would he say, sir?

*Mr. S.*—He would say—(*Aside.*) I can't get the words out; this lady is exerting a marvelous influence over me.

*Miss T.*—Well, what would he say?

*Mr. S. (aside).*—And yet I must see if there is any chance for a man's gaining a share of the friendship of such a strong creature. (*Aloud.*) What would such a lady as you have been speaking of say should she meet the man who—

*Miss T.*—Who twenty-five years ago doubted her? She would say—(*Aside.*) I cannot say it; the idea of this stranger causing me to act so outrageously!

(*The piano keeps on playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."*)

*Mr. S.*—The lady would say?

*Miss T.*—Oh, listen to the music! (*Listens.*)

*Mr. S.*—Never mind the music. What would the lady say?

*Miss T. (aside).*—How masterful. (*Aloud.*) She would say—nay, what would your gentleman say if he met the unreliable lady? I insist upon your answer first; it is but fair.

*Mr. S. (musing).*—He would say, "When I went four hundred miles apart from you, and staid away until this morning, when I entered again my native town and wandered near your old abode, wondering if I should know you if I met you after all these years, and—and—"

*Miss T. (aside).*—If Algy should come to me thus! (*Aloud.*) Yes—yes; but why hesitate? Finish it, finish it. He would say?

*Mr. S.*—The man would say, "I have been a fool, and I have come to ask forgiveness for the sake of the dear old days. And though I am unworthy—"

*Miss T. (interrupting).*—No, no; if she is a woman who can appreciate the power of memory—and I acknowledge that you have proven that a man can have as vigorous a memory as a woman—she would say, "Not your fault but mine; I alone am to blame for my silly act; I alone am to blame, and bitterly have I paid for it—bitterly, bitterly!" (*She puts her hand before her face.*)

*Mr. S. (aside).*—Surely she speaks about herself. She will have no friendly feeling even for any man but the scoundrel who treated her badly and whom she still idolizes. What an old fool I have been!

(*Aloud*). Well, do not hesitate. And yet I will end all this; it is trying to you. The past is past; it has gone into the sunset-land of Nevermore.

*Miss T.*—Well, I think I shall proceed on my way. (*Ties her handkerchief over her bonnet and moves off, when Mr. Small catches her by the wrist.*)

*Mr. S.*—And yet I fain would know what the lady would say to the scoundrel should she meet him.

*Miss T.* (*trying to free her hand; aside*).—What a grasp he has on his subject; and as persistent as Algy used to be. Are all men so? (*Aloud*). The lady would say, “If there is one super-preposterous person on earth, her name is—”

*Mr. S.*—Hold—!

*Miss T.*—Pray take your hand from my

arm; this is all very nonsensical. I must go.

*Mr. S.*—Hold! make your humanity in the plural by saying, “If there are *two* super-preposterous persons in this world, they are—”

*Miss T.* (*freeing herself*).—Cecilia Truman!

*Mr. S.* (*yelling*).—Algernon Small!

*Miss T.* (*thrillingly*).—Algy, is it you?

*Mr. S.*—Cissy! Cissy!

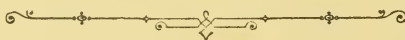
*Miss T.*—You horrid—

*Mr. S.*—You perfidious—

(*Mr. Small drops his umbrella, and they run into each other's arms—the piano playing “The Girl I Left Behind Me.”*)

(*Curtain falls.*)

NOTE.—To render this dialogue more effective, the stage should be hung in gray paper muslin, to give a twilight effect, and also add to the illusion of producing rain by whatever mechanical means may be employed.



## AFTER TWENTY YEARS.\*

### CHARACTERS.

MISS AGATHA TRELAWNEY, aged 40.

KITTY ANGUS, aged 19.

CAPTAIN RICHARD MAY, aged 45.

### SCENE.

Miss Trelawney's drawing-room; folding-doors back; piano; a screen (right) so arranged that the person hidden by it can face the audience. Miss Trelawney discovered, in plain morning costume and cap, seated, a letter in her hand.

*Miss Trelawney.*—To think that over twenty years have gone by since he was last in this house. And he is coming to-day! In all those years I have never seen

him; nay, have not so much as looked upon his handwriting until this letter reached me an hour ago. Dare I remember twenty years back?—dare a woman at my age view an old sentiment with partial eyes without becoming ridiculous to herself in her soberer moments? A sentiment! No, no, it was more than that, it was more than that! I was nineteen, he a few years more; we met, we—*did* he love me when so trifling a

\* From One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 14.



thing as a foolish hasty word could separate us? But now he is in America again, and he comes to me—for what? Oh, foolish woman-heart, you force me into forgetfulness of everything, but that you once throbbled rapturously when you knew that he came nigh. Yet I am not old,—memory has kept me young. Affection—ah, affection may be eternal, untouched by time and loss of youthful bloom.

(Enter Kitty Angus).

Kitty Angus.—Heigho, aunty, still communing with your letter? (*Seating herself and dangling her hat by the strings*). I am awfully glad that Captain May is coming; it will relieve the monotony of a morning which two interesting females feared was to be spent in futile efforts to keep from gaping in each other's faces.

Miss T.—My dear—

Kitty.—My dear, I am positive we should have gaped. I don't know but I should have sneezed. Why, you have been brooding over that letter for an hour. Dear me! I wonder if I shall ever be so complimentary to a letter. The writer of it was complimentary to *you*, too; when I met the Captain in the winter, just before I left London for America, the first thing he said to me was—(*Clock strikes*). There! it's nearly time for him to be here, his train is due in a little while. How do I look?

Miss T.—Dear, you were saying that when you met Captain May—

Kitty.—His nephew was with him, you know; his deceased brother's son. The Captain has been second father to him; as you have, since mamma's death, been a second mother to me. Is my hair all right?

Miss T.—Yes. But you were saying that Captain May's first words to you were—

Kitty.—To be sure. He said, "Ah, Miss Angus,"—he often says "ah," being elderly,—“Ah, Miss Angus, how is your Aunt Agatha?”

Miss T.—Did he, indeed?

Kitty.—He could do no less; you were the only familiar subject we could broach. But after that first meeting we became wonderfully intimate; I met him everywhere.

Miss T.—He went out a great deal?

Kitty.—Everywhere. All the girls were dying for him—the undertakers offered him untold wealth if he would only establish himself in the vicinity of a young ladies' school.

Miss T.—Kitty!

Kitty.—Aunt Aggy, now you're cross. (*Embracing her*). Well, the men liked him equally well. But men don't die for men—except some doctor's patient. Jack

Miss T.—Jack! Is that the nephew?

Kitty.—You know it is. Jack just dotes on him. He calls him "nunky."

Miss T.—Do young ladies make so free with young gentlemen's names now a-days?

Kitty.—You refer to my calling Jack, Jack? Oh, I always call him Jack. He likes it. So do I.

Miss T. (*in horror*).—But to call him thus, and to his face!

Kitty.—There is just the point where your generation and mine differ. Yours was a slyer age, aunty; you used to call men Jack behind their backs, and Mr. so-and-so to their faces. We don't; we say Jack all the time—when we know them well enough. (*Edging closer to Miss T.*) Now I don't believe you *ever* called Captain May "Richard," did you?

Miss T. (*confused*).—Kitty, have you practiced this morning?



*Kitty.*—Oh, I am too nervous to do anything, except wait. I—(*humming, rises and goes to piano; plays softly "You'll Remember Me;" sings quietly*): "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell—" (*Stops the song and plays the air*).

*Miss T.*—(*Kitty keeps on playing the air*). *Kitty!*

*Kitty (playing).*—Did you call, aunty?

*Miss T.*—We were speaking of Captain May, you will remember. Was he looking very old when you met him?

*Kitty (playing).*—No, indeed; quite juvenile; he always wore a rosebud in his coat.

*Miss T.*—He was not wrinkled? No?

*Kitty.*—Wrinkled? Mercy, no!

(*Miss T. cautiously reaches a hand-glass from the table, regards herself in it, and shakes her head, Kitty playing the one air at the piano*).

*Miss T. (replacing glass).*—*Kitty*, was he—ah—very—ah—happy?

*Kitty (playing).*—I should say so. A regular giggler.

*Miss T. (shocked).*—What!

*Kitty.*—Oh, but he was. I used to say to him severely, "You're a terror for laughing, Jack."

*Miss T.*—Jack! oh!

*Kitty.*—The nephew, you know. Perhaps you're referring to the uncle? No, he never giggled very much; he had a rather sad face when he was not animated—all elderly people have sad faces at times. I adore sad faces, don't you? (*Crashes on the piano, and comes forward*). Aunty, aunty, tempus is fugiting. Do dress to receive the Captain.

*Miss T.*—Dress! I am an old woman,

out of society; why should I dress to receive an elderly man?

*Kitty.*—Suppose the elderly man knew you in your early days, has not seen you in many years, and has carried around the world with him some remembrance of your youthful appearance?

*Miss T. (rising and gathering up her letter).*—But—

*Kitty.*—But me no outs. You are about to accuse yourself of age again. Old! Why, dearie, you are still young; positively in a proper toilette you are newer than I am. Do put on that lovely robe in which you look so well; there's a dear good aunty. I want Captain May to see you sweet and young.

*Miss T.*—Wherefore?

*Kitty.*—Because he knew you when you were so.

*Miss T.*—I! Young and sweet.

*Kitty.*—Do, do!

*Miss T.*—To please you I would do many foolish things.

*Kitty.*—Yes, yes, then to please me. Mercy! didn't you hear the music I have just played?—it was "You'll Remember Me;"—I played it for you.

*Miss T.*—For me?

*Kitty.*—For the old time's sake, *your* old time. There! do go and put on the lovely robe; be foolish to please me.

*Miss T. (in reverie).*—If it should be! If the old times are to him what they are to me!

*Kitty.*—What are you saying, aunty?

*Miss T.*—Yes, yes, I will go and dress (*going*), I will go—

*Kitty.*—The pretty robe, remember.

*Miss T.*—Yes, yes, the youthful robe. But I put it on to please you, *Kitty*; I put it on to please you.

(Exit Miss T.)

Kitty (looking after her).—You couldn't be foolish for your own sake, could you? O aunty, aunty, just as though I did not know your story. His nephew Jack told me all about it, silly old Jack! But I cannot stay here alone; I'm too nervous. I'll run about the garden till the Captain comes. Dear! how I dread, yet welcome, this visit! I know the business that brings him. And how will Aunt Agatha take it? She thinks, like all people of her age, that nineteen is too young to marry, but it isn't, and—and—

(Exit, singing "When other lips and other hearts," etc.)

(Enter at folding-doors, Captain May. His hair is slightly grizzled; a rosebud is in his button-hole.)

Captain May.—No one here? Surely I am expected?—Agatha has received my note? Does she forget her old friends? (Looking about him.) Ah, this old room! I have not been in it for twenty years, and yet, despite the new appointments, how familiar it is. Here, day after day, I used to come. How we watched the moon arise over the trees in the garden! The old trees are the same that I knew twenty years ago,—trees are life-long friends of men. And then of winter evenings how we loved the firelight and the soft sigh of the wind in the chimney. And how sweet Agatha was. It was the fancied likeness to her aunt that first attracted me to little Kitty. Dear little Kitty! Ah me! how sentimental we old stagers grow when we get the chance. I feel almost shaky about meeting Agatha. An order to go into immediate battle is not so terrible as the going to meet a friend after twenty years of absence. (Feeling his pulse.) Why, it's ninety! pshaw!

(Walks about, goes to piano and turns over the music on the rack.) "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell." Kitty's been singing, I suppose. What sentimental trash young people admire. (Whistles the tune, coughs, dashes a tear from his eye.) There! (gruffly.) I'm an old fool—no fool is like an old one. Maybe they're in the garden; let me go and see. I was never floored by a confounded tune before. (Angrily throws open the folding-doors and rushes out, jamming his hat on his head, whistling the tune.)

(Enter Miss T. in an elegant robe, without cap, and looking young.)

Miss T.—To think that I should act so unwomanly. Why am I dressed out in this peacock raiment? Let me acknowledge the truth, that I do it to make myself attractive in the eyes of a man. Horror! how indelicate! And yet I have known him so long, I knew him when I was young; and shall he note the ravages of time if I can veil them? But why does he come?—could he not let me rest in peace? His letter merely says that he has something of importance to say to me, to impart which he travels three thousand miles. Something of importance! (Takes letter from her bosom and reads it.) Twenty years ago such a letter would have made my heart flutter, possibly. (Feeling above her heart.) Not more than it flutters now. (Puts letter in her bosom again.) And I old enough to be sensible! Kitty says he looks young, has no wrinkles, and—(snatches hand-glass from table and regards herself in it.) I am not so old, not so very old; without my cap my hair is not ugly. (Kitty laughs outside. Miss T. throws down the glass agitatedly.) Oh, he is here, he is in the

garden with Kitty! I cannot meet him yet; I require more preparation than I thought I should. (*Kitty and Captain May both laugh.*) They are merry! Kitty and he together—and he comes to see me—something of importance to communicate—and all the girls were in love with him—Kitty is a girl! she played a silly love-song while she talked about him; she considers him young looking, even noticed that he always wore a rosebud; he has a sad face, and she adores sad faces; he went everywhere, she often met him; she became intimate with him; she,—oh, what a fool does memory make of a woman! I refused to see the truth,—he comes to America to ask for Kitty's hand! I—I—I cannot meet him thus. (*Kitty laughs.*) They are here! (*Looks about for hiding place. Goes behind screen, where she faces the audience.*)

(*Enter at folding-doors Captain May and Kitty, laughing.*)

*Kitty.*—It is a most amusing story, Captain. And so the lady, after all those years, still clung to the man and would not hear a word in his disfavor, although his flirtations were public comment.

*Capt. M.*—Such is woman's devotion. I was not laughing at her devotion, but at the man's perpetual youth. Ah, yes, a woman's devotion. Now, a man's devotion—

*Kitty.*—That is an entirely different matter. We all know what man's devotion is—true to one woman all day, in the evening true to another; Anna Maria in May, Susan Jane in June; by October all the names in the American category of feminine loveliness exhausted, and then hey! for Europe and Victorias and Maries.

*Capt. M.*—You speak as one who has

been coached according to the morbidity of some female Byron. Has your aunt—

*Kitty.*—My aunt never coaches any one; she is younger than I am—quite a baby. I continually shock her with my superior knowledge of the world. She is—

*Capt. M.*—But let us not speak of her. (*Placing seat for Kitty.*)—She will be here presently to speak for herself.

*Kitty.*—I don't know why she stays away so long. I—I—(*seating herself*) am growing nervous again

*Capt. M. (sitting down).*—Over what I am about to say to you?

*Kitty.*—That depends upon what you are going to say.

*Capt. M.*—You know why I am here?

*Kitty.*—I cannot say that I do not. I have not told aunty though; I dared not. She has old-fashioned notions about youthful brides.

*Capt. M.*—Once more permit me to suggest that your aunt be left out of the question. You know why I come to America?

*Kitty.*—Oh, I am so nervous. Yes!

*Capt. M.*—You know that I come to tell your aunt that a man offers you his heart and fortune?

*Kitty (lowering her head).*—Yes.

*Capt. M.*—I come for more than that; I come to beg you to consider what you are doing. You are plighting yourself for life to one man.

*Kitty.*—How horribly serious you are; just like Aunt Agatha.

*Capt. M.*—I see you will not leave your aunt out.

*Kitty.*—She is leaving herself out at present. I wish she'd come. *she'd* take it serious enough.

*Capt. M.*—True, your aunt and I belong to a generation that regards youth with



more careful eyes than we did twenty years ago. But as I say, I would, dear Kitty, have you view this avowal of love with all due reverence. It is a holy thing——

*Kitty (crying).*—And not to be lightly entered into. I know, I know it all; I've read the marriage service ever since I was sixteen. And I know all about the solemnity and "I, M, take thee, N," and all the rest of it. Oh! oh! oh!

*Capt. M.*—What have I done! Made you miserable? Forgive me! I came on the most blissful of errands,—to speak to you of love and marriage; and see how clumsily I have gone about it. There! there! (*trying to pacify her!*)

*Miss T. (behind the screen, takes the letter from her bosom and tears it to pieces, speaking sadly).*—I am old—an old, old woman. Let me take off this frivolous garb. How thankful I am that I have heard him before I met him.

(*The Captain still pacifying Kitty; Miss T. unperceived slips past the screen, crosses the stage and exits.*)

*Capt. M.*—Ah! Now you smile again, and I am forgiven?

*Kitty (knotting her handkerchief).*—There isn't anything to forgive, but I forgive you all the same.

*Capt. M.*—I dare say I made a sad bungle of it.

*Kitty.*—So many elderly people make bungles. They seem to think that we young people haven't a grain of sense, because we don't use it as we use pepper and salt to season everything we are regaled upon.

*Capt. M.*—I dare say I am elderly.

*Kitty.*—Oh, frightfully.

*Capt. M.*—While your aunt——

*Kitty.*—You said my aunt should not be

brought in. (*Aside.*) I'll bring her in, though.

*Capt. M.*—I merely remarked——

*Kitty.*—Pardon me! You *meant* to remark——

*Capt. M.*—That while I——

*Kitty.*—That while you are horribly old——

*Capt. M.*—Old!

*Kitty.*—Quite a relic. That while you are a second Methusaleh, aunty is in the enjoyment of incessant youthfulness. I will not deceive you, Captain May; my Aunt Agatha has discovered the philosopher's stone and has turned everything into gold, and herself into a being who will never arrive at maturity—I just now told you that she was a baby.

*Capt. M. (in reverie).*—She used to be very sweet.

*Kitty.*—She's a great deal sweeter now. All the men for miles around rave about her.

*Capt. M.*—They used to rave about her twenty years ago.

*Kitty.*—It's worse now. An undertaker wants her.

*Capt. M. (in horror).*—An undertaker wants her! Why—why—

*Kitty.*—Oh, merely to take a house near a college.

*Capt. M.*—Near a college?

*Kitty.*—So that he may have a brisk trade in the families of the sophomores.

*Capt. M. (laughing).*—You ridiculous Kitty.

*Kitty.*—Then why did you make me cry?

*Capt. M.*—Seriously, Kitty,—

*Kitty.*—Seriously, Captain May,—

*Capt. M.*—Your aunt is very young in appearance, I presume?

*Kitty.*—I have told you twice that she is



a baby. She could not be younger than that.

*Capt. M.*—Younger! Ah—younger looking than—than me, of course?

*Kitty.*—Of course.

(*Capt. M. slyly gets possession of the hand-glass, and looks into it.*)

*Capt. M.*—And—and—

*Kitty.*—I only wish she would hurry. Younger looking than you! My goodness! wait till you see her!

*Capt. M.*—She goes out a good deal, eh?

*Kitty.*—Indeed she does.

*Capt. M.*—She always went out a good deal.

*Kitty.*—She goes once a week to the rectory to make up flannel for the dear little Indians; two days to church; a half day to read to people who never learned the art. The other three days and a half she is occupied in keeping me from saying anything about her to quizzing elderly gentlemen.

*Capt. M.*—Elderly gentlemen! Do elderly gentlemen come here?

*Kitty.*—There was one here to-day.

*Capt. M. (putting down glass and rising).*—Yes, Kitty, I am old,—far too old for nonsense, and far too old for you to sit there and laugh at me.

*Kitty (rising and going to him).*—Oh, Captain, pray forgive me; you are too dear to me for me to make a jest of—

(*Enter Miss T. in first dress, and with cap.*)

*Miss T. (going to Captain M. and smilingly giving him her hand).*—I am very glad to see you, Captain May.

*Capt. M.*—Agatha—Miss Trelawney, after all these years of absence!

*Kitty.*—Why, aunty, you promised me

you'd put on your lovely young robe. You look almost elderly in that thing.

*Miss T.*—I am honored by this visit Captain May; a visit of business presumably.

*Capt. M.*—My old friend!

*Miss T.*—You compliment me by calling me such. Time has dealt kindly with you, Captain May.

*Capt. M.*—I should have known you anywhere, Agatha.

*Miss T. (laughing).*—You flatter me. (*Soberly.*) But this matter of importance which you have to communicate? You will pardon me, but I am expected at the rectory—

*Capt. M. (stiffly).*—Yes, to sew flannel for Indian babies. This welcome quite overpowers me; it is scarcely what one would have looked for after twenty years of separation.

*Miss T.*—I am sorry; but then age makes one practical. The matter of importance?

*Capt. M.*—Upon my word, madame!

*Kitty (rubbing her hands).*—It's coming! it's coming!

*Capt. M.*—The matter, madam, is this—

*Kitty.*—Oh! (*goes to piano and runs her hand over the keys.*)

*Miss T.*—I await your pleasure, Captain May.

*Capt. M.*—I—ah—ahem! Your niece—ah—ahem!

*Miss T. (cheerfully).*—My niece—

*Capt. M.*—Has become the object of—a man's devotion.

*Miss T.*—I know it.

*Kitty.*—O aunty, don't fib! Who told you?

*Capt. M.*—You are apprised of this?

*Miss T.*—Let me not act as though I am

in ignorance of anything you may say to me. Besides I am anxious to get to the rectory. I know all that you would tell me. When you first entered this room with my niece, I was behind that screen, and before I had a chance to escape, heard something of what you told her. Allow me to congratulate you on the manner in which you have fulfilled your office.

*Capt. M.*—Then you consent to this marriage?

*Miss T.*—I do, most heartily.

*Kitty (running to her).*—Oh, you delicious aunty!

*Miss T. (repulsing her).*—Go away, Kitty! go away, I say!

*Kitty.*—Why, Aunt Agatha—

*Capt. M.*—And I may tell him so?

*Miss T.*—Tell him! Tell whom?

*Capt. M.*—Jack, my nephew.

*Miss T. (feebly).*—Jack, your nephew! What has Jack, your nephew to do with it?

*Capt. M.*—Then you do not know the gist of the matter?

*Kitty.*—I knew you were fibbing; you don't know it. But you've said that I might accept,—Captain May has your word for it. I never told you, but it's Jack May, the Captain's brother's son, my dear Jack!

*Miss T.*—His nephew! Jack! (*putting her hand to her head.*)

*Capt. M.*—Agatha! what is it? Is it possible—

*Miss T.*—I thought—I thought—

*Capt. M.*—Agatha, tell me—after all these years—my old affection for you—which has never failed—

*Kitty.*—Oh, that's coming, too. (*Runs to piano and plays softly, "When other lips and other hearts," etc.*)

*Capt. M.*—Speak, speak, Agatha. You thought that Kitty's suitor—

*Miss T.*—Kitty! Kitty!

*Kitty.*—Don't appeal to me; I refuse to have anything to do with you. Only let me tell you that I know your story from beginning to end, Agatha Trelawney; Jack told me. Besides (*playing*), you're in a hurry to get to the rectory.

*Capt. M. (excitedly).*—Agatha, Agatha, tell me—tell me—you thought—

*Miss T.*—From what I overheard I thought—I feared—oh Richard, that you were Kitty's suitor.

*Capt. M.*—When I remember twenty years back, Agatha?

(*He holds his arms out, and Miss T. with a glad cry runs to him, placing her hands before her eyes and resting her head upon his shoulder, Kitty singing "When other lips," etc., as curtain falls.*)



## THE SONG.

“WAKE UP! wake up! Old Santy has come  
With oceans of goodies and toys!  
Wake up! wake up! the chiming bells  
Proclaim our festive joys.”

From cellar to attic the riot begins;  
Up and down, up and down, their voices ring,  
Their bright eyes glance, their sweet lips meet,  
And over and over the song they sing:

“Ah! jolly Old Santy, you’ve come once again  
With gifts for your girls and your boys!  
We greet you, we love you, we speed you away,  
For millions are waiting your joys!”

Shout on, happy hearts, hearts pure as the snow;  
Shout on, for the years their measures will bring,—  
For the bright eyes tears, for the sweet lips sighs,—  
But now, O merrily, joyfully sing:

“Santy has come, Santy has come,  
The silvery bells are ringing;  
We’ll crown him with holly and mistletoe,  
And give him a joyous greeting!”

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NOTE.—The Christmas Stories in Part IV. were written by the school children of Chicago and vicinity in response to an invitation from *The Daily News*, and prizes aggregating \$300.00 offered for the best productions. These prizes were divided into three classes: Five of \$20.00 for stories by children over 15 years; ten of \$10.00 for those between 12 and 15, and twenty of \$5.00 for those under 12 years. Over four thousand stories were submitted, from which the following have been selected. It may be said that they speak for themselves, and speak well. They are alike imbued with the same spirit of youthful impulse and freedom, yet they are of all sorts so far as Christmas subjects go and the manner in which they are treated. They all make, however, good reading. Hoping it will be an inspiration to young people all over the land, we place them here for their perusal, trusting they will find much pleasure in reading stories written by children whose hearts and souls are in the work.





# CHRISTMAS SONG

A PATTTER OF FEET  
ON THE CHAMBER STAIRS  
A FLUTTER OF ROBES  
LIKE A BIRD'S SOFT WINGS  
AN OPENING OF DOORS  
THEN A MERRY SHOUT  
AND THIS IS THE SONG  
THE CHILDREN  
SING



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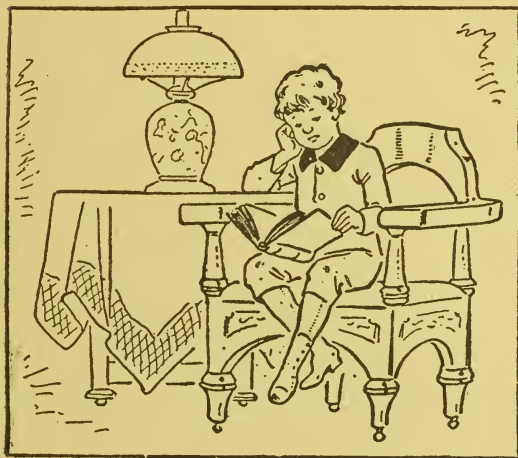
## • PART IV. •

(AWARDED FIVE-DOLLAR PRIZE.)

### JOHNNY'S TRIAL FOR A CHRISTMAS PRIZE.

By WILLOUGHBY HEGLER, Age 11 years and 8 months.

**M**R. EDITOR: This is a true story. In the great city of Chicago a good man lived, who offered prizes for the best Christmas stories—\$20 for stories by children over 15 years of age, \$10 for stories by children



between 12 and 15, and \$5 for stories by children under 12.

Now, I know a little boy named Johnny, and he said he would take the prize, or know the reason why.

First he got a pencil, and then spent half an hour in sharpening it. Next he got a

sheet of paper about big enough to hold 500 words. Then he spent another half-hour thinking about what to write. Then he cried because he couldn't take a \$10 prize, and then he cried louder because he wasn't old enough to take a \$20 prize.

Then he went back to his subject. First, he thought he would write about fairies, but he thought that was too girly. Next he tried to write about a mouse's Christmas, but he got in too many "cheeses" and "ands" and he had heard Miss Blank, his teacher, say that one should not use one word too many times in writing stories.

Then he asked his mamma how much nuts were a pound; before he got that settled his foot was asleep. Then he thought he would write about Washington crossing the Delaware, but mamma said that was too old a subject.

Thinking about the ice in the Delaware, made him remember that he wanted to go skating the next day, and he had to rush to the window to see if the snow was still falling.

Then he tried to write a story called "Kosciusko's Dream." He knew all about

Valley Forge, but when he went to have Kosciusko go to sleep and dream about Poland he found out he knew nothing about Poland.

Next he tried to write a story about a little newsboy, who one Christmas eve went to sell a man a paper, and he had the man find out that he was the man's little boy, who had fallen in the river and was drowned a long time ago; but his big sister said that was what all the other little boys would write about.

This made Johnny mad, and he flung the paper in one corner and the pencil in the other, and said he wouldn't have all the prizes in Chicago.

P. S.—My name is Johnny.

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(AWARDED TWENTY DOLLAR PRIZE.)

### MARGERY'S CHRISTMAS DOLLAR.

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FRANCES WALLACE.

Age, 15 years and 9 months.

MARGERY'S Christmas box was empty. Pennies had not been so plentiful in the little family this year as in the previous years of her short life, and the thought that she could have no part in the customary Christmas offerings was making her a very sad little girl; but grandpa had come many miles to visit his children, and as he kissed his "little woman," as he called her, good-by, he slipped a bright silver dollar into her hand.

It was the first time she had ever had so much money all her own. To be sure she had been intrusted with the housekeeping money many a time, for she was mamma's trusted little errand girl, and could buy the roast for dinner or order the vegetables from the market as well as anybody, but

she always counted out faithfully the change that was left, into her mamma's hand, and it was only once in a while that she was permitted to keep a few pennies all for her very own.

"It takes all the money your papa makes, my dear," her mamma had said to her one day, "to keep us and send you to school. We are not rich, Margery."

Since then she had never teased for the pennies that were left, though the candy store on the corner was so tempting and there were so many school-girl playthings that she wanted so badly.

"Oh, you dear old grandpa," she cried, "is it really all mine?"

"Yes, deary, all yours to spend as you please; only I hope you won't be cruel to it. Some people treat their dollars so very badly. If this one could only speak to you, what a story it could tell, of its treatment since it became a dollar and was started on its travels. Just think how many pockets it has been in."

Just then the school-bell rang, and away ran Margery. The busy day with its round of lessons kept the dollar as much in the background of her thoughts as it was possible to keep such an important factor in a little girl's happiness, and it was not until she was going to bed that night that she stopped to reflect over her grandpa's words. "I wonder what grandpa meant by mistreating the dollar," she said to herself, as she turned down the bed-clothes. "Oh, I know; by spending it unwisely, of course. Dollars do lots of good in the world; that's what they are made for, and perhaps when people waste them it makes them feel bad. Suppose I bought a whole basketful of chewing gum with this one, I suppose it would care a great deal. I can fancy the

goddess of liberty will smile or frown, according as I spend my dollar wisely or foolishly. I wonder if anybody ever thought to notice? I am going to watch her when I spend this. I wonder how she looked when grandpa gave it to me this morning? You smiled, didn't you, goddess? I'm sure I hope you did."

She held the dollar between her thumb and finger as she lay in bed, with the moonlight coming in through the parted curtains and falling in a broad gleam across the white spread. She could read every word that was on it. She could see by the date that it was just five years old. "Why, I am more than twice as old as that," thought she, "but I don't suppose I know half as much about the world as it does. I wonder if a little girl ever owned it before, and I wonder how many things it has paid for? Don't I wish it could turn into a fairy and tell me its story! If my cot were only like the lame prince's wonderful cloak, I would say 'Abracadabra, abracadabra,' as he did, and away we would go to fairyland."

"No need for me to go to fairyland to talk," said a silvery voice that Margery was sure came from the dollar. Sure enough! when she looked closely at the face of the goddess she saw that she was smiling at her, and that her lips were moving, but she was not a bit frightened.

"Oh, please tell me something, tell me everything you know, tell me everywhere you have been, won't you?" she asked, eagerly.

"My dear child, I cannot; it would take too long, but I will tell you some of my history."

"Oh, do, please, go back to the very beginning," urged Margery. "I want to know so much, and, and—I'll give you plenty of

time. I won't spend you for ever so long if you'll only talk to me."

"I will tell you my story only on consideration that you are not to interrupt me till I get through. You see, I know how children ask questions. You must let me tell it in my way."

"Yes, yes, I promise," Margery hastened to reply, fearful to importune further lest the goddess should refuse altogether.

"Well, the first I remember is lying in the mint with many others. We had been having quite a chat about the world one morning, but none of us knew much about it or what we were for. We knew we were dollars. We couldn't help knowing that, for it was plainly stamped on each of us. Presently some one laid an old, dull-looking dollar down near me, and knowing it must have been out in the world, I ventured to ask it what we were for.

"That would be hard to answer," replied the old dollar. 'You are going out in the world along with these thousands of others, who are waiting just as you are to see what will happen next. I have been out a very long time, as you can see from my date, if indeed I am not worn too smooth for it to be discerned.'

"Tell me something about the world, won't you?" I asked. 'You'll learn soon enough,' replied my new friend. 'I will tell you this much: you are going to be several things,—a missionary, a curse, a blessing, the promoter of joy, sorrow, happiness, and woe, but you have no control over your own destiny. You might as well lie still in the pocket you happen to be in, for your desires will never be consulted. You will be entirely at the mercy of a tyrant, for whom you have been created. Your sense of justice and propriety may be outraged a



thousand times, but you may as well keep still, for your own power—you have power—is not under your own control. I used to ring out indignant protests sometimes when I was new, but nobody ever listened to me, and I learned to keep still.'

"'I am very glad to learn that much,' I replied. 'Perhaps we may meet again some time, and exchange stories. You, doubtless, have had many interesting experiences in your travels?'

"'You will find,' replied my silver friend, 'that your own experience will be varied and interesting enough to quite fill one existence; besides, it is doubtful if we ever meet again, for I am going to be made into a spoon. I was given last week with eleven others to a young married couple and accompanied by a card which read: "To be made into teaspoons." I am here to be weighed now.'

"'Shall you like your new'——

"My question was unfinished, for just then I was abruptly started on my travels.

"That was five years ago. I am an old dollar now, and full of experience. I have been much sought after by old and young. I have been permitted to bring smiles of joy to many faces, and forced to bring tears of sorrow to many others. I have wonderful power, but can only use it at the will of my possessor. I am yours just now, and it is for you to decide whether my next act will be a good one or a bad one. I have done much harm as well as much good. I have been in thousands of pockets; in the perfumed pockets of silken robes and in the dirty pockets of street gamins; in the pockets of millionaires and in the pockets of poor washerwomen. I have been pressed in the palms of lazy luxury and of stern poverty. I have lain lazily in the company

of others in the possession of the wealthy, and I have been the last dollar of the poor. I have paid for a single meal for the rich man and for a sack of flour for the poor family. I have paid for shoes for the baby and for drinks for the drunken father. I have lain in the church collection and the bar-room till. I have been given in charity and stolen by the pickpocket. I have stopped a moment with the spendthrift, and been imprisoned in the miser's box. I have helped pay the minister's salary and the gambler's debt, the workman's wages and the perjurer's hire, the honest debt and the usurer's demand.

"I have bought cigarettes for the bad boy one day and a school-book for the rosy-cheeked school-girl the next; flowers for the dead baby's coffin one day and the hangman's halter the next; perfume for dainty handkerchiefs one day and bread for the starving the next.

"For me, men, women, and children scramble from morning till night; for me, the hands grow horny, the brows furrowed, and the hearts weary; but I cannot stay with my captors long.

"I am no sooner captured than away I go again. No pocket is deep enough, no purse strong enough, no clasp strong enough, to keep me long. For me, men lie, steal, fight, and murder. In the headlong pursuit for me, man runs against brother and heeds it not; tramples over friends, and knows it not, and at last catches me, only to lose me and take up the chase again. In all this wide, wide, world there is no hiding place, no rest for the rolling dollar.

"What are you going to do with me, little mistress? What is your behest, my rosy-checked queen? Command, and I obey."

"Please let me think," said Margery, who had been all ears and attention during the story, "have you ever before belonged to a little girl?"

"Many and many a time," answered the dollar. "I rarely stop with any one long, but with children shortest of all. I have bought dolls, ribbons, candies, tops, balls, and, oh, ever so many things for boys and girls."

Margery wanted to ask it if this was a pleasant part of its mission, but she was so overcome by the vast and varied experience she had just listened to that she hesitated. She did wish she knew whether the goddess smiled or frowned when grandpa gave her the dollar.

"I am afraid you will think me foolish," ventured Margery, timidly, "but would you mind so very much if I should shut you up in a tin box and keep you for my Christmas money?"

The face of the goddess smiled and smiled until it shone with the silvery light of a brand new dollar, as it replied:

"I should like it above all things. Nothing gives me so much happiness as to bring joy and sunshine to the hearts of the children. By all means let me stay with you till Christmas."

Margery kissed the face whose lips ceased to move, indicated that the story was done, and taking her tin box from the bureau beside the bed she laid it in and shut the lid.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Margie, Margie," called her mother, and the sleepy little girl opened her eyes; "Come, Margery, breakfast is ready, and I want you to go on an errand for me before school-time."

"Yes, mamma," replied Margery, sitting

up and rubbing her eyes; then as the memory of the dollar's story came to her she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, such a strange thing happened to me last night. The dollar grandpa gave me talked to me, and told me its history."

"Why, child, what do you mean?" asked her mother, looking to see if she were really awake. "Where is your money?"

"I put it in my tin box with the lock and key, and I'm going to keep it for Christmas. It said I might."

"I guess you are dreaming yet," answered her mother; "come, jump up now, or you'll be late for breakfast."

"Indeed, mamma, it could not have been a dream," said Margery, as she sprung out of bed, but as she stepped on the floor the dollar fell out of the folds of her night dress and rolled across the floor. That wakened her completely and she understood it all. Her mamma laughed, and so did she.

"I don't care; it was a good dream anyway, and I'm going to save the money for Christmas, just the same. I'm sure it is here this time," she said, as she turned the key in the tin box and shut the bureau drawer.

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(AWARDED TWENTY DOLLAR PRIZE.)

### A CHRISTMAS GUEST.

RICHARD V. CARPENTER.

Age 18 years.

JOHNNY Harney stood by the gate in front of the little white farm house where he lived, and watched the twilight darken into Christmas eve.

There were trees about the house, but a little ways beyond, the road ran down to a great stretch of lowland that was covered

in the summer by tall, wiry marsh grass and by the flowers that love damp places, and where countless little green frogs hopped about among the hummocks.

Beyond this was the lake,—one great field of wild rice, with here and there a silver network, where the twilight lingered on some open water.

Way down at the foot of the lake the lights at the club house gleamed brightly, for to-morrow was Christmas, and all the sportsmen were up from the city for a Christmas dinner on ducks of their own shooting.

John Harney was a good boy, and seldom discontented or out of sorts, but when he thought of all the nice guns that stood along the racks in the sitting room, and the great bunches of ducks and squirrels that lay in the kitchen of the club house he did feel just a little bit covetous.

For that was John's greatest sorrow. He didn't have a gun.

Often when his chores were done, he would take the shabby little square-ended boat, and row down into the river to watch the hunters.

He would hear the guns sound way off across the lake, and a flock of ducks would come flying over, growing less at every place where some canvas-coated sportsman waited among the grass.

It was a sad sort of pleasure John got from this. But, then, a gun costs a great deal of money for a farmer's boy, and the price of Tommy's spotted wooden horse and Jimmy's trumpet and all the other presents wouldn't nearly have bought one.

It was growing colder all the time, and even through his thick new mittens John's hands were beginning to feel numb; so he started to go in to the warm kitchen fire.

But then—a long drawn cry came faintly across the lake:

"Help!"

It sends such a thrill of excitement a-tingling down one's nerves—that call for aid.

He knew in an instant why the person had called.

"Somebody's got lost in the grass!" he thought, as he hurried down to the lake; "he'd better not try to stay out all through this kind of a night!"

It took a long while to reach the place from where the shouts had come and to get the hunter to the shore, for the poor fellow, numbed and exhausted and lost among the great fields of grass, had dropped the oars, and sat huddled in the stern, yielding to that drowsiness which is so often a fatal one.

But he soon came to when John had got him to the house, and what a jolly Christmas guest he was then—almost as good as if Santa Claus himself had tied his deer to the fence and staid with them all the evening!

With the little Harneys clustered about the stranger's knee, listening open-mouthed to his wondrous stories, the father leaning against the wall smoking his pipe, and the mother softly rocking baby's cradle—all lighted by the glow of the firelight, it was a pretty scene to see—one that the sprites of Christmas love to look upon.

And when the Christmas guest was done, the mother told of that strangest of wondrous beauty that shone another Christmas night, above the manger where the infant King lay sleeping—so long ago, and so far away—in Bethlehem of Judea.

And the father, looking backward to his earlier years, bethought him of a story altogether new—one that had slipped his



memory until now (as things of such slight import will) about a fierce, gaunt wolf of monstrous size that he, Putnam-like, had slain in a cave by the light of its own eyes.

But John, of all these tales, heard not a word. What were these childish stories of bears and wolves and Indians to the sight of the beautiful gun, with its smooth, round barrels and shapely stock, that belonged to the Christmas guest, and that stood in the corner by the door?

The stranger, as he gazed around at his little audience, might have noticed where the boy's eyes were wandering, but if he did he said nothing, and kept right on with his stories.

Santa Claus must have been very nearly through with his gift-giving when the little Harneys went to bed, each with a bright new silver dollar clasped in his little fat hand; and the guest turned to John.

"I won't forget, my boy, what you have done for me," he said solemnly. "They would have found me there, all cold and still among the grass, like they did poor Phillips last winter, and my Christmas day would have been at the home of Him whose birth it celebrates. I thank you now, and perhaps before long I may be able to show my gratitude in a better way." And any one could see that he meant what he said.

Then the lamps were put out, and the dream-folk came to take the place of the Christmas sprites, while the wind whistled around the corners and old Jack Frost peered in through the green shutters; and all the fields and roads, and the woods and lowlands, took on a covering of snowy whiteness.

Long before the first happy city toddler had rushed to his stocking to find what Santa Claus had left, even before that

merry old gentleman and his fleet-footed reindeer had reached their icy northern home, the Harneys were awake and breakfast was on the table.

It was a bounteous breakfast, too, for that family; because, although the stranger did not know it, or at least did not show that he knew it, all the good things that were to have been for the Christmas dinner were brought forth (to the great joy of the little Harneys, who could hardly have existed till noon without them,) and were placed before the Christmas guest.

Soon after, when thanks and merry Christmas wishes had been given time and again, the hunter was obliged to depart; for, as he told them, his friends at the club house would be frightened at his absence; so he and John walked down to the landing together.

"You must visit me at the house," he said, as he took the boy's hand in parting, and then, stepping into his canoe, he was soon rapidly getting out of sight.

"Oh, mister, wait, wait; you forgot something!" called a childish voice from behind, and one of the little Harneys came running down the road as fast as his short legs could carry him, with the stranger's gun.

"Come back sir; you have left your gun!" shouted John, taking the precious weapon in his hands and waving it above his head.

But the Christmas guest came back not a stroke. He only rose to his feet, and, placing his hands so as to form a trumpet, he shouted something back—something that made John's face radiant with delight, and his heart almost burst with gratitude.

"I didn't forget it," came faintly to the shore. "It's yours. Merry Christmas!" And the little canoe and the Christmas guest were lost to sight among the grass.



(AWARDED FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## CHRISTMAS ON AN ISLAND.

MABEL BLACKWELL.

Age 11 years and 5 months.

**L**AST winter a family were traveling to India to spend Christmas with their brother. When they started the weather was so delightful that the children amused themselves, by playing on the deck and looking at their faces in the water, which was perfectly calm and smooth as a mirror. Not even a ripple could be seen. Suddenly, after they had been sailing several days, one night the little girl noticed confusion. She looked up and saw the captain ordering the sailors to make everything secure, for he could see a storm approaching. Sure enough, at midnight they were alarmed by a terrible gale, which was blowing and rocking the ship like a cradle. The storm continued many hours, until at last the vessel was thrown against a rock and wrecked. All the crew perished. The family succeeded in getting on a piece of the broken vessel, and, after drifting on the water until they were exhausted and nearly dead, the wind fortunately blew them upon an island, where they all knelt down and thanked God for their deliverance from death. The father provided a shelter as best he could with the leaves and trees which he found growing on the island. They supported themselves by birds and fruit which they found there.

They gave up all hope of the happy Christmas they had looked forward to. Of course they could not expect to celebrate Christmas at all.

One evening when the family were talking about their misfortunes, little Maud ex-

claimed: "Oh, mamma, we are like the children before there was any Christmas. I wonder if they had any Santa Claus? But we feel worse because we expected to have such a lovely Christmas this year, and now we won't have such a good one as we had last year."

The father was bound they should have some kind of a Christmas, so he went all over the island until he succeeded in getting a large bird and gathering the best fruits.

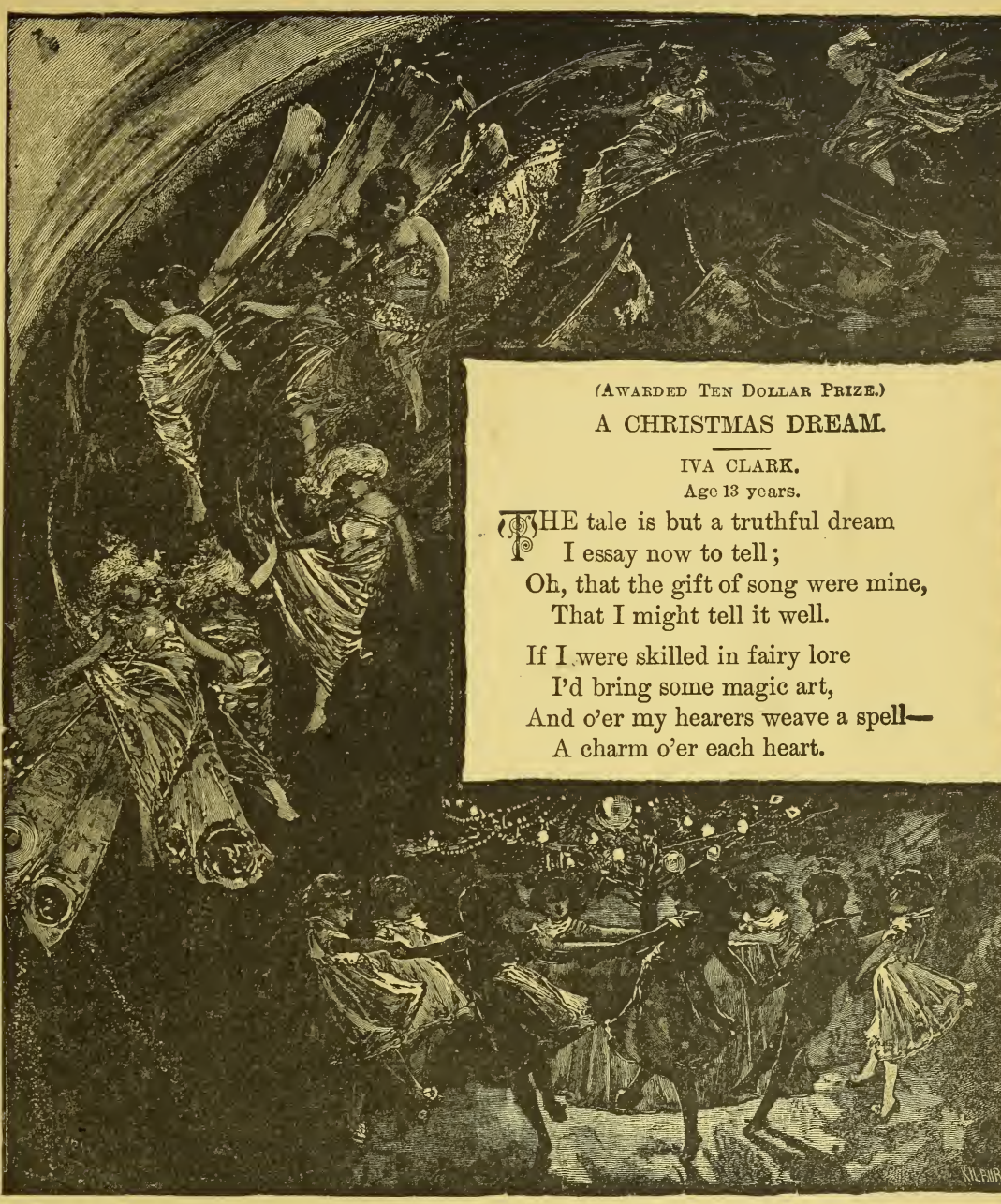
Now the brother in India thought he would like to eat a Christmas dinner with his relations in America again, and so he started out. But his vessel was badly injured by the same storm which they had encountered, and had to be repaired. So the captain stopped at the same island. The brother went ashore, and there saw the rude house and went up to it. Imagine his surprise at seeing his relatives, and their astonishment and thankfulness at seeing him.

The family told him how they had started to spend Christmas with him in India, and he told them that he had intended to go to America and spend Christmas with them.

You see both intended to have a family gathering, but not on an unknown island. However, they made the best of it. The brother fetched provisions from the vessel and boxes full of presents which he had brought for them.

Maud's mother cooked a bountiful Christmas dinner after all, which they enjoyed much more because they had given up all hope of having one.

They soon went back to America, but they never forgot the Christmas on the island.



(AWARDED TEN DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

IVA CLARK,

Age 13 years.

THE tale is but a truthful dream  
I essay now to tell;  
Oh, that the gift of song were mine,  
That I might tell it well.  
If I were skilled in fairy lore  
I'd bring some magic art,  
And o'er my hearers weave a spell—  
A charm o'er each heart.

'Twas Christmas eve—I fell asleep,  
A-nodding in my chair,  
And elfin folk and fairy sprites  
Came in and found me there.

One drove a team of lightning bugs,  
One sailed on thistle-down,  
A milk-weed wand was in her hand,  
On her head a sea-foam crown.

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Her dress was made of roses red,  
The fairest ever seen,  
All sparkling o'er with pearly dew,  
She was the witches' queen.

They danced in circles 'round the room,  
And mocked me in my chair—  
Pelted me with flakes of snow,  
Threw butterflies on my hair.

The hour grew late. From fairy cups  
They sipped bright cowslip wine,  
And all made fun of the sleeping guest  
Who would not wake to dine.

"Kris Kringle comes! Kris Kringle comes!  
Let's lead him to the chair  
Where the weary child has taken rest  
With butterflies in her hair."

'Twas thus spoke up a midget wight,  
Who took a holly-leaf,  
And passing o'er my forehead, cried:  
"All woe depart and grief!"

And then the fairies' gracious queen  
With the crown of pure sea-foam  
Touched me with her magic wand—  
Welcomed me to her home:

"Welcome, welcome, child of earth!  
To you one boon is given;  
Seek what you want, it matters not—  
Anything under heaven.

"Kris Kringle comes in one short hour,  
Think well; one gift is thine;  
Beauty, power, or magic art,  
Or wealth from golden mine.

"We'll leave you now our king to meet;  
His chariot's on the road,—  
Come, dragon-flies and lightning-bugs,  
And help him with his load."

Away they flew—and now to think  
What shall my prayer be?  
Shall I seek for power to move the earth,  
Or to ride or walk the sea?

Beauty, wealth—what shall I ask?  
Talent, pomp or grace?  
Shall my boon be golden mine?  
Shall they call me fair of face?

Ah! beauty does not last—let mine  
Be gift of greater power.  
Shall my wish be peace and joy  
To fill each passing hour?

Or shall I seek the power to heal,  
To cure both pain and grief?  
Shall I find a balm for every ill,  
For every wound relief?

Oh! it would be a heaven indeed  
To have no fights nor wars,  
And keep all troubles bottled up,  
Labeled "Family Jars."

With untold wealth, I'd feed the poor,  
Build churches, schools; and then  
We'd have no need of scaffolds high—  
No pale and doomed men.

But I've heard it said if trees were gold  
That some would cry for bread.  
What shall I ask? The time is up.  
"Back in an hour," they said.

Tramp, tramp, they come, the witches all—  
Kris Kringle's chariot green,  
Bumble-bees and dragon-flies,  
And the airy, fairy queen.

They lead the king to mossy throne,  
While merry blue-bells ring;  
Then one and all join in and shout—  
Gaily, merrily sing:



"Ring out, ring out, ye blue-bells!  
 Kris Kringle's here; come all  
 And join the merry chorus;  
 This is the fairies' ball!

"Sing out, sing out, ye witches!  
 And ring, ye blue-bells, ring!  
 Come, fairies from the woodlands,  
 And greet the Christmas king!"

They sing, but never weary;  
 The night is nigh the day,  
 The east is growing golden  
 And fairies must away.

But ere they go they whisper:  
 "Child of earth, make known  
 Thy wish to great Kris Kringle  
 And greet him on his throne."

"Anything under heaven,"  
 The little witches said.  
 My mind is weary thinking,  
 And puzzled is my head.

"Whence do you come, my little maid?"  
 Pleasant is his voice,  
 And now heyday! a thought is here;  
 Rejoice, my friends, rejoice!

"Whence do you come, my little maid,  
 Butterflies in your hair?"

"From Chicago, sir, and, please,  
 I want the world's fair."

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(AWARDED TEN DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## A WESTERN CHRISTMAS.

GEORGE WHITEFORT.

Aged 13 years.

**I**N the western part of Montana, about two miles and a half north of Boulder valley, on the Little river, there lived a

woman named Hayes. She had two boys and a girl. The girl was named Lucy, and the oldest boy was named Frank, and the youngest boy was named John. Frank was fifteen years old, John six, and Lucy was eleven. Their father had come from New York because he had the consumption, and his doctors had advised him to go out west. He did so, but he only grew worse, and he soon died. The family had only a little money, and they made their living by farming. Frank did most of the work, and raised a few sheep, a horse, and a cow. The plentiful natural grass supplied them with enough hay for winter. It was nearing Christmas, and the two smaller children looked to what they were going to get in the way of presents. Johnny wanted a sled, so Frank made him one and hid it under some hay in the barn. Lucy wanted a dress, of course; all girls want something like that. Frank wanted a turkey, and he meant to have one. He remembered having seen some beaver-dams the last time he was at the river, and when he went again he took some traps to catch some of them. In the course of a week he caught two beavers and a muskrat, and he shot a good many squirrels. He sold the beaver and muskrat skins at the town, and bought enough cloth to make a dress for his mother and Lucy, and a few things needed at home.

The next day being the day before Christmas, Frank took his gun and started to kill wild turkeys. He hunted all the morning, killing two squirrels. About noon he saw some fresh turkey tracks and followed them cautiously over the hills and dales, looking ahead for fear they might see him first, and escape. He had traveled about an hour, when he heard, "Gobble! Gobble!" and he saw seven turkeys sitting on a limb of an

oak tree. He stole nearer and took aim and fired the right-hand barrel, and then, as they rose, he fired the left-hand barrel, and then he looked to see how many he had killed. He had killed one and broken the wing of another. Now, Frank had been a member of a juvenile humane society in his old home, so he hastened to put the turkey to death by cutting off its head with his pocket knife, but the turkey, not appreciating his humane treatment, fought savagely, and gave him some bad scratches and bruises before he killed it. He then gathered up his game, and threw the turkeys over his shoulder, and started for home, arriving safely, and had his mother dress them.

That evening he went out into the woods and cut down a small cedar tree that he had seen while hunting. This he brought into the house and stood up in the corner of the sitting-room. He then sat down to supper, and as soon as he had finished eating he had Johnny and Lucy string popcorn on strings, and these his mother hung on the tree; she also made some molasses candy and put nuts in it, the nuts Johnny and Lucy had gathered in the fall. As it was getting late, Johnny and Lucy went to bed, then Frank retired, and as soon as his mother had gone to bed he got the dresses and put them on a chair near the Christmas tree. He then went to bed, and was fast asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

When Frank woke up the next morning he found a muffler, a cap, and a pair of mittens for himself, and Johnny found the same things for himself, only he had a sled, too. As soon as breakfast was over Lucy helped her mother wash the dishes. Then Frank took Johnny and Lucy on the sled and drew them to the coasting hill, where

they coasted as well as if they were on a toboggan slide. Then they made a snow man, and knocked him down again with snow-balls.

Dinner was now ready, and they went into the house to eat it. They had the largest turkey of the pair Frank had shot. It, with cranberry sauce and mince pies, composed their dinner. It was a merry Christmas. They had the other turkey on New Year's day.

The moral of this story is that if you want a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, work for it.

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(AWARDED TEN DOLLAR PRIZE.)

### THE CHRISTMAS BOX AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

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SADIE PAUL.

Age 13 years.

“GIRLS, I'm going to have a Christmas box in my room to-night, even if it is against the rules.” The speaker was a young girl of about fifteen years of age, and her audience were others of ages ranging from thirteen to seventeen years.

They were gathered around a bright fire in one of the class-rooms of a young ladies' boarding school in a suburb of one of our largest cities.

This speech was hailed with smothered applause, for the rules forbade any such loud noises as would be caused by this occasion.

“How are we going to manage to get it there?” whispered Dora Richardson to Cora Dean, the one who had proposed the frolic.

“Oh! I'll meet you all in the east corridor over the register and then we will go

on to my room ; the bed will be our table, and as I've nothing better to offer, you will have to be satisfied with that."

This occurred the day before Christmas, and they had arranged to meet that night instead of Christmas night, for their own reasons.

The principal, Miss Evans, while sitting in her room that day, was startled by a loud ring at the door-bell and, rising, stood waiting for her visitor, whoever it might be.

Lizzie, the servant, came giggling into the room a few moments later, and told her mistress that a beggar girl stood at the door and wished to see the lady of the house.

Miss Evans, thinking it rather strange that a beggar should be so polite, hastened to the door, and instead of seeing a bold girl, nearly fell over the bundle of rags in the doorway.

"Couldn't I have something for the children at home to eat, and for mamma, who is sick?" sobbed the child, and Miss Evans, who had a kind heart, for all her strict rules, brought her in and placed her by the fire.

The girls, who were nearly all in their rooms at the time, had not been told of this, and Miss Evans, knowing there were no spare beds in the house, concluded to have the little girl sleep in Cora's bed, and tell her of the fact at the supper hour. But somehow she must have forgotten it, for Cora remained ignorant.

There was a great deal of whispering going on all evening, and when all the girls assembled over the register in the east corridor it was not a very quiet group that trooped down the hall to Cora's room, and it is quite a wonder that Miss Evans didn't awake.

They were all safely in the room at last,

a cloth pinned over the window and transom, when, imagine their surprise, upon lighting a match, to find a strange child sleeping upon the bed.

It would have taken a less nervous child to sleep through the noise which followed this discovery, and she of course awakened, more surprised than they, to find herself surrounded by a bevy of girls asking all sorts of questions; receiving no answer from the bewildered child, they stopped their talking till she had time to remember where she was and how she came there.

When she was a little over the perplexity her sudden awakening had caused, they asked her who she was, where she came from, how she came in Cora's bed, and to all these she answered hesitatingly: "My name is Ella Williams, and my mother and the rest of the children live on —street," here she burst into tears, as she remembered what she had asked for—eatables for the children and her poor sick mother.

When she told the girls the cause of her distress, a bright look came over Cora's face as she said:

"Girls, I've got the idea! I'm going to give Ella and the rest of her family my Christmas box instead of our eating it ourselves and breaking one of the rules, and here's a dollar to begin with, and I know all you girls will give something," and around went Cora with a hat, and down into it tell all the change the girls had with them.

"Now, I'm going to hunt in my closet for some of my best old clothes for Ella herself;" and suiting the action to the word, she dived down into the old closet and brought out enough clothes to last Ella for a year, anyway.

The girls then scattered to their various rooms and Ella staid with Cora that night;



but the next day, bright and early, they went down to Miss Evans' room and told all that had happened; of how they were going to disobey one of the rules, and of the contributions, and the old clothes, and all. Miss Evans was well pleased with her pupils and added largely to both the clothes and to the contribution in money.

During the morning the girls sent for the largest sleigh in the stable and all flocked into it, carrying bundles, and rode to Ella's poor room in the tenement house.

Her mother had been very much worried about her, but when she saw the girls coming in with the bundles, boxes and baskets, she felt very thankful for the return of Ella and the happy Christmas given her by the young ladies of the "boarding-school."

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(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

ROY'S CHRISTMAS PRIZE.

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EDDIE ROCHFORD.

Age 8 years.

"**H**OW is this, Roy?" Mr. Smith asked, as his boy came whistling into his office on the eve of Christmas. "Here is a note from Miss Brown. She says that for the last four weeks you have had very poor lessons, and that on two occasions she found you fast asleep when you should have been studying your spelling."

"Well, father, I think Miss Brown is unreasonable; yes, I think she is unkind. Does she think a boy can waste his time in studying spelling when, by giving a little of my time to a Christmas story, I may win a prize from the Daily News?"

"Just imagine your son with \$5 in his pocket—\$5 that he can call his very own? Let me see what I will buy. Now, father,

you need not tell the story of the milkmaid with the pail of milk on her head. I have heard that story so often that it seems old. Maids don't carry pails of milk on their heads any more; perhaps that is the reason they don't print that story in the spelling-book any more.

"I was going to tell you what I shall buy if I win a prize; but I see by your smiles that I am building castles in the air. Well, I am not the only boy in Chicago who is building a castle with the same \$5.

"It is a good thing that I will not get my money until after Christmas. You see if I did I would be expected to buy candy and nuts for the other children.

"The first thing I will do when I get my prize will be to get it changed into silver, so that I can rattle it in my pocket."

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(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

SANTA CLAUS' REINDEER.

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LOUIS P. CONWAY.

Age 11 years and 7 months.

**V**ERY many years ago, dear little readers, long before your papas and mammas—ay, your great-grandparents—came upon this earth, the great, good Lord looked down one winter's day on the anniversary of His birthday, and saw the little children repeating their morning devotions. "Ah," thought He, "my little ones must be rewarded for their love for me." He then called the jolly old saint, perhaps you have heard his name, and said to him: "You shall from now on dwell upon the earth, and reward the little children on my birthday. You shall live in the northern palace, and I shall give you a sleigh, but you must select the animals you wish to draw you."



Then he was led to a great apartment in which were kept all the animals that have existed since the days of Adam. But Saint Nicholas (that was the saint's name) was sadly puzzled. He must select only those animals who would ever faithfully serve his Master—the Lord. So he said: "Dear Lord, give me three days in which to make my decision." "Well said," the Lord answered, "the time shall be granted."

That night there appeared to Saint Nicholas an angel, who said: "Takest thou a child from earth. His selection shall be thine."

Then Saint Nicholas took from earth a little child and flew up to the apartment of the Lord.

"Dearest Lord," said he, "I have come to make my selection." When they entered the animals' apartment the lion growled, and the elephant swung his ponderous trunk, and all of the animals seemed displeased. Did I say all? Oh, no; for suddenly from out the group sprung six lovely little reindeer, and, laying their heads near the child, looked up lovingly at him.

"These," said Saint Nicholas, "shall be my choice."

And, dear little readers, you may, if you listen, hear the jingle of their little bells on any Christmas eve.

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(AWARDED TWENTY DOLLAR PR. ZE.)

## PSYCHOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

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ALIDA C. WOOLSEY.

Age 17 years and 11 months.

IT was Christmas night. Outside the snow lay white and still. Nature was at rest, as befitted this day of days—the

birthday of our Lord. Many things were passing through my mind. I thought of the eloquent sermon heard at church in the morning, "lifting my nature up to a higher, a more ethereal level;" the beautiful service, in which the voices of the white-robed men and boys filled the church with glad anthem and Te Deum; the seven bells of shining holly and evergreen, with their red clappers, suspended beside the chancel; the star of Bethlehem over the altar, recalling the wise men of the east.

After lunch I had attended a spectacular drama; one of those delightful plays, well suited to Christmas time, with fairies and demons, where poetic justice causes the curtain to fall just as the wicked are circumvented and the good are permitted to "live happy ever afterward."

Then came the substantial dinner, prepared by old black Aunt Em, who had "come up from old Kaintucky jest ter see how de colonel and all de rest were comin' on, and ter hab one Christmas wid de home-folks. Dey's g'wan to hab coon and sweet-taters for dinner to-day down home; but bress de Lawd, I'se glad to be here, 'cause Joshua and de pickanninies said I might come."

At last I sat down in my room before a blazing fire, my mind almost in a state of "innocuous desuetude." Memories of bells, anthems, fairies, stars, and music flitted through my exhausted brain, and then I thought of chemistry, that science which strikes terror into the heart of every youth or maiden who takes a high-school course, and I thought with regret of my last low mark, obtained for not knowing which of the metals were positive and which negative, when, without any previous warning, there appeared in the grate half a hundred

or more of the quaintest little beings I had ever seen. They seemed to be arguing a point with as much zeal as do the United States Senate or our Irving Society. At last a little yellow-haired boy said: "Let us leave it to that mortal sitting there looking at us." I had been nodding for some time before this appeal, and he, supposing that I had consented, proceeded to plead his cause thus:

"I am Gold. Modern men sometimes call my brethren and I 'yellow boys.' Prehistoric man, as he left his record in the stone, bronze, and iron ages, valued me above all others. The Old Testament mentions six metals—gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, and lead, placing me first on the list. I am called 'noble' because water does not affect me. I am never comuton, always bright, capable of the highest polish, and whether I come to man's assistance in the form of the finest wire, the thinnest leaf, or the daintiest ornament, I am always highly prized. This is truly the golden age. Men love me so dearly that they part with honor, their families, and their lives for me, and now Miss Silver, here, thinks she equals me in rank."

"Oh," said overgrown Miss Silver, "Gold is well enough what there is of him, but he is insignificant in size compared with me. However, everything he has said for himself applies equally to me. The silver altars of Italy, the shining dinner service all over Christendom to-day, owe their existence to me. I am of such importance that bimetalists are holding a convention about me now. I have even now the favor of the lover of the 'star-eyed goddess of reform.' I hope you will remember how useful I have been as a mirror in ages past, and decide that I am the most important metal."

Then out stepped a copper-colored youth, with quite a gallant air, clad in an ancient costume, and bowing low, said: "I do not plead for myself alone, but 2200 B. C. my eldest sweetheart, Tin, and I were bound in the firmest union, and as bronze were made into statues in Assyria. My little friend, Tin, is too weak to be useful alone, but with me, can withstand the storms of ages. My newer affinity, Zinc, and I produce brass, a metal much used and valued by fashionable people, while I alone, was much used in mediæval times for ecclesiastical purposes. So, now, in the name of these two fair maidens, the Misses Tin and Zinc, I ask you to give a favorable verdict for me."

Following this youth came a young man who impressed me with his size and strength. "I am called Iron," said he. "I do not claim to be of such ancient lineage as those who preceded me, but I do claim to be of more use to mankind. Where would be your railroads, your steam engines, or your gunboats, without me? None of my companions are so necessary to man's progress in this century. Although I do not rely on 'daddyism' as much as my predecessors, yet I am not wholly plebeian, as the Greeks used to hammer me into very great forms of beauty, and Homer sung of me. I must be made 'red-hot' to show my true metal, and the ancients had not discovered the method of melting my not-too-soft heart. Now you, being a Chicagoan, must admire a youth who travels on his merits, so I feel sure of a favorable decision for me."

"Listen to my tale," said a fine-looking boy of very tenacious frame of mind (as I found out later). "With all due respect, these fossils, my predecessors, have, like

Edward Bellamy, been 'looking backward,' while I propose to look forward. My name is Aluminum. I am a little untractable as yet, and it is expensive to catch me, but I will soon sow my wild oats, and be as bidable as any of them. Bridges, a great part of buildings, almost all of human conveniences, will be made by my assistance. I compose about one-twelfth of the earth, and when I am once in the traces I will revolutionize your entire civilization as rapidly as Brazil changed its government. I have always been an enigma to scientists, but I improve on acquaintance, and soon will be king of metals, perhaps in time for the world's fair, which will be held in Chicago, even if house-maids do open the front doors, rather than in a city where 'Buttons' opens the door for the peddler's great-grandson."

As he was speaking these words his voice grew fainter, and he became dimmer and dimmer, having a peculiar rosy light, and as I looked again, there were nothing but red coals to mark the place where these interesting fairy representatives from the mineral kingdom had stood.

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(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

### THE BIRD'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

L. PREISSMANN.

Age 11 years.

ONE Christmas morning, as I looked out of a window, I saw a dozen or so of the little snow-birds holding counsel in their own language, as the reader may suppose. All at once the talking and noise stopped, and the birds all flew away, but pretty soon came back. Then there was a little more discussing done and all the birds flew away except two or three.

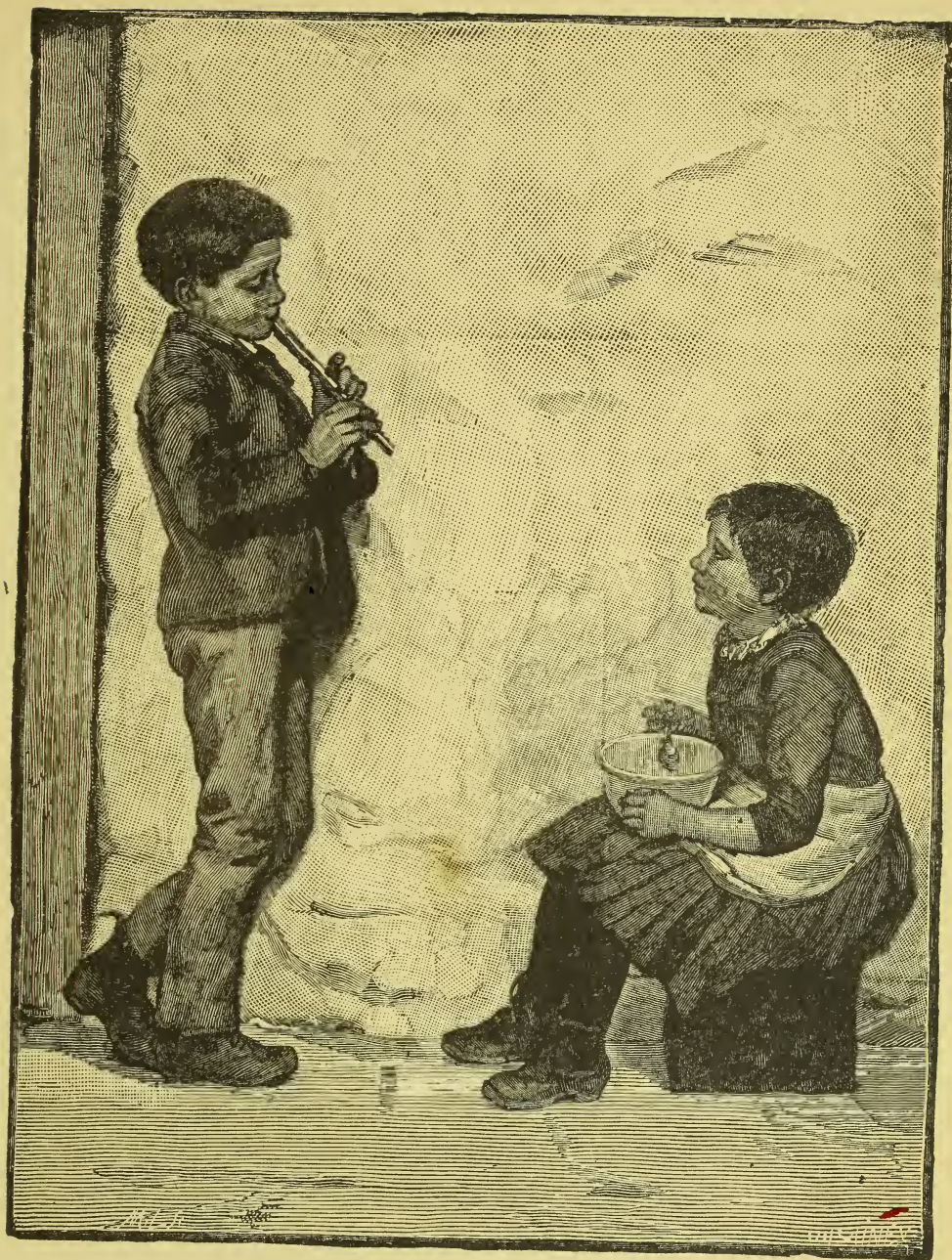
As I was looking on I saw a bird all alone sitting in the corner; its eyes had a dull film over them, and it was very cramped up indeed. Pretty soon some more snow birds came with a small twig in their mouths. So they made the sick bird take hold of it, and they attempted to fly away with it, but after many trials, in which they did not succeed, they at last got him on a neighboring tree. The birds, proud of their success, chirped around the sick bird and hopped to and fro in front and on all sides of the bird. Every day the birds would come to feed it; sometimes one bird, and then another the next day; but one day the birds were not there as usual, and I was wondering where they went. I went out to find out what had become of my old friends. As I was passing by the tree in which the bird used to be I saw that the tree was bare; but pretty soon I heard a lot of birds talking high up in one of the old oak trees.

As I looked up I saw a whole flock of birds talking in their own language about something, and I think it was about the sick bird; and so it was, for in a few moments the whole flock was flying to a dead tree, and I, following them, found them looking around, but as I turned to go into the house I saw a bird's head peek out of an old woodpecker's nest, and the others ready to carry the sick bird off, as it proved to be, to a safer place.

They did as before, putting a twig in the poor bird's mouth, and then they all flew off once more.

Next morning, as I got up, I saw a lot of birds in the same tree where the birds had been in the woodpecker's nest. In a little while the sun came out and it proved to be a nice morning, and the people were all





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hurrying by to market. I noticed my familiar friend sitting out under the shed eaves, its head down, and one bird feeding it.

After the noise was done in the old tree the birds flew over to where the bird was, and all the day long they sat there, just as people stay at the bedside of a dying friend who is getting worse. But at night I saw all fly away and some more come to act as servants of the bird at night. One morning, as I got up, I saw a black object on the snow outside, and as I looked at it I recognized it as my old friend, the sick bird.

(TEN DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## THE STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

CHARLEY GREY.

Age 13 years.

ONE day before Christmas our pompous old turkey was strutting about the barnyard. "You had better strut while you can," said Tom, "for to-morrow by this time you won't be in strutting trim, for we are going to have you for our dinner."

This turkey, the king of the barnyard, never went into the hen-house with the chickens, but always flew to the topmost branch of a large oak tree.

This turkey, the king of the barnyard, in the morning. When we went to bed Tom looked out of the window, and said the mud and snow did not drive that old fool turkey off his perch. But when we got up the next morning no turkey was to be found. We looked high and low; under the barn, in the cow-shed, and everywhere we could think. Tom went to the tree and looked around. There was a rail fence under the tree. He jumped over this, and here he

found tracks and feathers. He followed these tracks, which sometimes led under trees, where they were plainly seen, as the snow could not cover them. These tracks led to a neighbor called Rolins, where he found Mrs. Rolins picking turkey for their dinner.

He came home and told father what he had seen, expecting that he would go over and demand our turkey, but he said: "It may not be our turkey." "Yes, it is," said Tom; "I would know him if there wasn't a feather on him. Yes, I would know him if he were cooked."

"Oh, never mind," said mother, "we will have chicken for dinner." Who wants chicken when a fellow has lain awake half the night thinking how good turkey would taste? But we had chicken for dinner.

That afternoon Mr. Rolins came over to see if he could borrow enough coffee, tea, and sugar till he could get some. Father said "Yes," and while mother was getting it he said: "Yesterday I went over and sat up with my sick brother until 3 o'clock this morning, and then he made me take home one of his big, fat turkeys for our dinner. When I got along here it was awful cold, so I just cut across through your barnyard and the grove."

The next day father, Tom and I were going to the city, so we went to bed early. It was hardly daylight when Tom jumped out of bed and said: "I wonder what kind of a day it is going to be?"

So he went to the window and looked out. Suddenly, he said: "Bert, come here." I looked out, and the first thing that I saw was the turkey sitting on his usual perch. We hurriedly dressed ourselves, and went down and told father, and he said: "Yes, after you boys had gone

to bed, I took the lamp and went up into the attic to get the buffalo robes for our trip, and the first thing that I saw was the turkey sitting on an empty barrel. It stormed hard during the night, and he, like a wise old turkey, thought it was the best place to go to get out of the storm."

There was a barrel of oats and a barrel of seed-corn there; thus he had escaped Christmas.

But he went into the oven on New Year's Day.

Christmas is the most glorious time of the year, and we celebrate it because it is the day on which Christ was born, and the eve on which Santa Claus comes down the chimney with his pack of toys and fills our stockings with candy, nuts, and fruits, and lays on the floor or chair near our stockings, books, sleds, games, pictures, foot-balls, toboggans, skates, and other things to make us happy.

And when we get up Christmas morning and find all these things, how happy we are, and what sport we have trying our new skates, sleds, games, and reading our books.

We are glad when dinner is ready to have papa heap up our plates with turkey, potatoes, and other good things. How fast we eat then and pass up our plates for more, after which comes puddings, nuts, and confectionery.

In the evening we sometimes have parties and play games,—“blind-man’s buff,” “pus-sie wants a corner,” till we get tired playing games. Then we tell stories;—how the star guided the three wise men to where Christ was; about their giving him presents of money; how he went about preaching the gospel; how he went away in the night to a mountain to pray; how he cured the

sick and raised the dead; how he was crucified, buried, and rose again.

Then in comes mamma, and says: “It is time for little folks to go to bed,” so off we go and dream till mamma thinks we are surely sick, and sends for the doctor, all because we ate too much plum pudding.

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(TWENTY DOLLAR PRIZE.)

### LITTLE LUIGI'S CHRISTMAS.

ANNE LOUISE WANGEMEN.

Aged 16 years.

TOWARD 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the day before Christmas, when that dreaded, sharp north wind, called by the inhabitants “la bise,” was blowing fast, the hero of our story, little Luigi, entered the beautiful city of Geneva, in Switzerland.

He was a little Savoyard, about 10 years of age, who had secretly left his mountain home in Savoy. Indeed, it was quite a disconsolate looking place, and the people so poor that they emigrate to the large cities of France, or to other countries, as soon as they have the necessary means to do so.

Luigi's parents had both died while he was still an infant, and the only one left to love and take care of him was an aged and infirm grandmother, of whom he in turn thought a good deal. But Luigi was one of the hasty, impulsive kind of boys, who act upon first thought.

He used to like to linger about the neighboring peasants' houses, and listen to what the old men related about former rebellions and wars, and how in the olden times their fathers had gone under the leadership of the duke of Savoy to besiege

Geneva, and how disastrously they were defeated. Little Luigi's eyes would then begin to sparkle, his whole countenance grow radiant with wondsr, and with every night that they gathered around the hearth-fire the desire to go to Geneva and see where those wonderful exploits were performed grew more and more intense in him. He would come home and tell his old grandmother about what he had heard, and many a night did he lie restless on his scanty couch, not able to go to sleep, fancying all sorts of pictures by the aid of his lively imagination.

In one of these nights he firmly resolved to get to Geneva, a few miles off, in some way or another. At once a brilliant thought struck him! He remembered that old Pierre had said that on the following day he would drive down to a place about midway between his native village and Geneva, to haul up some lumber for the peasants, and with him Luigi determined to go. He knew that Pierre would not refuse him the ride, and nothing else could hinder him from going, not even his attachment for his grandmother.

Thus he started out with Pierre, having revealed his plan to no one, and when they had arrived at their destination Pierre made halt, while Luigi said he would take a stroll about the village.

But instead, he stole out to the country road, and had walked for about two hours when he met a countryman driving his cart in the direction of the city. He accosted him, begging to be taken along, which the kind-hearted man did readily.

At length they arrived on the outskirts of the city of Geneva, late in the afternoon, as was stated above. Luigi thanked the peasant, alighted, and, almost worn out

with fatigue and hunger, but heeding it not, clad in scanty clothes, while the "bise" was blowing violently, set forth into the city, with eager eyes, to see his dream realized. He fancied everybody he met dressed in the old costumes of the "times of yore." After he had walked along the borders of the beautiful blue Lake Lemman, where mostly modern buildings, hotels, and the like had been erected, having passed back and forth over one of the many bridges which cross the Rhine at its entrance into the city, he approached the old part of the town and went into one of its narrow, winding streets, bordered on both sides by high, old-fashioned, quaint-looking houses, and a gutter running through the middle of it. He continued ascending the street, until at the top of the hill he came to the renowned, venerable cathedral of St. Pierre, where the famous Calvin, in that great period of reformation, upheld and stood by the teachings of the Protestant religion. Luigi was astonished at the imposing sight of this cathedral, for never before had he seen so immense a structure. The "bise" had brought a light snow, thus making the cathedral and its high square towers look all the more beautiful and picturesque in its white garment.

On the large square surrounding the cathedral, the windows of the houses betrayed their occupants busily putting the finishing touches to their preparations for the glorious Christmas day, and reflected pretty Christmas trees, adorned with tapers and sweet-meats, as well as joyful children's faces.

But Luigi's attention was wholly fixed on the awe-inspiring structure before him, and he was bound to investigate it all, even climb to the top of the belfry-tower. He



approached the main entrance, but, to his dismay, it was locked; tears started into his eyes at this first disappointment—should all his hopes be dashed to pieces?

No! he would not give up. He walked around to the other side, and found a little door open; and, lo! when he opened it, there sat an old man fast asleep!

With trembling limbs, Luigi went by him as softly as possible, so that he might not awaken him, and glided through the narrow passage to another door; and, on opening it, what a sight met his eyes! Innumerable, enormous granite pillars, imposing statues on tombs of old saints, the enormous organ at one end, and numerous altars and sacred pictures on all sides. Luigi hardly dared move, lest he might disturb the awful silence, which reigned throughout. But he finally yielded to that restless something which seemed to drive him on and on. He crept slowly along the side of the wall, and arrived at a little apartment, which, to his great joy, proved a winding staircase, leading up to the belfry in the great square tower.

Meanwhile it had grown dark, and feeling his way, he at length reached the top. What a view he had here! It almost overwhelmed him, who, only a child in body, was intellectually much farther advanced.

For a moment he stood still, not knowing where to look first; then he crouched down in one corner, for it was bitterly cold.

At the foot of the hill he could see clear, placid Leman; over yonder the new part of the city, and right behind the cathedral the remains of high city walls, the very ones on which the Savoyards, his countrymen, were defeated. He fancied them running about, struggling for life, falling down that great height; in his imagination he heard

the cry of the victors, and crouched down lower and lower into his corner, as if he were one of the vanquished.

Oh, that Christmas night! Poor Luigi thought of his grandmother, and what agony she was suffering at not seeing him come back.

But how could he return now? It was impossible! He was almost dead with fatigue, nearly frozen and starved. And oh! how lovely it was to sit there, high above the abodes of men, viewing those wonderfully picturesque sights all around "with calm delight!"

But hark! what was that? Luigi sunk back stunned, stupefied, almost deaf; the great bell right near him was ringing out the merry Christmas chimes, for it had just struck twelve and the glorious day had begun!

It seemed to Luigi as if he were being borne up to the sky, and all the while the chimes were announcing his arrival to the angels, that they might open to him the gates of heaven. Yes poor Luigi, frozen and starved, had breathed his last! To many a person in the city may the chimes have seemed more melodious than ever before, and they may have awakened many a soul to pensive reverie and to gratitude for the Savior, whose birthday the bells heralded.

But to none may it have occurred that those same Christmas chimes were also the death-knell to a pure little soul, which had passed away beside the very bell, after only a day of great nervous strain and excitement, and many hours of fatigue and hunger and cold, having at last only reached his aim and goal, to find for a moment his dreams realized, and then to pass away forever at the very spot!

(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## A MISCHIEVOUS CAT'S CHRISTMAS.

JOHNNIE RAYBOURN.

Age 9 years.

WE have a little cat; its name is Kittie White. She is a very mischievous cat, and always has her nose into everything. I told her yesterday that Santa Claus would come down the chimney to-night and bring us all something nice. I believe she understood me for she looked very intelligent. This morning, when I awoke, I heard Kittie mewling as though in trouble. I jumped out of bed and went to her assistance. Where do you think I found her? In the storeroom in a can of paint! Kitty had got up before me and thought she would play smart. So she went prowling around to see what Santa Claus had left. I suppose she thought if there was anything nice she would get her share first. She thought she had found a nice can of cream, neatly covered. Kittie thought it foolish to wait for some one to help her, when she could just as well help herself. So, pushing the cover aside, Kittie climbed up on the top of the can and stuck her nose down to enjoy her feast, but it was too far down to reach. So she overbalanced, and away went poor Kittie into the can of paint. She tried in vain to get out, and I don't know what would have become of her if I had not heard her "meow." Poor Kittie, her nice coat was completely covered with the nasty paint. So Kittie had to go to the barn, and spend Christmas in the barn, trying to get the paint out of her fur. If she had only waited until we got up she would have been treated to a breakfast of rich milk, and could have spent Christmas around a warm

stove. I think little children might take a lesson from Kittie's misfortune, and not poke their noses into what doesn't concern them, or they may sometimes find paint where they expect to find cream.

(TEN DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## THE CHRISTMAS GHOST.

STELLA SHERFY.

Age 13 years.

IT was a week before Christmas, and at the Gadsden academy a few boys were gathered about the study fire, discussing something eagerly.

"For my part," said sturdy Tom Bailey, "I don't believe a word of it; and I'll volunteer to head a procession of investigation some night, and stay in the house all night."

A murmur of applause ran through the company, and Jack Farland spoke up: "All right, Tom, I'm with you!"

The house Tom alluded to was the talk of the village. Some years before it had been the home of Jack Farland. After his parents died, Jack entered the academy, working his way through, for he was poor.

At Christmas time, ever since, various persons had claimed to have seen weird lights in the empty house, and some averred they had seen a white figure roaming through the rooms. And now just at Christmas time, the figure was again seen.

No one believed it was a real ghost—oh, no! but no one seemed anxious to investigate.

The boys planned to hide in the bushes around the house, until the lights should appear.

Any one watching the haunted house very closely might have wondered why

some of the academy boys carefully examined every place in which a boy could secrete himself.

About 9 o'clock "on the night before Christmas, when all through the house"—the haunted house—"not a creature was stirring," nine boys crept stealthily from Gadsden academy down toward the haunted house.

Benton was a small town, and boasted no street lamps; so the shutters of private residences were thrown open on dark nights to cheer and guide any travelers along the road.

Very bright and cheerful the houses looked. Groups of happy faces were gathered about every fireside. In some houses the younger members had retired, but they left a sure sign of their expectancy—a row of stockings by the chimney.

The air was keen and frosty and the snow crunched under their feet. Dreary and bleak the haunted house now loomed up before them. It was a large, ancient building, whose gables afforded ample shelter for bats and owls.

Around the house it was gloomy and dark enough to dampen the ardor of any one not quite so interested as our boys. But they crouched down under the bushes, and waited. The clock struck eleven. A footstep was heard on the path. Nearer, nearer it came. It was only a tired laborer returning home.

All was still. The village clock struck twelve. Clear and loud it sounded on the frosty air. Still no light!

Very still, so stealthily that the boys did not hear it until it was half-way up the pathway, a dark form glided to the doorway. Very, v-e-r-y quietly the boys fol-

lowed it. In the large hall they huddled together.

In a few moments a white form is seen gliding down the entry. The boys shudder. Man or spirit, it would be unpleasant to encounter it.

It glides into a room and waves a blue light about. Tom whispered: "Four of you follow me, and if I whistle, the rest come."

The specter moves slowly down the long hall. Still as mice, led by Tom, four boys follow it through corridor after corridor. At last it vanishes behind a curtain. The boys push aside the curtain, and behold the "ghost."

At a signal from Tom, they spring upon it. Flesh and blood. No ghost about it.

Tom gives a clear, loud whistle, and in a moment the boys are all there. The "ghost" struggles madly, but nine boys are a match for him. They push him into a closet and, with a shout of triumph, slip the bolt across the door.

In the struggle Tom noticed a small piece of paper fall to the floor. He now picked it up and thrust it into his pocket.

About 1:30, Tom shouted. "Why it's Christmas, boys!"

"Merry Christmas, your ghostship!" shouted Ned through the keyhole.

A growl was the only reply deigned.

The boys remained in the room all night, but at daybreak the constable of Benton was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a sharp peal of the door-bell.

Mr. Rogers was very sleepy and cross when he went down stairs, but he was wide awake indeed two minutes after, when he heard that the ghost of the haunted house was captured.



He thought it best to arouse some of the gentlemen to accompany him to the house.

The early risers of Benton were considerably surprised that morning to see a company of the most respectable citizens walking the streets at that early hour with the constable.

The prisoner gave himself up without any resistance, and it was not until an hour later, when his "ghostship" was safely lodged in the lock-up, that Tom remembered the scrap of paper he had found.

He now examined it carefully. He made out "under cellar, Farland, notes, box, this," and "Jack."

This tells the story. My reader will have imagined that this led to an investigation of the cellar. You are right.

The rest is easily told. A small box containing bank notes and bonds was found in the cellar. Not a fortune, by any means, but enough to keep Jack very comfortably. It certainly was a precious Christmas present to Jack.

And the ghost? Oh! when he found himself safely lodged in jail he confessed that he had been trying to find the money, and had adopted the ruse to accomplish his plans.

Every one rejoiced over Jack's good fortune, and joined with him in pronouncing the prisoner a very accommodating "Christmas ghost."

(TEN DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

IDA FISCHER.

Aged 13 years and 8 months.

**A**LL alone by the kitchen fireside sat little Becky, for every one else had gone away to enjoy Christmas, and left her

to take care of the house. Nobody had thought to give her any presents, or some little token, even though she be rich or poor. She was only twelve years old, and was bound to work for the farmer's wife. She had no father or mother or friends or home but this, and as she sat there her little heart ached to know if anybody ever cared for her.

Becky was a quiet child, with a thin face and wise-looking eyes. She worked day after day so patiently and silently that no one ever thought what queer things filled her mind.

To-night she was wishing that there were fairies in the world, who would come down the chimney and give her quantities of pretty things as they did in the beautiful fairy stories she had read.

"I am sure I am as poor and lonely as Cinderella, and need somebody kind to help me," said Becky to herself, as she sat on the little stool staring at the fire, which didn't burn very well, for she felt too much out of sorts to care whether things looked cheerful or not.

Some people believe that all dumb things can speak for one hour on Christmas eve. This little girl knew nothing of this story, and nobody knows whether she fell asleep and dreamed it. But this is really true, when she compared herself with Cinderella she heard a small voice say that if she wanted some experience she could give her some, for she had had much experience in this trying world.

"Was it you that spoke?" said Becky at last. "Of course I did. If you wish a godmother, here I am." "Well, ma'am, I'm ready to listen," said Becky. "What do you want first?" said the godmother. "To be loved by everybody," replied Becky.



"Excellent," said the cat. "I am much pleased with that answer; it's very sensible; to make people love you by loving them." "I don't know how," sighed Becky. "Neither did I in the beginning," returned puss. "When I first came here, a shy young kitten, I thought only of keeping out of everybody's way, for I was afraid of every one. I hid under the barn, and only came out when no one was near. I wasn't happy at all."

"Do you think if I try not to be afraid, but to show that I want to be affectionate, the people will let me, and will like it?" "Very sure; I heard the mistress say you were a good, handy little thing. Do as I did, and you will find there is plenty of love in the world." "I will. Thank you, dear old puss, for your advice."

Puss came to rub her soft cheek against Becky's hand, and then settled herself in a cozy bunch in Becky's lap. The fire was now blazing brightly in the room, and Becky was still dreaming. "How cheerful that is; if I could only have a second wish I'd wish to be as cheerful as the fire." "Have your wish if you choose, but you must work for it as I do," and the kettle sung this following song:

"I'm an old black kettle,  
With a very crooked nose,  
But I can't help being gay  
When the merry fire glows."

At 1 o'clock, as the family went jingling home in the big sleigh from the Christmas party, the farmer's wife remarked that she hadn't a decent dress for her. "I've got some popcorn and a bouncing big apple for her," said Billy, the red-faced lad perched up by his father playing driver.

"And I'll give her one of my dolls. She

said she never had one, and Aunt Sally offered to give the mittens she had knit."

When they came home they found poor Becky lying on the bare floor, her head pillowed on the stool, and Tabby in her arms. And each one laid a present beside Becky, but the mother gave the best gift of all, for she stooped and kissed her. This wakened the child at once, and looking about her with astonished eyes, she clapped her hands and cried: "My dream's come true! Oh, my dream's come true!"

You see, kindness is always rewarded, and this poor little girl won the hearts of her friends by loving them.

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(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## THE MERRY CHRISTMAS HELPERS.

FANNIE LEDERER.

Age 10 years and 8 months.

IT was the day before Christmas when three little boys made up their minds to do something for Christmas.

Then one said, "Let us fix the Christmas tree," and the other said, "No, we will go down the hill and have some fun." "No," said the third, "we will be three little Santa Clauses going from one house to another. Won't that do?"

"Oh, yes," they all cried.

"Well, then, we will get ready."

"I have 25 cents," said the first.

"I have 28," said the second.

"And I have \$1," said the last.

"Now, let us see how much will that be—25 cents, 28 cents, and \$1 equals \$1.53. Oh, that will do, I hope."

"Where will we go all, and how will we dress?"

"We must make a list out first," said one of them.

"We will dress up like Santa Claus with a long beard and a sack full of toys. And we will go in all the houses around our street."

Christmas eve came at last. They bought all they wished, and very much too.

But they wished they could have got it themselves.

They came into the houses at midnight, and filled children's stockings with toys, candy and nuts.

And some mothers were surprised, themselves, and believed that there was a Santa Claus at last.

Then they peeped into their own mother's room, and fixed the Christmas tree up so nice that when their mothers awoke they asked their little boys who had fixed the Christmas tree so beautifully.

But they gave no answers and went out to play.

When next evening came they invited all their friends to see their beautiful Christmas tree. They all came and had a very nice time.

Now Christmas was over, and they kept their Christmas tree very long.

Then next Christmas came, and the little boys told their mothers that they were the little Christmas helpers.

And their mothers were much surprised indeed. This Christmas they had a very nice time also.

It happened one day while one of the boys was walking along the streets he saw the king talking with a man, and in a beautiful buggy sat a princess.

No sooner had he come up to the buggy, when the horse gave a jump, and away he ran at full speed. Then the boy ran around the corner to catch the horse.

He saw it running toward him, and

caught the horse, and brought it to the king, whose mind it was to have the youth marry the princess.

He was about 28 years old, and she was about 24 years old.

They were soon married, and when the king died, he, whose name is Arthur, was soon the king.

His dear mother was so glad that she kissed him again and again.

He grew up to a very kind, honest man.

Every one loved him and respected him. He died at the age of 93 years.

All the country mourned for him. And they had a grand stone placed on his grave.

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(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTMAS STORIES ON A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

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AGGIE WEGENER.

Age 9 years and 3 months.

 CHRISTMAS gift! Christmas gift!

This was the general cry of all children on Christmas day. I am not an exception, and wish as much as other children that Santa Claus will remember me. I like also dolls, candy, cake, and other nice things, but above all, I would like to be a fine writer, able to write some nice Christmas stories. I had not the courage to do so before, but now I will try.

A little deaf and dumb girl after reading one of Esop's fables, which was about the dinner of tongues, at first when she had read only a part, was very unhappy when she found out that the tongue was the best of all things, but when she came to the end and learned that it was also the worst she did not lose her courage so quickly.

She thought to herself: I have yet the

use of my eyes, hands and brain ; I will try to improve my writing. Then she began to write Christmas stories. The people, on account of her unfortunate condition, patronized her more than other writers. This encouraged her very much. Now, she wrote many little books containing Christmas stories. From the sale of these books she became quite wealthy, and she put it to a good use. She perfected her education in a deaf and dumb asylum, and succeeded to obtain a teacher's certificate for the instruction of deaf and dumb. In her new situation she took great interest in her pupils, and as her good success had originated from the reading of the Christmas stories she presented each Christmas to her pupils a collection of stories.

Having a double object in view, she desired to reward her pupils for good conduct and scholarship ; secondly to become able composers, as this is mostly needed for deaf and dumb children, for they need more than other people to express their wishes in writing.

She succeeded in her undertaking beyond her hopes.

Her pupils learned to write and compose well. Her school was considered the best in the country, and her scholars made better progress than in many other older schools.

Next Christmas they all wrote some stories for their brothers and sisters at home, who also liked them very much. Indeed the stories created quite an excitement. Old folks and children read them so often that they knew them by heart. Every child desired to write similar stories, and the parents complying with their wishes, provided the means for a better education than had ever been offered before.

In several towns enough money was col-

lected to build new school-houses. These new schools in the course of time became perfection in every respect, and all were connected with a class for the deaf and dumb. They are called Christmas schools, and the pupils of them spend their happiest time on Christmas eve, and their joyful voices mingle with the songs of angels proclaiming the birth of Christ.

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(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

### A LUCKY CHRISTMAS.

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ALICE E. MACKAY.

Age 10 years and 8 months.

**M**Y name is Tom. I was born in an old broken market basket two or three years ago this Christmas. I had two or three brothers and sisters, but they all died. My mother was a pretty black and yellow cat, and was much petted by her mistress. My coat is so black that they sometimes call me Black Tom. My mother was a good cat, for she used to catch lots of mice, and then gave them to me. I was very naughty when I was a kitten, for I didn't like to hunt them, but I did like birds. My mistress had a pretty bird, and one day I caught it and killed it. They didn't like me any after that until last Christmas. My mistress made a big pudding for the boys and girls to eat on Christmas day. She put it in a storeroom, where she had lots of other goodies. In the night time Mrs. Mouse came and nibbled a great hole in the side of it. Next day my mistress went for the pudding to set it on the table. When she saw the big hole in the pudding she was very angry, and went and called my mother. But my mother had gone away and left me home alone, so my mistress caught me up



and put me into the storeroom. My mistress pulled the boxes away from the corner where she thought Mrs. Mouse had her home. I sat down by the door watching her. Just as she pulled the last box away the mouse ran out. I sprang after her, and caught her just as she was going in her hole. My mistress said I was a good cat and petted me. If it hadn't been for that Christmas pudding and the mouse I wouldn't have had the nice home that I have now.

(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## A CHRISTMAS WITH THE FAIRIES.

ELENOR DOYLE.

Age 10 years.

**L**ITTLE Genie was standing out in the snow upon a cold Christmas eve. She had nowhere to go, as her bad father had put her out of the house and told her to go and find a home for herself.

When her mother was living her father could not treat her bad, and they had been in comfortable means. But after her mother's death her father had taken to drinking, and used to send her out to sell flowers in summer and matches in winter.

If she did not sell enough to buy him a pitcher of beer, he would whip her very hard.

During the last week she had not sold over two boxes a day which brought her only 3 cents. He had used her terribly, but as she could sell none on Christmas eve he turned her out of the house.

She wandered away, having nowhere to go. At last she came to a plain. She still wandered on. At the other side of the plain she could see many hills.

When she reached them she saw one that

was very low. As she was tired, she sat down upon it to rest, although the snow was deep.

It was growing dark, and she knew not where to sleep. She had never known such poverty and loneliness before.

She concluded to stay there, as she could see nothing but hills for miles around.

She was just going to lie down when she saw another hill about the same size open, and a beautiful little lady come out.

She wore a diamond crown, silk dress and golden wings. "That must be the queen of the fairies," she said to herself.

The fairy did not notice her at first, but when Genie stirred she turned around.

"Why, my little maiden," she said, "what has brought you here?"

"Where am I?" said Genie.

"In fairyland," answered the queen. "All these hills are fairy houses, and you are on the king's."

"Was I? What will he say?"

"Nothing, nothing. But you have not answered my first question yet."

"I will," said Genie, and she told the queen how, because she could earn no money, her father had turned her out of the house, and she had wandered away.

"Poor child!" said the queen. "But where are you going?"

"I was just lying down to sleep here when I saw you. I know not where else to sleep."

They then had a long conversation, during which Genie mentioned Christmas.

"What is that?" said the queen.

"Don't you know?" said Genie, in a surprised way. "Why, it is a feast that is celebrated every 25th of December."

"Then it comes to-morrow?"

"Yes, and this is Christmas eve. It is



customary to give presents in honor of the birth of Christ. Ah, how different this Christmas will be from my last one! Mamma was living, and I received many presents. Now mamma is dead; I am far away from home, and shall not receive many presents."

"That is something new to us fairies. We never heard of it before," said the queen, not noticing Genie's last words. "It is a nice custom to give presents. But it is cold and dark. Come into our house and stay until tomorrow. You can't remain out here."

Genie thanked the queen over and over again. She entered the house rather timidly, as she had been taught not to believe in fairies.

She thought she had never before seen such beautiful things as were in the fairy houses. She was taken through each one, shown the ornaments and curiosities and treated with much respect.

She slept in the queen's dwelling, which was the grandest of all. The walls and even floors were of gold and silver.

When she awoke in the morning she found many presents, among which there was a magnificent doll—finer than any that she had ever seen.

She got many other presents that she wanted very badly. "Oh!" said she, "I must be dreaming!" But she was not dreaming.

She had a lovely breakfast, and spent a very pleasant day.

Christmas evening, after being laden with gold, silver, and presents, she started home.

Meanwhile her father had regretted sending his little girl away. He was afraid that she had been starved or frozen. He also thought of the kindnesses she had done him. How he wished her back!

When seven o'clock Christmas night came and his daughter did not return he was very sad. He gave up all hope at eight o'clock, and was just getting ready for bed when there was a knock at the door. Springing up, he opened it. He stood back.

There was his daughter, with her arms laden with bundles.

She was trembling all over for she was afraid that she would get a whipping for coming back. But what was her surprise when her father threw his arms around her and kissed her.

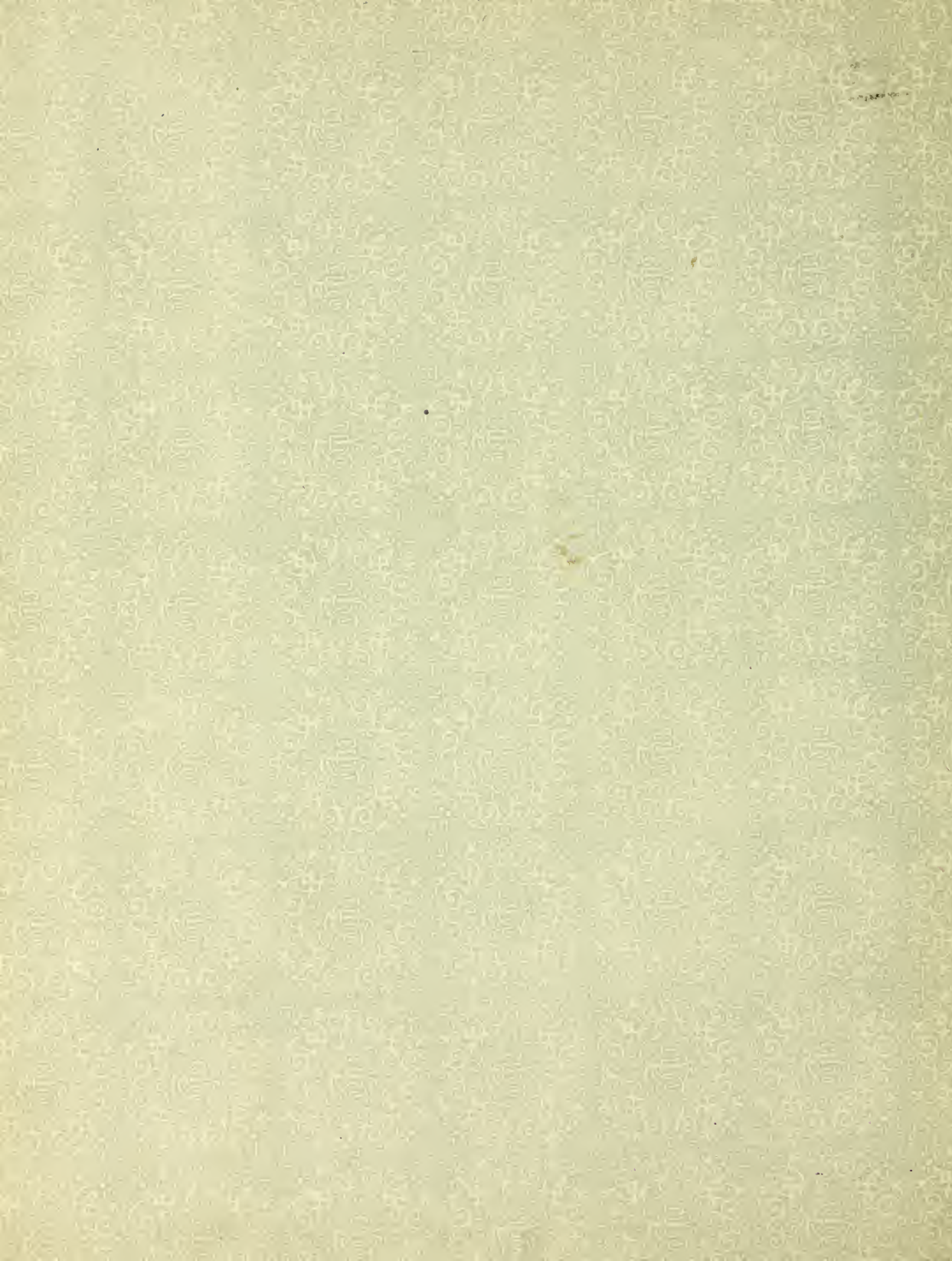
She then told him of her experience, and counting her money, found she had \$1,000 in gold and silver.

She had discovered a way from the fairies to get her father to give up drink. She told him of it and he said that he would try to do it and he guessed he would succeed with her help.

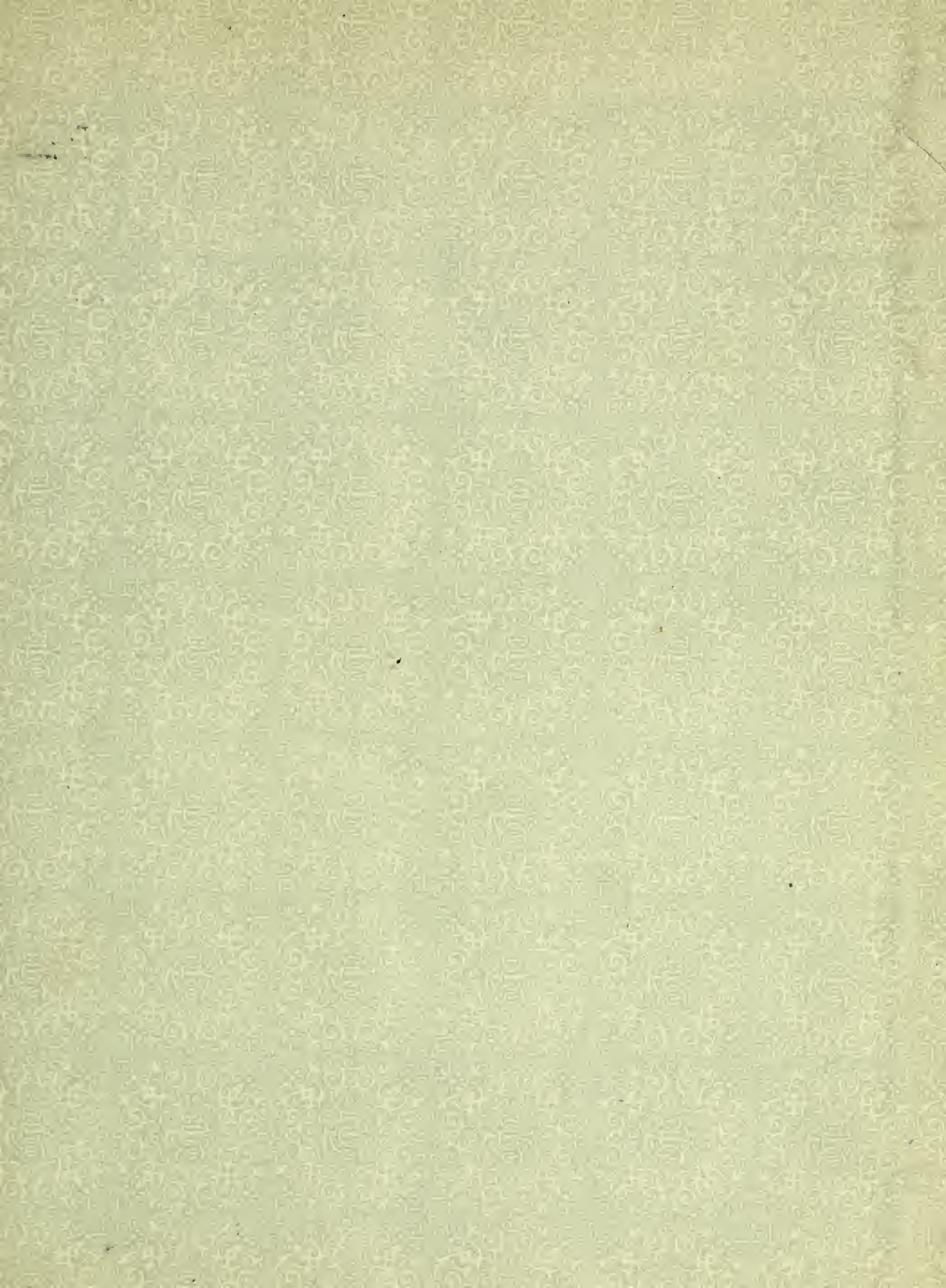
The next day he found work, and with Genie's thousand dollars and his earnings they got along very well.

Although Genie is now forty years old and has three children, she will never forget the Christmas spent with the fairies.











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